THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS ABROAD.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAP. IX.

I TAKE it for granted that no English traveller would willingly lay up—unless particularly *inn-disposed*—at an Inn. Still less at a German one; and least of all at a Prussian public-house, in a rather private Prussian village. To be far from well, and far from well lodged—to be ill, and ill attended—to be poorly, and poorly fed—to be in a bad way, and a bad bed— But let us pull up with ideal reins, an imaginary nag, at such an outlandish Hostelrie, and take a peep at its 'Entertainment for Man and Horse."

Bur-r-r-r-r-rrrr!

The nag stops as if charmed—and as cool and comfortable as a cucumber—at least till it is peppered—for your German is so tender of his beast that he would hardly allow his greyhound to *turn a hair*—

Now then, for a shout; and remember that in Kleinewinkel, it will serve just as well to cry " Boxkeeper!" as " Ostler!" but look, there is some one coming from the inn-door.

'Tis Katchen herself—with her bare head, her bright blue gown, her scarlet apron—and a huge rye-loaf under her left arm. Her right hand grasps a knife. How plump and pleasant she looks! and how kindly she smiles at every body, including the horse! But see—she stops, and shifts the position of the loaf. She presses it—as if to sweeten its sourness—against her soft, palpitating bosom, the very hemisphere that holds her maiden heart. And now she begins to cut—or rather haggle—for the knife is blunt, and the bread is hard: but she works with good will, and still hugging the loaf closer and closer to her comely self, at last severs a liberal slice from the mass. Nor is she content to merely give it to her client, but holds it out with her own hand to be eaten, till the last morsel is taken from among her ruddy fingers by

the lips——of a sweet little curly chubby urchin?—no—of our big, bony iron-gray post-horse!

Now then, Courteous Reader, let us step into the Stube, or Traveller's Room; and survey the fare and the accommodation prepared for us bipeds. Look at that bare floor—and that dreary stove—and those smoky dingy walls—and for a night's lodging, yonder wooden trough—far less desirable than a shakedown of clean straw.

Then for the victualling, pray taste that Pythagorean soup—and that drowned beef—and the rotten pickle-cabbage—and those terrible Hog-Cartridges—and that lump of white soap, flavoured with caraways, *alias* ewe-milk cheese—

And now just sip that Essigberger, sharp and sour enough to provoke the "dura ilia Messorum" into an Iliac Passion—and the terebinthine Krug Bier! Would you not rather dine at the cheapest ordinary at one, with all its niceties and nastities, plain cooked in a London cellar? And for a night's rest would you not sooner seek a bed in the Bedford Nursery? So much for the "Entertainment for Man and Horse"—a clear proof, ay, as clear as the Author's own proof, with the date under his own hand—

Of what, sir?

Why that Dean Swift's visit to Germany—if ever he did visit Germany—must have been prior to his inditing the Fourth Voyage of Captain Lemuel Gulliver,—namely to the Land of the Houyhnhnms and the Yahoos.

Chap. X.

To return to the afflicted trio—the horrified Miss Crane, the desolate Ruth, and the writhing Reverend T. C.—in the small, sordid, smoky, dark, dingy, dirty, musty, fusty, dusty best room at the Adler. The most miserable "party in a parlour—"

"'Twas their own faults!" exclaims a shadowy Personage, with peculiarly hard features—and yet not harder than they need to be considering against how many things, and how violently, she sets her face. But when did Prejudice ever look prepossessing? Never—since the French wore shoes *à la Dryade!*

"'Twas their own faults," she cries, "for going abroad. Why couldn't they stay comfortably at home, at Laburnam House?"

"Lebanon, ma'am."

"Well, Lebanon. Or they might have gone up the Wye, or up the Thames. I hate the Rhine. What business had they in Prussia? And of course they went through Holland. I hate flats!"

"Nevertheless, madam, I have visited each of those countries, and have found much to admire in both. For example—"

"Oh, pray don't! I hate to hear you say so. I hate every body who doesn't hate every thing foreign."

"Possibly, madam, you have never been abroad?"

"Oh, yes! I once went over to Calais—and have hated myself ever since. I hate the Continent!"

"For what reason, madam?"

"Pshaw! I hate to give reasons. I hate the Continent——because it's so large."

"Then you would, perhaps, like one of the Hebrides?"

"No—I hate the Scotch. But what has that to do with your Schoolmistress abroad—I hate governesses—and her Reverend sick father with ridiculous spasms—I hate Dissenters— They're not High Church."

"Nay, my dear madam, you are getting a little uncharitable."

"Charity! I hate its name. It's a mere shield thrown over hateful people. How are we to love those we like properly, if we don't hate the others? As the Corsair says,

My very love to thee is hate to them.

But I hate Byron.

"As a man, ma'am, or as an author?"

"Both. But I hate all authors—except Dr. Johnson."

"True—he liked 'a good hater.'"

"Well, sir, and if he did! He was quite in the right, and I hate that Lord Chesterfield for quizzing him. But he was only a Lord among wits. Oh, how I hate the aristocracy!"

"You do, madam!"

"Yes—they have such prejudice. And then they're so fond of going abroad. Nothing but going to Paris, Rome, Naples, Old Jerusalem and New York—I hate the Americans—don't you?"

"Why, really, madam, your superior discernment and nice taste may discover national bad qualities."

"Phoo, phoo—I hate flummery. You know as well as I do, what an American is called—and if there's one name I hate more than another, it's Jonathan. But to go back to Germany, and those that go there. Talk of Pilgrims of the Rhine!—I hate that Bulwer.—Yes, they set out indeed like Pilgrim's Progress, and see Lions and Beautiful Houses, and want Interpreters, and spy at Delectable Mountains—but there it ends; for what with queer caps and outlandish blowses—I hate smock-frocks—they come back hardly like Christians. There's my own husband, Mr. P.—I quite hate to see him!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes—I hate to cast my eyes on him. He hasn't had his hair cut these twelvemonths—I hate long hair—and when he shaves he leaves two little black tails on his upper lip, and another on his chin, as if he was a real ermine."

"A moustache, madam, is in fashion."

"Yes, and a beard, too, like a Rabbi—but I hate Jews. And then Mr. P. has learned to smoke—I hate smoke—I hate tobacco—and I hate to be called a Frow—and to be spun round and round till I'm as sick as a dog—for I hate waltzing. Then don't he stink the whole house with decayed cabbage for his sour crout—I hate German cookery—and will have oiled melted butter because they can't help it abroad?—and there's nothing so beautiful as oiled butter. What next? Why, he won't drink my home-made wine—at least if I don't call it Hock, or Rude-something, and give it him in a green glass. I hate such nonsense. As for conversing, whatever we begin upon, if it's Harfordshire, he's sure to get at last to the tiptop of Herring-Brightshine—I hate such rambling. But that's not half so hateful as his Monomanium."

"His what, madam?"

"Why his hankering so after suicide (I *do* hate Charlotte and Werter), that one can't indulge in the least tiff but he threatens to blow out his brains!"

"Seriously?"

"Seriously, sir. I hate joking. And then there are his horrid noises; for since he was in Germany he fancies that every body must be musical—I hate such wholesale notions—and so sings all day long, without a good note in his voice. So much for Foreign Touring! But pray go on, sir, with the story of your Schoolmistress Abroad. I hate suspense."

Chap. XI.

Now the exclamation of Miss Crane—"Gracious heavens, Ruth, what a wretched hole!"—was not a single horse-power too strong for the occasion. Her first glance round the squalid room at the Adler, convinced her that whatever might be the geographical distance on the map, she was morally two hundred and thirty-seven thousand miles from Home. That is to say, it was about as distant as the Earth from the Moon. And truly had she been transferred, no matter how, to that Planet, with its no-atmosphere, she could not have been more out of her element. In fact, she felt for some moments as if she must sink on the floor—just as some delicate flower, transplanted into a strange soil, gives way in every green fibre, and droops to the mould in a vegetable fainting-fit, from which only time and the watering-pot can recover it.

Her younger sister, Miss Ruth, was somewhat less disconcerted. She had by her position the greater share in the active duties at Lebanon House: and under ordinary circumstances, would not have been utterly at a loss what to do for the comfort or relief of her parent. But in every direction in which her instinct and habits would have prompted her to look, the materials she sought were deficient. There was no easy-chair—no fire to wheel it to—no cushion to shake up—no cupboard to go to—no female friend to consult—no Miss Parfitt—no Cook—no John to send for the Doctor. No English—no French—nothing but that dreadful "Gefallig" or Ja Wohl—and the equally incomprehensible "Gnädige Frau!"

As for the Reverend T. C., he sat twisting about on his hard wooden chair, groaning, and making ugly faces, as much from peevishness and impatience as from pain, and indeed sometimes plainly levelled his grimaces at the simple Germans who stood round, staring at him, it must be confessed, as unceremoniously as if he had been only a great fish, gasping and wriggling on dry land.

In the mean time, his bewildered daughters held him one by the right hand, the other by the left, and earnestly watched his changing countenance, unconsciously imitating some of its most violent contortions. It did no good, of course: but what else was to be done? In fact, they were as much puzzled with their patient as a certain worthy tradesman, when a poor shattered creature on a shutter was carried into his Floorcloth Manufactory by mistake for the Hospital. The only thing that occurred to either of the females was to oppose every motion he made,—for fear it should be wrong,—and accordingly whenever he at-

tempted to lean towards the right-side, they invariably bent him as much to the left.

"Der herr," said the German coachman, turning towards Miss Priscilla, with his pipe hanging from his teeth, and venting a puff of smoke that made her recoil three steps backward—"Der herr ist sehr krank."

The last word had occurred so frequently, on the organ of the Schoolmistress, that it had acquired in her mind some important significance.

"Ruth, what is krank?"

"How should I know," retorted Ruth, with an asperity apt to accompany intense excitement and perplexity. "In English, it's a thing that helps to pull the bell. But look at papa—do help to support him—you're good for nothing."

"I am indeed," murmured poor Miss Priscilla, with a gentle shake of her head, and a low, slow, sigh of acquiescence. Alas! as she ran over the catalogue of her accomplishments, the more she remembered what she *could* do for her sick parent, the more helpless and useless she appeared. For instance, she could have embroidered him a night-cap—

Or netted him a silk purse—
Or plaited him a guard-chain—
Or cut him out a watch-paper—
Or ornamented his braces with bead-work—
Or embroidered his waistcoat—
Or worked him a pair of slippers—
Or open-worked his pocket-handkerchief.

She could even—if such an operation would have been comforting or salutary—have rough-casted him with shell-work—

Or coated him with red or black seals—
Or encrusted him with blue alum—
Or stuck him all over with coloured wafers—
Or festooned him——

But alas! alas! alas! what would it have availed her poor dear papa in the spasmodics, if she had even festooned him, from top to toe, with little rice-paper roses!

Chap. XII.

"Mercy on me!"

[N.B. Not on Me, the Author, but on a little dwarfish "smooth-legged Bantam" of a woman, with a sharp nose, a shrewish mouth, and a pair of very active black eyes—and withal as brisk and bustling in her movements as any Partlet with ten chicks of her own and six adopted ones from another hen.]

"Mercy on me! Why the poor gentleman would die while them lumpish foreigners and his two great helpless daughters were looking on! As for that Miss Priscilla—she's like a born idiot. Fancy-work him, indeed! I've no patience—as if with all her Berlin wools and patterns, she could fancy-work him into a picture of health. Why didn't she think of something comforting for his inside instead of

embellishing his out—something as would agree, in lieu of filagree, with his case. A little good hot brandy-and-water with a grate of ginger, or some nice red-wine negus with nutmeg and toast—and then get him to bed, and send off for the doctor. I'll warrant, if I'd been there, I'd have unspasmed him in no time. I'd have whipped off his shoes and stockings and had his poor feet in hot water afore he knew where he was."

"There can be no doubt, ma'am, of the warmth of your humanity."

"Warmth! it's every thing. I'd have just given him a touch of the warming-pan, and then smothered him in blankets. Stick him all over with little roses! stuff and nonsense—stick him into his grave at once! Miss Crane? Miss Goose, rather. A poor helpless Sawney! I wonder what women come into the world for if it isn't to be good nusses. For my part, if he had been my sick father, I'd have had him on his legs agin in a jiffy—and then he might have got crusty with blue alum or whatever else he preferred."

"But madam—"

"Such perfect apathy! Needlework and embroidery, forsooth!"

"But madam—"

"To have a dying parent before her eyes—and think of nothing but trimming his jacket!"

"But—"

"A pretty Schoolmistress, truly, to set such an example to the rising generation! As if she couldn't have warmed him a soft flanning! or given him a few Lavender Drops, or even got down a little real Turkey or calcined Henry."

"Of course, madam—or a little Moxon. And in regard to Conchology."

"Conk what?"

"Or as to Chronology. Could you have supplied the Patient with a few prominent dates?"

"Dates! what those stony things—for a spasmodic stomach!"

"Are you really at home in Arrowsmith?"

"You mean Arrow-root."

"Are you an adept in Butler's Exercises?"

"What, drawing o' corks?"

"Could you critically examine him in his parts of speech—the rudiments of his native tongue?"

"To be sure I could. And if it was white and furry, there's fever."

"Are you acquainted, madam, with Lindley Murray?"

"Why no—I can't say I am. My own medical man is Mr. Prodgers."

"In short, could you prepare a mind for refined intellectual intercourse in future life, with a strict attention to religious duties?"

"Prepare his mind—religious duties?—Phoo, phoo, he warn't come to that!"

"Excuse me, I mean to ask, ma'am, whether you consider yourself competent to instruct Young Ladies, in all those usual branches of knowledge and female accomplishments——"

"Me! What me keep a 'Cademy! Why, I've hardly had any edecation myself, but was accomplished in three quarters and a bit

over. Lor, bless you, sir, I should be as much at sea, as a finishing-off Governess, as a bear in a boat!"

Exactly, madam. And just as helpless, useless, and powerless as you would be in a School-room, even so helpless, useless, and powerless was Miss Crane whenever she happened to be out of one.—Yea, as utterly flabbergasted when out of her own element, as a Jelly Fish on Brighton Beach!

Chap. XIII.

Relief at last!

It was honest Hans the hired Coachman, with a glass of something in his hand, which after a nod towards the Invalid, to signify the destination of the dose he held out to Miss Priscilla, at the same time uttering certain gutturals, as if asking her approval of the perscription.

"Ruth—what is Snaps?"

"Take it and smell it," replied Miss Ruth, still with some asperity, as if annoyed at the imbecility of her senior: but secretly worried by her own deficiency in the tongues. The truth is, that the native who taught French with the Parisian accent at Lebanon House, the Italian Mistress in the Prospectus, and Miss Ruth who professed English Grammar and Poetry, were all one and the same person: not to name a lady, not so distinctly put forward, who was supposed to know a little of the language which is spoken at Berlin. Hence her annoyance.

"I think," said Miss Priscilla, holding the wineglass at a discreet distance from her nose, and rather prudishly sniffing the liquor, "it appears to me that it is some sort of foreign G."

So saying, she prepared to return the dram to the kindly Kutscher, but her professional delicacy instinctively shrinking from too intimate contact with the hand of the strange man, she contrived to let go of the glass a second or two before he got hold of it, and the Schnaps fell, with a crash, to the ground.

The introduction of the cordial had, however, served to direct the mind of Miss Ruth to the propriety of procuring some refreshment for the sufferer. He certainly ought to have something, she said, for he was getting quite faint. What the something ought to be was a question of more difficulty—but the scholastic memory of Miss Priscilla at last supplied a suggestion.

"What do you think, Ruth, of a little horehound tea?"

"Well, ask for it," replied Miss Ruth, not indeed from any faith in the effacy of the article, but because it was as likely to be obtained for the asking for—in English—as any thing else. And truly, when Miss Crane made the experiment, the Germans, one and all, man and woman, shook their heads at the remedy, but seemed unanimously to recommend a certain something else.

"Ruth—what is forstend nix?"

But Ruth was silent.

"They all appear to think very highly of it, however," continued Miss Priscilla, "and I should like to know where to find it."

"It will be in the kitchen, if any where," said Miss Ruth, while the invalid—whether from a fresh access of pain, or only at the tantalizing nature of the discussion—gave a low groan.

"My poor dear papa! He will sink—he will perish from exhaustion!" exclaimed the terrified Miss Priscilla; and with a desperate resolution, quite foreign to her nature, she volunteered on the forlorn hope, and snatching up a candle, made her way without thinking of the impropriety, into the strange kitchen. The House-wife and her maid slowly followed the Schoolmistress, and whether from national phlegm or intense curiosity, or both together, offered neither help nor hinderance to the foreign lady, but stood by, and looked on at her operations.

And here be it noted, in order to properly estimate the difficulties which lay in her path, that the Governess had no distinct recollection of having ever been in a kitchen in the course of her life. It was a Terra Incognita—a place of which she literally knew less than of Japan. Indeed, the laws, customs, ceremonies, mysteries, and utensils of the kitchen were more strange to her than those of the Chinese. For aught she knew the Cook herself was the dresser; and a rolling-pin might have a head at one end and a sharp point at the other. The Jack, according to Natural History, was a fish. The flower-tub, as Botany suggested, might contain an Orange-tree, and the range might be that of the Barometer. As to the culinary works, in which almost every female dabbles, she had never dipped into one of them, and knew no more how to boil an egg than if she had been the Hen that laid it, or the Cock that cackled over it. Still a natural turn for the Art, backed by a good bright fire, might have surmounted her rawness.

But Miss Crane was none of those natural geniuses in the art who can extemporize Flint Broth—and toss up something out of nothing at the shortest notice. It is doubtful if, with the whole Midsummer holidays before her, she could successfully have undertaken a pancake,—or have got up even a hasty-pudding without a quarter's notice. For once, however, she was impelled by the painful exigency of the hour to test her ability, and finding certain ingredients to her hand, and subjecting them to the best or simplest process that occurred to her, in due time she returned, cup in hand, to the sick room, and proffered to her poor dear papa the result of her first maiden effort in cookery.

"What is it?" asked Ruth, naturally curious, as well as anxious as to the nature of so novel an experiment.

"Pah! puh! poof—phew! chut!" spluttered the Reverend T. C., unceremoniously getting rid of the first spoonful of the mixture. It's paste—common paste!"

(*To be continued*).

SUITING THE ACTION TO THE WORD.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

But oh! what rapture do we find,
When *demonstration* leads the mind, &c.
DILWORTH.

Of all conceivable classes of Practical People, there is one certain set whose system deserves to be held in especial abhorrence.

The principle of suiting the action to the word, may be perfectly sound in some cases; but the exceptions are too numerous to justify a general adoption of the rule. In the case of a promise to pay, the suit-the-action-to-the-word system is eminently desirable; but nobody above the level of a pettifogger, sniffing damages, would desire it to apply in a case of threatening to kick. It is excellent, no doubt, in the instance of a charity-sermon; but highly disagreeable in association with a sentence to be hanged.

The Practical People to whom a strongly disrespectful allusion has just been made, constitute that class of expositors, who, let them be upon what subject, or in what society they may, are never satisfied without an ocular demonstration of any fact they may happen to report.

They are to be met in every street, in every drawing-room—at the club and at the theatre. Go not very near them, if you can possibly help it. Even at church it may be prudent to shift your seat into the next pew—you are never safe but when you are out of reach.

These demonstrators are dangerous then? What is it they *do?* He who is simple enough to ask the question has never, it is clear, received a friendly poke in the ribs, in exposition of some circumstance or event obligingly related to him by one of these practical people.

An individual of this species is matter-of-fact to the very tips of his eyelashes. If he were to dream, it would be upon the principle of a clock, or a spinning-jenny, or a steam-engine. His visions would be accurately measured off into yards and furlongs, their rainbow-hues would be arranged in exact order and to a set pattern, and he would tell you in the morning, to an ounce, the precise weight of a nightmare.

If such be the principle that must regulate his dreams, it is easy to guess how he would describe occurrences that happen when he is awake. He cannot be content to talk—he must *act*. He has always a misgiving about mere words, and resorts to his arms or legs—or to his umbrella, or an article of furniture—to eke out the meaning, and give force to his description. Thus if his talk be of dancing, he cuts an illustrative caper; or should he attempt to describe Catalani's singing, he will squeeze out an asthmatic note of explanation—a thick guttural sound, to make the account clear, and assist your comprehension. "Ah! if you had heard her when her voice went up *so*," is a favourite expression of his—a screech following, of course. The expositor never thinks he has done any thing, until he has tried to show you practically *what* was done. He is the man who, with his remorseless walking-stick, crops your tulips to exemplify the system of decapitation in the east; and he would joyfully set your chimney on fire, if he could con-

vey to your mind an idea of the eruption he witnessed when he was last at Naples. He esteems his description nothing, if not illustrated; he is an illustrator, or he is nobody.

There are people—we all meet them daily—who seem to think that their bare words are not to be taken. They have always a superabundance of emphasis, and when relating the most trivial and probable circumstances, they support the credible narrative with solemn asseverations of its truth, as though any one could doubt it. You may catch them swearing to such a fact as this: "I was going up Waterloo-place this morning, when what should I see tearing down from Regent-street, but an omnibus—*upon my life it's true.*" They are only to be matched by those practical persons of whom we are speaking—who assume that what they *say* goes for nothing, and that nobody can understand them, unless they demonstrate and attitudinize as they proceed. They reverse the position, which the moral poet shows to be the false one,—

> *Their* pride in acting, *not* in reasoning lies;

but they are, nevertheless, not a whit nearer to its opposite. Nay, the harder they toil, the further they often are from the point they propose to attain; inasmuch as their simple, unillustrated statement may conjure up an image in the mind of the listener, which the spectator's eye is slow to recognise in the acted representation of it. They weaken their oral account of the most ordinary miracle by endeavouring to realize it visibly—"injuring their credit by offering too much security." The picture that lives bloomingly in description, is as dead as Queen Anne when deemed susceptible of bodily delineation. We can allow the old soldier to gabble on, while we imagine more wonders than his weak words hint at; but when he

> Shoulders his crutch, and shows how fields were won,

the sublime hobbles out, and burlesque rushes in in triumph.

Take a literal example suggested by the word acting. An illustrious old stager was on one occasion eloquent, to a degree that made the jaded hour of four in the morning look fresh, like half-past eleven at night, while descanting on the wonderful qualities of a tragedian of the past age—George Frederick Cooke. In the general picture drawn, in the masterly analysis of power, the imagination saw a prodigy, and Cooke grew into a wonder before eyes that had never beheld him; but when the glowing eulogy terminated in an accurate and vivid imitation of the voice and manner of the actor, the spell was broken, and the audience broke up too—thoroughly convinced that the magnificent tragedian was a monstrous savage.

But the practical man pluming himself upon suiting the action to the word, does not always miss the great point he aims at—which is conviction. He seeks to convince you at all hazards; and thanks to his physical energy, exemplified in the poke in the ribs feelingly alluded to above, he sometimes succeeds. We do not here advert to the poke so frequent as to be quite familiar, wherewith a smart jest—a delicate and fragile pun—is, some minutes after its birth, in certain companies rewarded—attended often by the approving exclamation, "Sly dog," or "devilish clever!"

No; this sort of hit has its defence; it serves to symbolize the rubsand knocks, accompanied with praise, which genius is sure, at some period of its career, to encounter from its fickle and hard-fisted admirers; and happy is that gifted benefactor of his kind, who, having convulsed the world with fattening laughter, or sprinkled it with purifying tears, sustains no heavier ill at its hands than a half-spiteful, half-affectionate dig, administered once in a way just a little below the heart. But the physical energy indicated above, plants hits less defensible. Its pokes and digs admit of no excuse, because they are wholly superfluous. As the "hardy tar" said, after taking his three dozen at the gangway, "I should ha' been just as well without 'em."

Let us explain. How often in the week do we encounter a practical man who deems it expedient, the better to illustrate his meaning or enforce the moral of his tale, to give one a precious rap or an explanatory punch somewhere.

"See," he says, illustrating his position, "see—in this way; stand so—I won't hurt you."

You feel the force of his argument for the rest of the day. He has laid down certain rules of logic, and you are to be laid down with them. To make an impression upon you, is to accomplish his point—and he takes the shortest cut.

Another comes up all rage and desperation, but the feeling is genteelly smothered; you see the smoke, and innocently ask the cause of the fire. He has been assaulted by a ruffian;—he was walking quietly along, through a retired part of Westminster, thinking of nothing but the philanthropist Howard and Father Matthew, when a drunken savage ran wilfully against him, and striking him violently upon the shoulder, almost dislocated it.

"Look here," he continues, "in *this* manner!" at the same instant making a sudden and unexpected movement with his uninjured arm, and bringing his whole weight to bear upon you with a shock that calls to mind a charge of cavalry—all in admirable illustration of the injury sustained by the gentle demonstrator.

No *words* of his would, in his judgment, convey an idea of the outrage he had suffered; nothing short of a practical demonstration will satisfy his mind that you comprehend the nature of his wrong. Ten chances to one that he is not satisfied even then; he sees that you wince under the assault—he hears your indignant protest against this personal exemplification of a grievance—and his apologetic reply is, "Ah, *that's* nothing; you've no idea of it yet;—now just let me show you." Hereupon he draws himself up for a second and more effective illustration; preparing himself for a rush upon your already partially-shattered frame, that would have wellnigh broken the stubborn square at Waterloo.

"I hate that Ironsides," said Tom Flint, the other day. (It was Tom's visit that suggested the idea of this article, illustrating the illustrative tendencies of practical people).

"What has he been doing now, Tom?"

"Oh! he's so ferocious in his friendships," rejoins Flint, sulkily. "He's always so deucedly glad to see you, and so infernally sorry when you are going away, that he grasps your hand, and holds it in a vice for

a couple of minutes, till the water runs out of your eyes. Why can't people be friendly without doing one an injury?"

"Perhaps you admire that system of shaking hands, which consists in just touching your palm with one or two lax lifeless fingers, and withdrawing them again without so much as an apology for a squeeze?"

"No, no, I don't," returned Flint; "but there's a difference between a hand of warm wax, like one of Madame Tussaud's, and an iron fist that crushes every bone in your fingers instead of shaking them. That fellow now, under pretence of an affectionate regard for me, has given me such a grip, that the edge of my mourning-ring has cut the next finger to the bone. See here"—proceeded Tom, seizing my hand —"he takes your fingers *so*; you'd think they were in a vice, wouldn't you?"

And here the tender, weak-nerved, and protesting Flint, all gentleness himself, compressed my digits till, as in his own case, the water poured from my eyes, and testified to the force and fidelity of his illustration.

You can never check these inveterate practitioners by crying out "tell me, don't show me." It is in vain to assure them that you can clearly comprehend the inconvenience of a crushed bone without experiencing it. They will not give you credit for a capacity to conceive their feelings until, by an experiment upon your frame, they have produced a corresponding set of sensations. They will not allow you to take any thing for granted; they afford no scope for the fancy. So utterly matter-of-fact are they in all their notions, that they cannot imagine even the existence of imagination in another.

As this habit of demonstrating grows up in total disregard of a friend's bodily comfort, so in its exercise it is not very scrupulous about a friend's personal property.

One of the demonstrators dined with us upon a certain occasion, when a glass was observed to be slightly chipped at the rim, and a remark was made on the delicacy of the blow that had fractured so nicely without destroying the glass.

"Oh," said my friend, eager for an exposition, "it is very easily done—observe!"

And with the intention of chipping a glass he gave one a smart rap with the back of a knife, and broke it.

"Rather too full a hit," he observed, "I should have struck a little more obliquely. See here, now!"

And another glass was demolished.

"Ah, that goes for nothing," proceeded my experimentalist; "I know it *is* to be done."

And after shivering three glasses to atoms and cracking a fourth, he proved that he was right, by triumphantly chipping the edge of a fifth.

These enthusiasts in the cause of practical knowledge can scarcely relate a new anecdote—how the Great Captain, once upon a time, called out, "Up, guards, and at 'em!" without overturning the table.

The passion for exemplifying pursues them every where. Hand them some prints with the gentlest possible suggestion to be cautious,

and they will expatiate handsomely upon the barbarous way in which some persons turn over the contents of a portfolio.

"You will see a rough-handed blockhead," say they, "knock about beautiful prints—here now—*in this way*," tossing them about, at the same time, like a pack of cards, to show you ocularly, how very shamefully you are liable to be treated.

"Haven't you seen people," they proceed, "take hold of a valuable engraving with their unwashed finger-and-thumb, and crush the corner of it—*thus!*" Suiting, as usual, the action to the word!

For the sake of showing you *how* some shabby book was injured, they would disfigure the finest.

"Never lend your books," said a demonstrator, warningly, one day, "to that Hipsonberry; at every place where he leaves off he turns down the page—in *this* fashion!"

And here, of course, a volume was snatched up for illustration—to show practically *how* a leaf is turned down by an unconscionable reader.

These suit-the-action-to-the-word people have another favourite trick. They denounce some esculent as not simply disagreeable to the palate, but so surpassingly nauseous as to be sickening; this duly expatiated on, they wind up with, "Only taste it!" They discover some other substance, obnoxious in as curious a degree to the olfactory nerves, and they are sure to crown their peroration upon its offensiveness, with "just smell it now!"

They are the only eccentrics upon earth who are desperately offended when you are willing to take their words for a fact. Their simple affirmation in either of these cases is all-sufficient; but they as good as tell you that there is no trust to be put in them, and that their opinions are worth nothing. These practical, proof-loving men are truly modest creatures.

Some of them, rather than allow a mere description to take the place of a demonstration, will go so far as to practise upon themselves, to their own detriment, when the more convenient machinery of a bystander is not to be had. If they state some fact from which they are suffering, they give you an example of the fact and of the suffering too. They act a painful scene all over again, just as Launce does by the aid of his dog and his shoe.

When a fly has found its way into their eyelid, and they tell you how acute the agony is upon opening the eye, they *open the eye* immediately to convince you of their accuracy.

We can all recollect what Abernethy is reported to have said to the simple lady, who consulted him about her inward bruise, and explained that when she raised her left arm ("suiting the action to the word") it put her to extreme torture.

"Then what a confounded fool you must be to do it," was the muttered reflection of the sensible man.

Shakspeare, who missed nothing, must have seen some of these practical people, and has turned his observation to the usual excellent account. Othello, instructing his hearers as to what they are bound to report of him in Venice, proceeds,

Say, too, that in Aleppo once,
When a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—*thus!*

The stage direction adds, "*Othello stabs himself.*" This is undoubtedly carrying the principle of practical exposition to its farthest possible limit.

When Shakspeare does a thing he does it thoroughly; and we have almost wished, when obligingly invited to swallow something nauseous by way of testing its disagreeableness, that the matter as well as the manner of the Moor were adopted by the demonstrators. When they relate a story of shooting or poisoning, they should illustrate with pistol or prussic-acid, and die dramatically—martyrs to the truth of illustrated narrative.

Short of that extent, which may be thought to go a little too far, there is, it must be confessed, high authority for the practice without resorting to fable.

When the illustrious Burke declared in the House of Commons, that rather than witness the direful calamity (in deprecation of which he had delivered an impassioned and masterly address), he would plunge a dagger in his heart! at the same time drawing one from under his waistcoat, and exhibiting it to the fear-surprised eyes of honourable gentlemen—he hit upon a magnificent specimen of the practical and the demonstrative.

His friend, the all-admired Fox, figures more pleasantly and wittily in an equally well-known story, the tendency of which is similar. When interrupted, in an allusion to a gentleman whose name will immediately transpire, by loud cries of "Name, name!"

"No," he said, "I must decline mentioning him, though to do it is as easy as to say Jack Robinson."

But both these examples we must consider to be eclipsed by the admirable faculty for practical illustration once strikingly displayed—very strikingly as will be seen—by an eminent pamphleteer now dead, who in his younger days was usher in an humble school. Expounding to a publisher (who had called during school-hours to settle terms for a new treatise on finance) the merits of a grand plan for paying off the national debt without sponge or money!

"Sir," said he, "I here prove by simple arithmetic, that there is no more difficulty in paying it off at once, than there is in *caning this boy!*" at the same instant, dragging one from the nearest form and caning him vigorously—but observe, without the least difficulty.

The illustration was triumphant. The mode of argument was more than forcible, it was convincing. By merely comparing the two tasks of liquidating the debt and flagellating the boy, he just raised an idea of their identity in point of ease; the consequence was that he seemed to establish the practicability of the one by immediately performing the other. When the admiring publisher saw the boy flogged, he fancied the debt was paid. It was the cane that did it all—the comparison would have been nothing without the successful practical experiment.

Desirous of dealing fairly by the demonstrators, as by us they have not done, this anecdote is cited because it seems to supply some vindication of their practice. We are not, and possibly nobody is in these times, so absurd as to object to the flogging of a boy merely because he is not our own, and has committed no offence. The question is, not whether the little ceremony with the cane is just, but whether it is expedient; whether the injury done to the weaker party is a convenience to the stronger. In the case referred to, it was; and the demonstrative principle succeeded. We complain of it only where it fails; where an unwarrantable attack is made without beneficial results; where the outrage is wholly superfluous. It is thrown away, when an acquaintance jams one's hat down over one's eyes, for the mere sake of showing how his own had just before been served in the mob; but it would be by no means thrown away, perhaps, if, while seated beside an author seeing his new play, you were to hiss loudly, with the view of exemplifying to the dramatist the energy with which some brute in the pit had been hissing in his absence.

Nay, you may even go all lengths with the demonstrators, provided you keep a desired object distinctly in view; you may not only injure another, but yourself also, when a great moral end is to be answered.

A story occurs, as a case in point, of a needy gambler, who wished to palm himself off as a pigeon upon a famous rook whom he had never before met, or at least to beget a conviction that he could pay what he lost—which otherwise might seem doubtful.

"Why, sir," said he, "I value it (whatever they were conversing about) I value it no more than I do this bank-note;" taking out one of the last two tens he had left in the world, and quietly lighting his cigar with it.

How empty would have been this vaunt without the flame! The sacrifice was essential to success. Success! by which, in every age and in every class of life, so much that is doubtful in policy and worse than doubtful in morals, is triumphantly vindicated.

The chapter of complaints directed against those who *do* suit the action to the word is after all a short one; but what a volume would it have been, had it included commentaries upon those who do *not* suit the action to the word.

Hazlitt wrote a brilliant essay (years ago, in this magazine) upon "Persons one would wish to have seen."

"Very well," said Charles Lamb, upon reading it, "then I'll write a paper twice as long, on 'Persons one would wish *not* to have seen.'"

A REMONSTRANCE.

"No charm hath he of form or face,
To win a woman's heart withal!"
Alas! you wrong him!—many a grace
Fond Love can see around him fall.
Yet trust me 'twas not aught of this
That in my bosom wrought deray,
It was that gentle tongue of his
That witched my very wits away.

For when in whispers light and low,
He praised my form and features fair;
My dimpled cheek's May-morning glow,
And the gold sunset of my hair;
And vowed he ne'er had loved in sooth,
Nor e'er through life could love another;
Oh! judge me by your own warm youth,
Could I do ought but love him,—Mother?

And when as hand in hand we walked
Yon wide and windy park alone,
At midnight's starry hour—he talked
Of themes to lovers only known;
And rising in his deep, dark eye
I saw the gem he could not smother,
And felt his fond heart beating high,
Could I do well but love him—Mother?

And when from every lip, the praise
Of his high intellect I heard;
How nothing e'er escaped its rays,
Or said by sage or sung by bard;
And to his mind full well could see
The homage deep of every other;
And knew *that* mind did worship me,
Oh, was I wrong to love him—Mother?

D.

REMINISCENCES OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.

IV.

THE WIDOW'S CHILD.

In one of the great manufacturing cities of our country, a firm does business by the name of the "Westwater Spinning Company." This name is derived from a beautiful stream more than twenty miles distant, on the banks of which stands a very extensive factory. About two thousand persons depend upon this factory for their bread, and as its site has been selected with a view to water-power for machinery, it and the hamlet attached, are most picturesquely placed, and far from other towns or villages of any magnitude. The inhabitants of Westwater form a class by themselves,—disliked by the country people, and not overfond of them in return, and are divided into lesser sets, according to the nature of their labour, and the parts of the buildings in which they are employed.

The benevolent proprietors of the works have taken every measure to secure the well-being of their workpeople. Their houses are comfortable, are kept in constant repair, and have each a small garden attached; while a couple of large fields have been thrown together into a park for their recreation. On this, of a summer evening, after work is done, you may see a hundred or so of the male population merrily engaged at cricket and football, sports, for excellence in which they are famous, while among the trees, at the sides and angles, bands of young girls lie chatting and laughing upon the grass, or run about chasing each other in frolic. Others again walk about, either in the park or on the banks of the clear Westwater, along whose winding and very beautiful margin footpaths extend for miles. But while their bodily health has been thus attended to their mental profit has not been forgotten. A church and a library, which is also a reading-room, form part of the buildings, and, from the opened windows of an edifice, apart from the rest, you may hear issuing a hum of little voices, telling that the work of instruction is busily going on. The greatest man in the place is, of course, the manager, whose large white house you see just before entering the little town. This situation was held for many years by my father,—and here I was born, and received the first rudiments of my education.

When I attended the school—decidedly the prettiest little lass in it was a small creature called Jane Granton, pronounced in the dialect of the place Jeeny, or more often Cheeny. She was a yellow-haired, rosy-cheeked little thing, exceedingly healthy, goodhumoured and merry, and was the only child of a widow who kept a kind of small green-grocery-shop in the village. This widow was a very goodlooking woman,—indeed, it was a common saying to the little girl from the grown up people that, pretty as she was, she would never be like her mother. She had the reputation of being a very religious person, and was the only one in the place that, from scruples of conscience, refused to attend the services at the church. Indeed, her whole conduct appeared

dashed with a strong and very remarkable tincture of superstitious fanaticism; though under what particular sect or denomination it might be classed, I have not been able to determine. This peculiarity, as well as her general clean tidy habits, sobriety of demeanour, good looks, and obstinate persistence in the state of widowhood, attracted to her much respect, and to her little child, the attention and kindness of every one in the place. Among the boys at the school, again, little Cheeny was a regular toast: many bloody battles were fought and won, upon various pretences and provocations, all of which, however, were privately known to every one, to be merely in her honour and glory. For a long while I believed myself to be the prime favourite; but whether this was owing to my own particular personal charms, or to the superior dress and equipment of the manager's boy, I am not prepared to say. But the time came round when I should leave the factory and its beautiful environs, to be transported to a large boarding-school, where the place of the widow's child in my mind was speedily usurped by other charmers. From that school I was removed, four years after, and apprenticed to a medical gentleman for three years more. Upon the completion of my time, I returned, a grown and serious young man, for a month or two's residence with my father; and if I was changed myself, I certainly found Cheeny much more so.

She was now about seventeen years of age, and just passing from the slender reedlike grace of girlhood, to the full voluptuous development of face and form, of eye and gait, of smile and attitude, characteristic of perfect and beautiful woman. I saw her walking lightly along from work, among a group of other girls, as I was riding into the town, and was struck in a moment by her exceeding beauty; and not till I saw her turn into the little shop, did the thought enter my mind that to this perfection could have sprung my former pretty schoolmate, little Cheeny Granton. I dismounted and entered just behind her, and addressing the widow, whose staid, yet comely and cheerful countenance now bore palpable traces of the lapse of time, called myself to her recollection, and we entered into conversation with regard to various occurrences that had taken place since I left. I may mention, to account for my long absence from Westwater, that just before I was sent to school, my father, who was a widower, had entered into a second marriage with the daughter of Mr. H——, one of the proprietors, a connexion which ultimately procured for him a partnership, though it was the cause of a very great change in my habits and prospects. While I was talking with her mother, Jane stood by with a sort of quiet unconcerned look. I addressed her, and she answered me frankly, and though she spoke in kindness and good-humour, I at once saw that our former liking, if it had ever existed, was not likely to be renewed. I talked with her for a little, and then leaving the place, rode on to the works. Yet, though my love for her and for many others had all finally merged into one permanent and sensible attachment, and though to endeavour to excite affection in her now, would be not only folly, but crime, I could not, for many days, altogether dismiss her from my thoughts.

As I walked my horse through the village, my fancy called up her image before me. Her stature might have been about five feet and a half, or less,—for it is a difficult matter to judge of a woman's height

—and the symmetry of her figure was matchless. It was one of those so rarely to be met with, exactly following the old Grecian models of classic female beauty. The deeply-hollowed back, the swelling chest and bosom, and high round neck,—the long lower limb, with its full upper development, and short, much-arched foot, all combined to make it perfect. Her waist was not slender—the word light would apply to it rather, for here no means of unnatural compression had ever been practised, and it looked free and unconstrained as she stepped along, having a sort of indistinct undulatory motion, like a swan's-neck, graceful exceedingly. Her face was very beautiful, the nose had just a trace of the Roman curve, while the small plump mouth looked redder than the richest tint limner ever selected, wherewithal to touch the lip of his ideal. Her eyes were of a deep dark, almost indigo blue, large and rolling, at times most spirited in their glances, at other times softened into an expression of such melting sweetness, that you could not look upon them without feeling an involuntary sigh stealing from your bosom, just as would be called up by a strain of music familiar to your childhood. Her hair was of a bright yellow, curling naturally, and glistening with a lustre almost faintly metallic, like tarnished gold-wire. Add to these a skin, not snow-white certainly, but of a clear living white, clouded by a flush of health on either round cheek,—a high spotless forehead, small thin ear, pierced by a slender ring of gold,—and a hand, whose beauty not the labour of a factory could deform; and if you have any thing of an active fancy, you may form in your mind a likeness of fair Cheeny Granton.

But it was not in personal excellence alone she stood out among her mates. She was a very clever girl, and her page on the library roll-book bore testimony both to the extent and nature of her reading. An ardent love of the poetry of Byron, Burns, and Moore, was, strangely enough, its distinguishing characteristic, and the continued perusal of this description of writing must have had no little effect in bringing about the events of this narrative. Her moral character was unexceptionable, her disposition amiable, though about her lip there lurked the trace of a haughty smile, and about her voice a slight tone of condescension which, however, those who were habituated to her, did not perceive. It was possible, too, occasionally to detect in her mind evidence of a deep, all-potent enthusiasm, similar to that of her mother, which seemed only to require an object to be called into vigorous life and light. But it was certainly not religious; for, though she loved her mother with an engrossing affection, she followed her tenets with what seemed respectful filial acquiescence, not faith. Such a being as this could hardly exist in any place without exciting around her the passions of admiration, love, envy, and hatred in their most violent forms. She was a marked girl about Westwater. Some were extravagantly fond and proud of her, others hated her bitterly, taking every opportunity of evincing this feeling, both by word and deed. She thought herself a lady, they said, and would take the shortest way to become one. But all these insinuations Jane took with a quiet smile, as things that were to be expected.

Lovers she had in abundance; indeed every young man in the place had some pretensions to this character. For some of them she appeared to entertain very friendly feelings, though when their attentions

became more urgent, she could not conceal her annoyance. There was one, however, evidently more favoured than the rest. This was a young man of the name of Williams, who, for two years or more had held the situation of teacher at Westwater. He was a pale, studious, anxious-looking young person, of some talent. He had been connected in an inferior way with a newspaper-office, in the large city I at first alluded to, and from that situation had been transferred to the one he held. But his crowning advantage was, that he professed ardently, and, I believe, sincerely, the same views of religion as Mrs. Granton, and they used to spend hours together of evenings in the performance of their peculiar rites of worship. With her he was all in all, and her daughter certainly had a very great regard for him. But still I thought I could see that this regard was not what I myself would have been content with in similar circumstances. I was particularly struck with this thought a few days after my arrival. It was a beautiful evening early in the summer, and I was taking a solitary walk up the bank of the stream to a place called the grove, about a mile or more above the factory, where there was a large reservoir, with an extensive system of locks and sluices. From its lonely and romantic character, this had always been my favourite walk, and here I was met by the so-called lovers. They were moving along slowly, side by side, he walking quite close to her, his eyes fixed upon her face with an appearance of complete devotion, while she listened to his address with a look as if it required an effort to keep her attention to it. As I passed, I remarked upon the beauty of the evening. She answered me quietly and civilly; he said nothing, but blushed, and appeared much embarrassed and confused. I often met them again, and always noticed in them the same demeanour.

But a change had come over the course of events at Westwater. My father having become a partner in the firm, removed to the city, there to take charge of the counting-house business, and another manager came to reside at the factory.

His name was Edward Southern, and as he occupies a prominent place in my story I will stay to describe him. Whose child he was no one knew. He had been brought up by a person formerly a gentleman's servant, and who received from some quarter unknown a regular pay for his maintenance. By this man, who kept a cigar-shop in London, he was tolerably educated, till about sixteen years of age. At this period, having been by chance present at an introductory lecture to a popular course of natural philosophy, the bent of his genius at once evinced itself, and he became devotedly fond of mechanical science. He studied this with so much success, that next season he obtained the situation of assistant to the lecturer, with a small salary, and the use of an apparatus-room and workshop. Here he made striking progress: his peculiar genius unfolded itself rapidly, and in a year or two he astonished the lecturer by showing him an article he had written in one of the leading scientific journals. One step leads to another. He shortly after commenced, in an infidel publication, a series of papers, the tendency of which was to run down every thing, in government or religion, usually held established or sacred, and which were remarkable for their original character. For these, the extensive sale of the pestiferous periodical afforded him liberal remuneration.

Another short while passed and he obtained the situation of lecturer on mechanics and chemistry on the retirement of his former teacher. Another year saw issue from the press a work of his on a popular scientific subject, which ran speedily through] two or three editions. His income, of which he was himself the sole creator, now amounted to several hundred pounds a-year, while his name was in the mouth of every one interested in popular science, especially as connected with manufactures. To this person Messrs H—— H—— and Co. offered the situation of overseer of their works, with the prospect of a junior partnership. He was indeed a most singular individual; tall, and eminently handsome in person, with fine features, dark curling hair, and whiskers, and eyes which, in their deep blackness, seemed to consist altogether of pupil. His manners again were most insinuating, though at times rendered all but offensive, by an overweening pride of his own talent and success, which continually broke forth in his conversation, and a sneer constantly ready for every opinion, differing from his own, and especially for every symptom in others of religious or moral feeling. The propriety of placing such a person as this over a factory employing several hundred young females may be questioned: but the owners only knew him as a scientific character, the inventor and patentee of several valuable improvements in spinning and weaving. But the result of his being placed in such a situation may be guessed by the reader, when I add to the above hints of his character that he was fond of styling himself by the phrase "a refined voluptuarian," and was utterly devoid of all principle, believing and stating man's sole happiness to consist in the gratification of appetite. In further aid of his person and address he was possessed of a ready tongue, a talent for delicate flattery, a decidedly good taste, a ready knack of turning his hand to any thing, and a consummate knowledge of the world.

Upon his arrival at his new charge, his first proceeding was to introduce an entirely new system of discipline among the people, which, I must confess, proved to be considerably to the advantage of his employers. In personally setting this in operation, his eye lighted upon the widow's daughter at work, in the silk-weaving department of the factory. I was with him.

The moment he saw her, he stood struck, bending upon her a gaze, before which the red blush flew to her face, while she appeared at the same time unable to turn her eyes from his. A second or two this lasted, when he abruptly passed on. He had been talking to me with great volubility the moment before, but now he walked silently along, and completed the survey.

Their next encounter was in the walk up the stream I have before mentioned. Here he met her with Williams. He immediately addressed her, while Williams knowing his place, dropped a little behind —his heart flooded on the instant with a new and bitter passion— jealousy.

Poor fellow! at once he saw his fond aircastle of love and hope dashed in fragments to the ground, and he walked behind them, watching his new rival, whispering and exerting upon her all his many powers of fascination—his blood boiling with jealousy, hatred, and rage. For more than an hour, Southern continued to walk slowly by her side, when suddenly turning round, and observing Williams, he

calmly ordered him to go in some other direction. It was the manager—he had but to obey; and turning, he moved swiftly away in the direction of the grove. I was there myself at the time, enjoying the beautiful evening, when I saw him come hurriedly up. His whole frame appeared actually writhing under the influence of his passion, and he passed without observing me, muttering to himself as he went by a roundabout path homeward to the village. He went directly to her mother's house to await her return. She came in shortly after him, but seemed absent and thoughtful, and returning indistinct replies to his questions, retired to her apartment. He communicated to her mother what had occurred, and she, though she had perfect confidence in the sense and virtue of her daughter, was immediately struck with apprehensions of evil, little less than his. They sat for some hours that night in earnest conversation, and before they separated, knelt together in prayer, that that Power would interpose, which alone could prevent the calamity they dreaded. Next day Southern's attention to Jane, while at work, attracted the notice of the other girls, and she had to listen to their bantering and ironical congratulations upon her good fortune. An evening or two after, Williams, who began to hope his fears had been groundless, ventured to ask her to accompany him in a walk. She did not at first appear inclined, but on hearing that it was to be up the Westwater, immediately complied. That very evening the same scene was repeated. Southern met them, and at once bidding him go about his business, walked away with her towards the secluded spot called the grove.

Williams's worst fears now appeared likely to meet with immediate confirmation. How much more, when, next evening, she returned home later than she had ever been before, refusing to him, and to her mother, any account of where or with whom she had been. The next, he determined at once to come to a conclusion. He watched her as she left the factory-gate, and dogged her up the footpath, where he saw her joined by Southern, and walk with him towards the place I have before alluded to.

His passion was now roused to madness. He attacked Southern in the most frantic manner; but in the hands of his handsome and muscular rival, found himself but as an infant. The latter, with a bitter sneer, mastering his hands, lifted him from the ground and plunged him up to the neck in the reservoir, holding him down till he was nearly suffocated, while she stood by, pale and much agitated, without uttering a word.

Williams scrambled out and slunk away, hearing, as he went, the loud contemptuous laugh of his hated and triumphant rival—what were his feelings I will not attempt to say. Next day Southern called at the school, to dismiss him from his situation, but found the door locked, and the children playing around it. He had been anticipated —poor Williams was gone; after his ignominious defeat, he could no longer look upon a known face, and had gone off, wet and dripping as he was, to hide his shame in the great solitude of London.

But now comes the bitter portion of my task. Dear reader, had I been sure of your sympathy, or of your forgiveness, I could have found it in my heart to have lingered longer upon the banks of the beautiful Westwater; to tediousness I could have dwelt upon the perfection of

the widow's lovely daughter. Yet a little could I have tarried, describing even the scaly splendour of the serpent Southern: but it can be protracted no longer.

Alas, alas for you, fair Jane Granton! whither could have wandered the truant seraph that should surely have hovered watchful, round the brow of one so beautiful and young?—why is your spirit changed; why is the head that used to sit so proudly upon that graceful neck bowed down in blushful humility to the ground? Woe worth the day! —you are in love, Cheeny! and it is a love you are ashamed of. No soft, tender emotion is your love, poor lost girl; it is a passion—a madness, an ever-glowing fire within you, consuming to ashes every other thought and feeling!

Williams's departure and its cause were soon the theme of all lips in Westwater, and every eye was fixed, though covertly, upon Jane, and him, the dreaded overseer, by all hated and by her loved—oh, how deeply!

Many days had not passed, when she appeared completely abandoned to her new passion. Every evening might she be seen, stealing away in the direction of that fatal footpath, to enjoy the pernicious bliss of an hour with him, whose every thought by day and night was the accomplishment of her ruin: and every evening was the chain of his fascination girded more strongly around the heart of the poor devoted girl—she appeared to live only in his presence, to have no enjoyment but in his society. At all other times she was absent and thoughtful, avoiding the gaze of all she saw, appearing to be dreaming over in her mind the delights of her next meeting with him, when all the scoffs of her companions, and all the upbraidings of her wild, fanatical mother, would be compensated by one kind look from his dark eye, by one gentle pressure to his manly bosom.

I remember observing them often, his arm around her waist, while she with her hand upon his shoulder, so fondly and confidingly walked slowly along, gazing up into his face as he talked to her, with a look of mingled love and wonder, a kind of devotion, that gave her features an expression altogether new to them, and most beautiful to see. But after some days I remarked that this changed. Southern himself now appeared actually to feel a degree of the passion he had so powerfully excited in her, though it seemed to wear too much of the voluptuarian aspect to come within the category of genuine love.

I came upon them one evening at the grove; it was now midsummer. They were sitting together, hand in hand, upon a turf bench, close to a small waterfall, a favourite resort of theirs, and as they sat they gazed at each other without speaking, she with her face flushed and glowing, and her eyes sparkling in a way I have never else observed. In that attitude they continued for several minutes without noticing me, so absorbed were they with each other. She appeared to feel a strange delirious rapture in his mere presence; it was most singular—there was an enthusiasm in it—indeed, now at last the spark had been applied, and that constitutional fanaticism which her mother gave her, and which had lain so long dormant in her bosom, blazed forth in this new form more fiercely than it had ever flamed in her! Was it indeed so, was that frenzied love but an approach to hereditary insanity?

But while this fierce passion had been thus advancing, think not

that efforts were wanting to stay its progress. My own advice I ventured to give, but it was received in a way that led me not again to offer it; but the mother—the enthusiastically virtuous, the wildly religious mother—every thing a mother could, she did; she reasoned, entreated, wept, and prayed; anon, stormed and cursed her poor, distracted child. Nay, once she went through some strange superstitious ceremonies with a minister of her own sect from the neighbouring city, with the view—smile not, reader, at the weak woman's delusion—of casting out the devil, which she firmly believed had entered into her beautiful daughter. Sometimes she had recourse even to personal violence; but it was all in vain, tears and entreaties, upbraiding and anger, had but the same reply.

"Alas! mother, I know it is wrong to love him as I do, but I cannot help it—oh, can I help loving him, my noble Southern—him, who knows more than ever man knew—who speaks to me as never man spoke—who loves me with a love, for which I would willingly exchange the heaven you hope for, mother!"

"Yes, girl, love him: love that incarnate spirit of evil, that the Almighty has permitted to afflict us for a time for our trangressions. Love him, and prepare to meet the eternal wrath that will follow on the deep sin he tempts you to. Oh, my child, my child, my one only darling, let us flee from this place, from the circle of this fiend's enchantment; he does not love you, Cheeny, he hates you, feels contempt for you; he will ruin you, girl, and then spurn you out into the world, a wretched and degraded being!"

In the excited strain, of which the above is but a faint and meagre example, did the widow daily and nightly endeavour to turn her daughter from her mad affection. Nor were her efforts always unattended with at least the appearance of success. More than once she got her to confess, she believed he wanted to ruin her; and to promise to forget, to avoid him, even to leave the place, and seek an asylum for her virtue far away from Westwater.

Such confessions and promises she would make, weeping upon her fond parent's bosom; on one such occasion—

"Yes, mother," said she, "it is that dark eye of his that undoes me. He never bends it upon me, but I feel him drinking away from me my very soul. I cannot resist it. You are right, he is an evil spirit; he tells me the Bible is *a lie*, mother (the old woman shuddered), and persuades me there is no such thing as sin or evil!"

"Oh, my child!" exclaimed the mother, "let us give thanks to Him, who has at length opened your eyes, to the Tophet on whose brink you stood!"

And the two women knelt together, joining their voices in thanksgiving. But as the hour drew near when she was wont to meet her lover, another change came over her spirit, she became anxious and restless, sighed often, moved about from one part of the house to another, and at last springing up, threw her arms about her mother's neck and kissed her, then bursting from her, flew out of the house and away to the grove, where she found Southern, and falling upon his breast, gave way to a wild fit of hysterical laughter and weeping.

But he now began to think the charm nearly wound up, and resolved to remove her from Westwater to the large city; for even he had feeling

enough left to wish to keep the affair apart from the eyes of the workpeople.

One evening, when the summer was now wearing over, he broke the proposal to her, that she should leave her mother's house, and become altogether his.

As might be expected, the infatuated girl consented, and promised to meet him next night at a particular place, where he was to be in waiting with his gig, to convey her for ever from Westwater. All next day poor Cheeny tried hard to conceal from her mother her purpose; but towards night she could no longer accomplish it, and, clasping her to her bosom, bade her farewell for ever.

"What—my child!" screamed the widow; "where are you going?"

"To Southern."

"To be married to *him?* The atheist—the fiend!"

"No, mother—*not married.*"

A scene ensued, which I feel myself altogether unable to describe. The widow became perfectly frantic; she prayed her daughter to remain: she commanded, implored, even struck her, but all in vain: the deluded girl would go, and struggled to be away. There was something fearful in it, and the neighbours trembled as they listened outside the door. At last, when she found she could no longer restrain her, she appeared to yield.

"I will let you go to him—I will; but first answer me this question. I adjure you by (here she used an expression too awful to be repeated here), tell me the truth. Are you still pure as you were before this devil possessed you? Have you sinned as yet in thought only, and not in deed?"

Jane, drooping her beautiful head, avowed herself guilty of no sin greater than loving him.

"Well then, go!"

She went: and as she stepped over the threshold, her mother knelt down upon it, and screamed after her a curse, of a most wild and awful sound and meaning—an imprecation such as none but a mother, and a mother in a state of maniacal frenzy could utter: it had in its strange fanatical blasphemy something at once terrible and sublime, and contained a prayer that the Almighty would smite her with some sudden and dreadful evil before she could accomplish her purpose.

Her daughter, as she heard it, drew herself together as if a stone had struck her, and hurried swiftly away.

As the widow lost her in the darkness, she turned into the house, and shutting it up, and putting out the lights, began moaning and wailing aloud, in a manner that drew tears from the wives and daughters of the neighbours, as they listened with fear and wonder around it.

Jane reached the place appointed, and found him waiting.

"Are you mine, love?" said he, in an exulting tone.

"I am, Southern—*body and soul!*"

He lifted her into the gig, and off they flew along the dark road with great swiftness. She wept much, and he was endeavouring to sooth her with his fondest blandishments when they rapidly approached an abrupt turn in the road, about a mile or more from Westwater. Just then, one of the large waggons belonging to the company, was slowly toiling its way to the factory, loaded with an immense pile of

raw cotton. They were on it ere they were aware; and in an instant, one of their wheels struck the forewheel, and they were discharged from their seats to the ground.

Southern sprang to his feet, unhurt; but, ere he had done so, the heavy hind-wheel of the ponderous machine had gone crushing over the left knee of fair Jane Granton, and she lay mangled and senseless in the road.

The astonished waggoners lifted her from the ground, and, by his direction, put her along with the fragments of the gig upon their waggon, and urged their horses quickly towards Westwater; while he, catching his own animal, and disencumbering it of its disordered furniture, mounted it, and dashed furiously away to the city, there to drown thought in a mad debauch.

But who could imagine or describe the mother, when the waggon stopped before her door, and its conductors bore into her dwelling the broken and bleeding body of her only child. At first, she stood struck with wild amazement; then, when they told her what had happened, she grew pale as death, and remained silent for a few moments: anon, she broke out into cries of lamentation that were heartrending to listen to, mingled with strange prayers and curses, clothed in wild, scriptural language, and finally sunk exhausted to the ground as senseless as her daughter.

The waggoners, two elderly and humane men, immediately put in order one of the light spring vans in constant use about the factory, and fitting it with a bed, put into it poor Cheeny, and covering her with blankets, and drawing close the canvass covering of the vehicle, attached a fresh horse to it, and drove off to the city, to convey her to the hospital.

The widow recovered in about an hour, and hearing what had been done, took her bonnet and staff, and a small bundle, and shutting her little shop betook herself to the road, and travelled all night after them.

At this time I had been about a week resident at the hospital as a pupil. On the day following the events just narrated, I went at the hour of visit, which was in the afternoon, into the accident-ward of the establishment.

It was a long hall, with a range of low iron-bedsteads on each side, a large fireplace at the end, with doors to the right and left, leading to two or three small apartments, called the side-rooms, where any patients were kept, whose cases required particular attention, or removal from the noise of the ward.

Surrounding one of the bedsteads I saw a crowd of pupils, and among them the surgeon and his clerk; and judge of my surprise to hear the latter read from the journal, a report as follows:

"Jane Granton, aged eighteen, about middle stature, fair-complexioned, and very good-looking; factory-girl. Last evening, near Westwater cotton-factory, ———shire; was thrown from a gig, &c."

I listened with amazement, and elbowing my way among the young gentlemen, saw the identical girl, lying along in the usual Hospital night-dress, her face covered with sweat, while a twinge of agony passed over its features, every now and then, when any thing touched the bed, and a bright hectic flush spotted her cheeks. At her head, sat her mother, holding mechanically in her hands a small tin pannikin, containing wine-and-water, and gazing around her, with a sort of

blank-amazed look, while her lips continued moving rapidly, though she uttered no sound.

As soon as the clerk had finished reading his report the surgeon examined the knee, and casting a look of extreme compassion at the suffering girl, directed that a consultation should be called that afternoon, and passed to the next patient.

When they had left the ward, I went close to the bed whereon lay my once familiar schoolmate. As soon as she saw me she burst into tears and turned her head away, and her mother rising, bent over her and kissed her cheek, and they wept together.

I was deeply moved; I could not dare to ask them how it had happened;—indeed, I had learned already all that from the waggoners, who were well known to me;—but I told them, that if from my residence at the hospital I could be of any assistance to them, they were heartily welcome to it. They both thanked me and I withdrew, indeed, the scene was such, that new as I was to hospital life, I was altogether unable to bear it.

That afternoon the consultation was held, and the decision was AMPUTATION!

When it was announced Jane turned deadly pale, while the cold sweat broke out anew upon her face, and a low moan was groaned out bitterly from her bosom. The widow clasped her hands and looked upward, trembling like the leaf of a tree.

The hospitul at —— was a large, dark, stone edifice, consisting of two parts joined together, like the limbs of the letter T. It was several stories high, and over the centre of its roof arose a great glass dome, which formed the operating theatre. This situation was chosen, as much with the view of obtaining the best possible light, as of preventing the cries of patients from reaching the ears of their fellow unfortunates in the wards, or of the public, in the streets. It was reached by a series of wide stone stairs, with long lobbies and passages leading to the different parts of the building. In the interior was a circular place, with an area in the centre of a similar shape, and tiers of seats rising all round, one above another, up to a considerable height. A circle of massive pillars supported the dome, which was very lofty, and round about the cornice, over these, were a number of medallions, bearing representations of figures dancing, playing on lyres, &c.—not very suitable ornaments, certainly, for a place of such a description. It also contained, on one side, a pulpit and clerk's desk, for it served likewise as a chapel for the patients on Sundays. In the centre of the area, which was laid with red painted canvass, stood the operation table, a most striking thing to look at. It appeared very heavy and strong, was covered with dark leather, and had dispersed about it a quantity of iron machinery, which gave rise to the most revolting ideas in the mind.

It was now two o'clock in the afternoon. The place was already nearly filled by the medical gentlemen, their clerks, and pupils, and I, who felt very strongly, as it was the first important operation I had ever seen, took up my position close to one of the pillars that supported the roof. We waited for some time, when the folding-doors were thrown open, and we saw Jane borne in by the dressers and nurses. As soon as she saw the crowd of spectators,—many of them mere boys—the flush of pain forsook her cheeks, and she became pale as her dress; but

on the instant, as if a floodgate at her heart had been thrown open, a red blush gushed over her face and neck, completely suffusing them. She was placed on the table, whose machinery being slightly put in motion, immediately placed her in the most suitable and safe position. But who is it that stands beside her head, whispering endearment to her, and fondly caressing her fair brow, whereon the sweat now glistens in diamond-like drops?—it is her mother,—the mother who, in her phrensy, prayed Heaven that this might befall her. How changed, how dreadfully preyed upon, looks that poor woe-stricken parent now!

But the tourniquet has been applied, and the surgeon, after a short examination, to make sure of his course, motions with his head to a tall young man, who stands apart. What is that they pass under the table, glancing for a moment, clear, cold, and metallic? It is the *knife!* It was quickly handed, but she saw it, and her frame made a convulsive spring, that shook the iron-work of the hideous table, whilst an expression seized her face of mortal fear and horror. My eyes were now fixed immovably on the operator. Balancing the long sword-like instrument in his hand for a moment, he struck it into the milkwhite flesh of the noble limb, transfixing it completely, and cutting rapidly to the surface. Thereupon the red blood splashed upon the floor, and there shot up into the echoing concave of the lofty dome, a protracted shriek—the wild "Oh my God!" of agony unendurable by human spirit. It was followed by a succession of short, sudden, exhausted gasps, like efforts to catch at and retain a life about to take wings to itself, and flee away for ever. But are these the only sounds? No; what voice is that mingling its unearthly notes in the dreadful discord? It is the widow's. Falling at once upon her knees, while her cap drops from her head, and her long gray hair streams abroad upon her shoulders, in the disorder of extreme excitement, she stretches wide her arms, and prays with the strange and vehement fervour of her sect that He would give her poor afflicted darling strength to drink to the dregs the cup of his wrath, or would, in his mercy, give the suffering spirit permission to escape away from its mangled tenement.

It was indeed a most appalling scene; so much so as even to shake the nerve of the surgeon, a most determined and experienced gentleman, whose habitually florid countenance grew pale as that of the fainting girl under his hands—but he went on with his work. I could not look at it; I felt sick and dizzy, and turned my eyes for relief to the bright blue sky, seen through the glass overhead, and was watching the sunny white clouds sailing along. Hark!—what hideous sound is that, heard so strangely distinct above the groans of the daughter and the prayers of the scarcely less agonized parent? It is the harsh grating of the SAW, as it rasps through the living bone and marrow,—oh, most horrible!

The dissevered member was hurriedly pushed under the table.

"She is gone!" said some one.

"I knew He would take her!" said the widow, rising to her feet, "*I never prayed to Him in vain!*"

"No, no," cried the surgeon, "lower her head,—a little wine, Mr. ——," addressing the clerk.

She sighed deeply, and slowly returned to consciousness. In the meantime the vessels had been secured, and the dressing having been completed with much dexterity, she was removed to one of the quiet side-rooms of the accident ward.

The surgeon immediately came forward, and showing the assemblage the extensive and severe nature of the injury, informed them that the means they had seen used were the only ones that could be had recourse to, to save the patient's life. He adverted to the unusual and very trying nature of the scene altogether, and recommended them to be never unprepared for such occurring in their own future practice. He concluded by stating he had no doubt the case would do well.

Next morning we found she had passed a good night; indeed all promised a rapid recovery. The second night she slept well, and there continued to be no indication of an unfavourable result.

Immediately after the operation I wrote to Southern an account of it. The next day's post from Westwater brought me the following answer:

"My dear ——,

"I regret exceedingly my idea of carrying the girl Granton to the city. The adventure should have been consummated at Westwater; —but indeed, what with her own and her mother's madness, I always had doubts about whether the affair could be brought to a desirable wind up. I think she can be of little use to me now, after being pruned in the manner you describe, so that Williams may have her for me. I leave her a *leg*acy to him—eh? By the way I should like to have the job hushed up as quietly as possible, as it may interfere with another small piece of business I am about to engage in. When will you be out to Westwater?—I have a number of things to show you,—one a new application of the eccentric motion in lappet-weaving, an idea I hope you will give me some credit for. I have found the book, too, that denies the paddle-wheel to be a modern invention;—but you will hear and see all when you come.

"Believe me, my dear ——,

"Yours very truly,

"Edward Southern."

This most heartless and depraved letter I actually read twice over before I could convince myself of its reality; and from that moment resolved never again to hold communication of any description with such an atrocious scoundrel.

Next day I went in to see how she was. I found her mother absent. She appeared overjoyed to see me alone.

"Well, Mr. ——," said she, with much animation, "has he come—is he here?"

"Do not think of him any more, Cheeny," said I, "you have been most dreadfully deceived by him. He is a most unprincipled villain."

She stared at me with a look as if she had not understood me.

"Did you write to him?" said she at length.

At this moment the thought forcibly seized me, "shall I not endeavour, even at the eleventh hour, to disabuse her of this delusion, and show her at once the character by whom she has been so wofully duped? I put the letter into her hands. She caught it quickly and rose up in bed to read it.

"Ah," said she, "how well I know that noble hand,—so beautiful, so manly, so like himself!" she pressed it to herlips and bosom. I

watched her as she read,—she grew very pale, while a look of bewilderment overspread her features. She read it through, without appearing quite to understand it; then looked at the signature, the date, and the address; then drawing in a deep breath, and passing her hand over her forehead, to hold aside the yellow curls that were wantoning across it, began again, and read it over once more. When she had done she seemed for a moment in a kind of stupor, then dropping the paper on the bed, fell back upon the pillow, and, covering her face with her hands, turned round toward the wall.

My heart smote me on the instant for what I had done. I could not stand beside her. I left the side-room, and going off to my own apartments sat down alone to curse my extreme folly.

Next day, at the hour of visit, the poor girl was reported delirious—the affection being what medical men call the low, muttering delirium, as distinguished by Dupuytren from the excited disorder, usually called by that name. Two days this lasted, during which she took nothing but the stimulants usually administered in such cases. On the third I went to see her. She gave a weak, languid smile when I entered, and when I took her wrist pressed my hand, while a single small tear stood in each sunken eye. Her face was now fearfully changed. No one could have believed her to be the fair factory-girl I have elsewhere so vainly attempted to describe. Her cheeks were hollow, her skin wan and clammy, her lips shrunken and livid, nothing of her bright beauty remained save the golden tresses, and the beaming blue eye. Her mother was beside her, and from the absence of the delirium entertained strong hopes of her recovery. She had one of the hospital bibles on her knee, from which she continued to read, but all the while I saw that her daughter's thoughts and attention were far—far away.

Next morning I went to see her again, and was made aware of one of the most singular and incredible phenomena that have ever come under my experience. When I entered she seemed much excited. She motioned me to her, for she was now so weak she could scarcely make herself heard.

"What men are these that came and took me away, Mr. ——?"

"Took you away, Cheeny—what do you mean?"

"Why, two dark indistinct men that came here last night, when my mother was asleep. They opened the door, and came in with a black board, laid me on it, and carried me away down a narrow, crooked staircase, along a long cold passage, that sounded strangely and drearily as they walked, till we came to a big black door, marked No. 14, for the moon shone through a little grated window, and I could see it quite plainly, though motionless with weakness, cold, and terror. The door opened, and they bore me into a large, cold and damp place, with a high window, with iron bars, and having a curious, earthy smell. They then laid me on a table, and left me, locking the door as they went. I lay for some time, when another door opened, and I could see into a large square hall, crowned with dim figures. One of them, a tall, dark being, approached me; I fainted away, and on coming to myself found I had been conveyed back. Oh, Mr. ———, this is a strange place, and we trust in you for protection,—*did they take me for dead, and were they going to dissect me?*"

She told me this with an appearance of extreme terror. For my part I was thunderstruck, and utterly at a loss. She had described with the

most unerring exactness the private stair of the ward, a long underground passage which communicated with the cellars, &c. of the hospital, the *dead-house*, the fatal No. 14, on which she said the moon shone through the little window, and lastly, the clinical lecture-room. Now, both morally and physically, it was impossible she could have left the side-room, for the night-nurse sat up in the ward all the night, and had observed nothing; besides, in my own pocket was the key of the private-door of the ward, opening out upon the staircase, which I had locked with my own hands the evening before, this being part of my duty in the house, and which on examination I now found as I had left it. Of course sleepwalking was out of the question. But so exactly had she described it! And then, along with that fact, to think that she had never in her life before been in the hospital, in the city, indeed out of Westwater at all, and that when she was brought in she had entered by the large front door, and up the great stone staircase, I at first described, to the ward; that from thence to the operating theatre, and back again to the side-room, comprised the whole of her removals! It was indeed a most inexplicable dream, delusion, or whatever you may call it, and one of those facts that seem to sport with our ignorance of that most mysterious branch of science, the physiology of the nervous system. I mentioned it afterwards at a society meeting to a student, a friend of my own, and he referred me for an explanation to the study of Mesmerism.

Unable at the time to trust my own reason, she persisted so strongly in her statement, having procured the key of the door No. 14, I opened the private door of the ward and descended the staircase. On reaching the door I could not help pondering on the precision with which she had described every particular. On going into the dead-house (a large stone-paved place, with a high barred window, where the bodies of those who had died in the hospital were kept till removed by their friends) I found every thing as it should be, and no trace of any one having been there.

As I returned along the passage, musing upon the above, I was met by the sub-porter of the institution, who informed me that there was somebody outside the back-door (by which the friends of patients were admitted, though only at a particular hour). The person had been knocking furiously for a considerable time, he told me, but had latterly been a little more quiet. I bade him unfasten the door, which opened into a quiet lane, leading between the hospital and a large churchyard. He did so. A man was sitting upon the step. I touched him with my foot, when he sprung to his feet and showed me—Williams. I was much surprised. He looked exceedingly worn and haggard.

"Bless me, Williams!" said I, "I thought you were in London. How did you come here?"

"Oh, I cannot tell you, Mr. ———. Is she living?"

"She is; but very, very ill, Williams."

"Oh, let me see her, good Mr. ———, as you hope yourself for mercy!"

"Well, so you shall, but come in and compose yourself a little. It is against rule; you should have had an order from the matron; but I will go and get you one."

While I was gone he had made his way to the room where she lay. I

found him sitting on the edge of her bed, pressing her hand between his.

"Forgive you, Jane!" he was saying, "May God forgive him who has wrought you this, as freely as I forgive you, my first and only love!"

She was now falling very weak indeed. It was plain to me she could not live over the evening. Of this her mother and Williams were likewise persuaded, and neither of them left her, but passed the time in the earnest performance of the peculiar religious forms and duties of their church. It felt like intrusion on my part to stay, so I left them, looking in every now and then. In the course of the afternoon, on entering the room I observed her gazing round her with a curious glance, as of amusement and delight mingled with surprise.

"Mr. ———," said she, "whose are all these pretty, smiling little children, round about the bed?"

I felt at a loss what to say; of course there was no child there; but it was not so with the rapt and fanatical widow.

"These," said she, "are the babes of two years old and under, that were slain by command of Herod throughout all the borders of Bethlehem. Even as one of these shall you shortly be, my own darling girl!"

"How bright and beautiful they look!" murmured her daughter.

There was a long pause.

"Mother, dear mother, I am going away from you,—give me your hand,—Williams,—Mr.—"

She was gone! Slowly the dim eclipse of death came over the orbs of her celestial eyes, and her lips fell asunder.

"The Lord gave and taketh away," said the widow, slowly and with difficulty getting out each syllable.

"Blessed be His holy name!" answered Williams, and falling forward upon the body he gave way to a paroxysm of hysteric grief like a weakly girl. Adding a fervent "Amen," I withdrew to the neighbouring side-room, which was empty, for I was ashamed to go through the ward in the state of emotion I was in.

Next day a clinical lecture was delivered on her case to the pupils of the establishment, and the next her mother and Williams came, with a few friends of their religious sect, and removed her body. But she does not sleep in the quiet little churchyard at Westwater. Before they went away they gave me a bright and abundant tress of her yellow hair, then each wringing my hand warmly, they went out from the city northward, and I saw them no more.

But what remains to tell? Southern's piece of business he mentioned in his letter to me proved his ruin. It was a scheme to elope with the wife of the principal partner of the Westwater company, who held through her his shares in the concern. He hoped that upon her being divorced he could marry her, and obtain with her the immense property she had brought her husband. He was, however, most lamentably foiled, and, with a broken character, deprived of his situation at Westwater. His name was immediately erased by advertisement from the books of several scientific societies of which he was a member, and he went to seek his bread in London, where I believe he draws a wretched subsistence from an obscure and filthy penny paper, of which he is editor and proprietor.

MEANS AND ENDS.

Atque ideo nulli comes exeo, tanquam
Mancus, et extinctæ corpus non utile dextræ.
JUVENALIS.

Not many years ago there arrived in London a young man of humble fortunes, but sufficiently accomplished in that school and university learning, which, by courtesy of England, passes current under the name of education. Whether the name so applied has been adopted by our ancestors in a Mephistophilic disposition to jest with things sacred, or that folks then really believed in the efficacy of the course, to make men either wiser or better, is difficult to decide; for though on the one hand, it should seem strange, that persons under no delusion on the subject should persist in training themselves and their offspring in a manner, which as Petronius Arbiter long ago declared of the education of Rome, only made its subjects the greater fools,* so on the other, is it difficult to conceive how the professors could have comprehended the truth, and contemplated the grossness of the trick they were practising on the simple, and yet have kept the gravity of their countenance, undisturbed by any inclination to laugh in the face of parents and of legislators.

Leaving that episode however by the wayside, we have only to remark that this young man, having nothing to trust to but the exercise of his wits for keeping life and soul together, discovered, ere his acquaintance with London had been of a very long standing, that for all purposes of eating and of drinking, his education was yet to begin. What added materially to the difficulty of this rather unpleasant position, was, that the youth had, by the simple good principle of his parents (for we hesitate under the circumstances, in ascribing the fact to good sense) been brought up with a decided respect for the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, and was moreover of that enthusiastic temper of mind, that plunges men into a wild-goose chase after the good and the beautiful (or, to use his own language, of the το καλον and the το πρεπον). Totally ignorant of that great aphorism of modern ethics, which teaches that there are men too poor to afford keeping a conscience of their own, and having no experience of how very insufficient a fence against the "winter's flaw" virtue makes, when adopted *vice* a good greatcoat, he still clung to the idea of wrapping himself in its folds "in the worst of times;" and when particularly excited, he would talk rather magnificently of the *vitam impendere vero*,—which at that time was freely translated in England, getting hanged for high treason. Fortunately for himself, this was a consummation which, however devoutly to be wished as a martyrdom or apotheosis, was not to be obtained *à point nommé*; and in the mean time, it was necessary for even the most idealized and refined of speculative philosophers to "live by bread."

Now every one knows that at all times the literary market of England is considerably overstocked, and that the supply of learning very much exceeds the ordinary demand: in that department too, as in all other means of advancement, the first step is the greatest

* Adolescentulos existimo in scholis *stultissimos* fieri.

difficulty: our student accordingly found that there was every prospect of the requisite knowledge of "the trade" and its ways becoming parcel of that *sera sapientia*, which arrives the day after the fair; and he felt that there was nothing absolutely incomprehensible in the proposition of the steed starving while the grass grew.

Had the poor fellow brought to the great metropolis a goodly stock of absolute ignorance, his chances would not have been so hostile; for not only are there many situations expressly fitted for those so circumstanced, but there are many more, in which learning of any sort is a positive impediment. To make, if not a respectable figure, at least a decent livelihood, as a shoeblack or a lamplighter, a man requires no learning; whether he can or cannot read and write, is a matter of mere indifference; but there are professions equally cleanly and equally well paid, in which book-learning is an absolute hindrance, and in which Homer and Virgil must be heaved overboard, before the vessel can be got afloat and fairly under way. This, it will be admitted, is a lesson hard to learn. It is not easy for the man of letters to admit to himself, that all he has passed so many of his best years in learning, is absolutely worthless; that cutting blocks with razors, and not even obtaining cold mutton for one's pains, is a possible contingency. Much more painful still it is, when arrived at this saving knowledge, to part for ever with the friendly muses, to contentedly resign all those pleasures which taste and genius can bestow, and to plunge headlong into the littlenesses and impertinencies forming that tide in human affairs, which Shakspere tells us, when "taken at the flood leads on to fortune." Many and many a time, in his table-talk with Duke Humphrey, did this young man ask that President of the greatest of temperance societies the question, which he had picked up in Juvenal—*Quid Romæ faciam*?—what the devil had brought him to London, where "*esse quam videri*" was totally inapplicable—where the *savoir* was at a discount, and the *savoir faire* your only road to the baker's shop. What Duke Humphrey was wont to say, by way of reply to such questioning, has never come to our knowledge; but whatever it may have been, it seems to have led his guest to the conclusion, that he had been somewhat of a fool in taking so unadvised a journey.

We will not distress our readers, by detailing the many applications for employment our learned Theban had made, and made in vain: neither will we harass them by recounting the privations he suffered—the quantity of *vache enragée* which he would have been contented to swallow, could he have got it, or enumerate the miserable rebuffs and insults which the unworthy heaped on his head, in his patient search after a morsel of bread. Suffice it that luck stood his friend, that he did not drop down dead in the street with absolute inanition, nor was he even taken on a stretcher to the workhouse door, to be remanded to the magistrate's office. He had, however, far advanced towards the dignity of a newspaper paragraph to that effect, when, by the friendly intervention of a French usher, whom chance threw in his way, he was taken into the service of one of those *umbratici doctores*, those suburban dealers in timber* and short commons, who profess to teach all things teachable,—with the aid of "assistants."

---

* "Timber and fruit;" Hibernicé for "birch brooms and potatoes."

In adopting this phraseology of "taken into the service," we do not mean to insinuate that he received a stipend equal to that of my lord's valet or his tiger, no, not even as much as is given to a groceress's tea-boy, or a curatess's page; we were led to the expression by a simple reference to the services required, and the distance at which he was kept by his employer; in both which particulars, the maid of all-work, and the helper in the house, garden, and stable, had a better place of it. It is a pleasant position that of a school usher! Frowned on by the master, starved by the mistress, pelted by the boys, and hated by his brother menials of the kitchen. The head of the particular polite seminary for young blackguards, which adopted our hero, was a block-head and an ignoramus; and the inexperienced youth wanted the *nous* to conceal his knowledge of the fact; so he was detested and feared accordingly in the parlour, while in the schoolroom he was the victim of a thousand petty schemes of annoyance, because he would not screen delinquency and encourage idleness: still, however, he continued to hang on, in a patient expectation of better days; till the bankruptcy of his principal once more cast him loose, with the world all before him where to choose, and his quarter's salary at the discretion of the assignees.

In that latitude of choice which Milton has assigned to his deuteragonist on quitting Paradise,* there is this inconvenience, that it resembles the comprehensiveness of verbal abstractions—the wider its range, the less it contains; the more it embraces, the fewer are the grounds for preference. The world indeed *was* before him, according to Horne Tooke's famous aphorism concerning the door of the London tavern; but the places at nature's feast were all reserved for the capitalists; and even Lazarus's right to the receipt of its crumbs was a vested privilege, not to be invaded with impunity by the stranger. To judge from appearances, newspapers at this time were more than usually supplied with their army of reporters; the penny-a-liners were superabundant, and ransacked the town at half price; Sir Robert would have said that the novelists of fashion were overdoing the market; for they were reduced by a foolish competition, to pay their publishers for liberty to appear in print; and the quack doctors had become so highly educated that they were able to write their own puffs. Nay, the very promotion to Shakspere's part of "Wall"—the walking about the streets between two boards, a living advertisement (that lowest department of useful knowledge)—was bespoke, and not to be had for asking.

If these intellectual paths to a crust were too crowded, much worse was it with that more mechanical branch of literature which is occupied by clerks, amanuenses, and lawyer's copyists. Worse it was in one sense, but better in another; for the pressure from without was there so great, that chance was wholly banished from the affair. Those who got employment stuck to it; those who failed left the field in despair, and there an end. Not so with the skilled labourers of literature: employment with them is at once precarious and varied. It is a perpetual lottery, in which every day may produce something. The unoccupied of to-day may be the

* We all know who was the protagonist of the "Paradise Lost."

employed of to-morrow; and a man may thus go on living and starving alternately, through a succession of fasts and festivals as continuous as that of the Papal calendar, till he sinks at last and dies broken-hearted in the workhouse.

It is an established opinion among moralists, that rope-dancing and moral refinement are very nearly incompatibles; and this intellectual rope-dancing especially,—this jumping and skipping, because one cannot walk,—is assuredly anything but favourable to a moral steadiness. It is not, therefore, to be presumed that during a long period, which the hero of our tale passed in struggling for existence, in such an arena, (now writing for booksellers, now doing a leader for a newspaper, now teaching a little Greek, a little mathematics, now putting the novel of some woman of fashion into marching order, or conferring grammar, spelling, and classical allusions on a tradesman's advertisement), he could have been always quite satisfied with the moral fitness of his employment, or that all his multifarious offices were in strict accordance with those of Tully. No matter how great, how good, or how wise a man may be, he must still pay his tribute to the weakness of the age and country in which his lot is cast; how much more those, *quorum virtutibus obstat res angusta domi.* Still on the whole, the domestic teaching and example he had received in boyhood, was not lost on him; and his love and respect for truth and honesty remained, theoretically at least, sound and pure.

But our reflections, however profound or luminous, are beginning to overload our page, and we must proceed with our narrative. Not but that this discursive mode of treating human life is quite as available in the matter-of-fact department of fictitious narrative, as in that ideal branch of composition, which is called history: nor do we see any good reason why the author may not help his reader to an idea, as freely in the one case, as in the other. For our own parts, we confess that our readers might have gone to their graves in ignorance of these mischances of the Musæ Aplutæ, for ought we care, had it not been for the little bits of recondite wisdom which strewed the path, and offered themselves to be picked up, polished, and set in the narrative, for the world's edification.

It happened, then (we do not exactly know the precise time), that amongst his other "literary avocations," our young friend stumbled one fine morning upon the correction of the press for a country clergyman, of a school edition of a Greek play; and the ability displayed in this humble, but laborious and somewhat critical office, procured for him the favourable notice of the publisher, and brought him into a steady employment, with a scale of remuneration superior to any he had hitherto encountered. His connexion likewise with the author was extended to other works, and led to a personal acquaintance, which ripened into esteem and friendship. He might now, by comparison, have been called well to do in the world; but the effect of attaining to an elevated point of view, is only to extend the field of vision. Accordingly, we find our friend mounted on his new stage, telescope in hand, regarding with attention the learned professions, and snatching astronomical glimpses at the judgeships, deaneries, speakerships, primacies, seats on the treasury-bench, and we know not how many other asterisms or constellations, which glorify the heaven of heavens of professional suc-

cess. But every one knows that an academic education is the great and accredited vestibule, leading to the temples of professional initiation. The study of Plato is the fittest prelude to that of reports and cases;—mathematics are the causa causans of medical intuition;—and as for the church, what preliminary for understanding the inner senses of the gospels, like a competent acquaintance with "Apollo, Bacchus, Mars," and the rest of the pagan mythology? It cannot then be said of our hero's eyes, that they resembled those of the dead Banquo: speculation there was in them, and that bright, flashing, and long-sighted; and the result was, a determination forthwith to combine literary and professional pursuit, sandwich-fashion; and to gulp down a morsel of law, physic, or divinity, as the case might be, enveloped in two dry-crusts of paid articles (for immediate support) with an occasional dip into his old friends, the ancients, by way of salt and mustard. It is quite astonishing, with the assistance of these trifling occupations, how much time a man can kill, and how often he will trench upon the *sex horas somno*, which the great legist and disciplinarian assigned to the law student for his nightly flirtation with Morpheus.

In the mean time, with a cheerful heart and renewed hopes, our vigorous student replaced his name on the college-books, and determined to apply his first loose cash to that preliminary graduation, which the sudden death of his father, and the poverty of an orphan's family, had compelled him at the proper time to forego. As to the precise road to fortune which he should pursue, the determination was not so easy. The memory of his reverend, and (as Mr. Canning might have said) revered father, and the distant (very distant) prospect of Lambeth or Fulham, inclined him to the church. Overwhelmed, too, as he was with incessant labour, there was something in the *dolce far niente* of a curacy among the clods, that had its charm; but then he had become too knowing to suppose the fat livings and well-paid dignities of mother church would fall into his mouth, merely for taking the trouble to open it. He knew, indeed, but did not quite approve, of the shorter ways, by which plebeian talent and unendowed merit are said to gain the ear of the dispensers of good things: but he also had no decided taste for burying himself for life in the pleasantest village in England, for "the simple consideration" (as Doctor Pangloss has it), of seventy pounds per annum, and a weekly dinner at the great house.

Physic, on the other hand, appeared delightful in the pursuit, and heavenly in the benevolent application. With infinite pains and forbearance, it might be made moderately remunerative. But then it is not patience alone that suffices to produce patients; and truckling to nurses, apothecaries, and governors of hospitals, was not (he felt) exactly his *forte:* besides, the man in his vanity was ambitious; and though Esculapius might be a god, he could never, *quasi* Esculapius, become a peer of the realm; so he (mentally at least, and provisionally) threw physic to the dogs.

Talking of dogs it has been said that even they can syllogize; and the proof advanced is, that when one of the race in pursuit of his master, "not lost, but gone before," arrives at a bifurcation in the road, he scents for the man on the one branch, and missing him on that, dashes off without further inquiry into the second; which being done into English, is as if he had argued, my master could take but

one of two courses; he has not taken this, therefore he must have followed that, Q. E. D.—Could Euclid have done better? But it is not to be supposed that a senior soph should have less logic than a dog; and it cannot be doubted, that our hero, having despatched the two cases of divinity and physic, must have felt himself exempted from a deliberate scrutiny into the *pros.* and *cons.* of law, as a means of advancement.

While, however, he was pondering these things in his mind, and waiting for the fulness of time to make his final election, he was abruptly interrupted in his day-dreams, by the offer of a travelling tutorship (Anglice a bear-leadership) to two young sprigs of quality. These ingenuous youths had passed four years in the study of hares and partridges, of dogs and horses, with his friend the editor of the Greek play, who was too busy about various readings of his own, to bestow much care upon those of others: they were, accordingly, ripe for travel and the study of the world. Here was a godsend indeed. Like our before-quoted friend Pangloss, its proposed emolument realized the visionary speculation of "three hundred pounds a year," besides travelling charges. His degree, and whatever fee-costing admissions to a license to practise might lay in his future course, were in imagination paid for by savings from the resources thus opened to him; and then there was the prospect of European sight-seeing, and all the Ulyssean experience of men and cities to be obtained on the highways of the grand tour.

On the receipt of his friend's epistle, our student was ready, as they say, to jump out of his skin for joy; and it would have done you good to see him dancing about his room, upsetting the inkstand, overthrowing the coalscuttle on the carpet, and frightening the ejected cat out of its propriety, by the forcible evasion of her habitaculum. Here, at last, he thought his acquired lore would come into play; and here would be formed one of those honourable connexions in which mutual benefits conferred, might ripen into friendship, or at any rate lead to patronage at once creditable and advantageous. But how think you, reader, was this speculation justified by the event? The cubs committed to his charge required no higher display of accomplishment from their "guide, philosopher and friend," than was involved in settling accounts with the courier, and corresponding with the governor at home. They had no esteem to bestow on any of a tutor's moral excellences, except perhaps, on his patient submission to their will, as to the places to be visited, the time devoted to each, and the objects to be examined in all.

As to the fine arts, they were more solicitous about originals than pictures; for antiquities, the one thing old that piqued their curiosity, was wine; of edifices, they studied exclusively the interior of opera-houses; and the only national institutes which engaged their attention, were the Salon and the Palais Royal; where, if they did not make notes, they certainly parted with a considerable number.

These things notwithstanding, the parties rubbed on together pretty well as far as Naples. The tutor might now and then have desired to linger at some favourite spot of curious or philosophic interest, when the pupils were eager to dash forward; or he might have wished to cut short a residence more advantageously situated for sporting than for

research,—more famed for dancers than for ciceroni; while they might have been well contented to remain for ever on the spot. But suffering is the badge of all the tribe; and he had nothing to do with the law, but to obey it.

At Naples, however, two subjects of irreconcilable dispute arose between the high contracting parties,—a false representation demanded to raise supplies from "the old 'un," and a trifle of friendly intervention in a love intrigue: and so they came to an open rupture, and separated.

Hic omnis effusus labor, œcnomics, patronage, every thing vanished into smoke. The tutor, thus disappointed, returned to England as rich as he left it; and so, not having been permitted to thoroughly examine any one object or place on his journey, nothing remained for him in return for his lost time but to publish his travels. What however he lost by the sons, he gained by the father, who being grateful for his spirited resistance to a dishonest temptation, and perhaps also for speculative advantages in the womb of futurity, took him as domestic secretary, to reside in his house, until he should be ripe for ordination, and for the reversion of a living held by an octogenarian incumbent, in whom nature's copy, it was surmised, was not etern.

The new patron of our reverend *in posse* had been a diplomatist, and now held a high office connected with foreign affairs. His correspondence was, however, not on that account, conducted in the dead languages. We were not in the times of the protectorate; and the defence of the English people was no longer consigned to the pure style of a Latin secretary. It was fortunate for the noviciate diplomatist that he had availed himself of his temporary connexion with language-masters to obtain a passable acquaintance with French and German; for otherwise, notwithstanding that the jargon of protocols is "Greek" to the lookers on, with all Scapula at his fingers' ends he would not have mastered their contents.

Neither, indeed, were his mathematics any guide to a solution of those impossible quantities, the Talleyrands and the Metternichs; whose least crabbed combinations of formulæ would throw Mr. Babbage's machine into despair. Aristotle's politics the secretary had thoroughly studied, and with his logic he was quite familiar; but what had they in common with the congress of Vienna, where humbug was the only current figure of rhetoric, and diamond snuffboxes the only intelligible arguments.

Time, in the meantime, jogged on; and our *novus homo* betook himself once more to the university for his degree. How he got over the thirty-nine articles we never learned. He was no longer a boy and excusable for signing in the dark. Perhaps he accepted them as articles of peace rather than of faith. However it was, his degree he obtained, together with a satisfactory testimonial, the necessary preliminary of ordination.

A more difficult point to carry in this career, is the qualifying curacy; but even that was obtained by the assistance of the expectant's protector. His ordination therefore, it may be thought, was of course, a matter of course. No such thing: by ill luck our hero stumbled upon one of those crotchetty prelates, with whom the articles of the church are not sufficiently stringent; and he was presented at the palace with some fifty

additional propositions, as a *sine quâ non* to admission into the fold. In an evil hour the candidate entered into a controversy with his superior on the subject: and in a still more evil moment he committed his thoughts to the press. For this imprudence he not only was refused ordination and driven from his expected preferment, but was sent to the other learned professions ticketed with heterodoxy, and inferentially with disaffection to all things constituted,—from the altar and the throne, to the Bank-parlour and the board in Leadenhall-street.

In so saying, we do not accuse the world of any extraordinary injustice. It certainly is in the course of things that men too scrupulous in their investigations of dogmatic theology, should grow to put less than the necessary confidence in state conventionalities and plausibilities; and somehow or other there is a necessary connexion between sectarianism in religion and discontent in politics, which, for the sake of peace we leave every one to explain as pleases his own individual fancy.

Before proceeding any further with this very extraordinary case, we must express our astonishment that the ingenuous youth did not—that all ingenuous youths do not, without hesitation—go to law. By this we do not mean that they should enter upon a course of litigation, which nothing but being utterly in the wrong should induce a man of sense to attempt: neither do we intend that he should take the law in his own hand, and incur fine and imprisonment for his pains. We simply and honestly mean to recommend the profession of the law as the best high-road to rising in this world (never mind the next—*chacun à son tour*), which modern society offers.

In saying this, we do not principally reflect on the great prizes, heretofore alluded to, because like all other great prizes, they are rather of the rarest. Even as an ordinary means of gaining an ordinary livelihood, we are not satisfied that law is either more certain or less laborious than any other profession; but the great and undeniable advantage, the unspeakable blessing of law is, that in case of non-success—it fits a man for every other employment in life. A lawyer is essentially a commissionable man. His habits, we suppose, of cross-examination, entitle him to play the part of a general note of interrogation, and to pry into all matters, from a poor law to the state of the Hill Coolies; from church revenues to gaol dietaries. Then the lawyer is the very raw material of a land agent; he is *le bois dont on fait* the very best electioneering managers. Again, he is *ipso facto* a methodist preacher, with a difference; and an actor in a peculiar dress. In short, there is scarcely a situation within the lines of civilization that he may not assume; and if even these are all overstocked, what preparation in the world could turn out so efficient a highwayman?

The neglecting such considerations, in the first instance, was therefore an oversight in our friend: it is always good to have two strings to one's bow. The crestfallen candidate for holy orders, however, was now forced upon a more reasonable course. A very small and very unexpected legacy enabled him to take chambers, and to eat mutton at the Temple—still doing a little literature, to eke out his income. In due time he was ripe for the call, and having paid his fees, and equipped himself with a wig, gown, and blue bag, he entered on professional life with a reputation for equity and steadiness, enough to set up a whole bar

of Chancery pleaders. Ill luck, however, still pursued him; first he put his name to a treatise on the Greek article, disqualification positive, and the attorneys frowned; then he produced the most learned works of his age on the principles of jurisprudence; disqualification comparative, the attorneys shied: and lastly, he wrote a Benthamite pamphlet on law reforms; disqualification superlative. By this he lost the ear of the chancellor: and the attorneys swept the fond record of his person and abilities from their memories for ever. "Oh no, they never mentioned him" more.

His means and his reputation as a practical barrister being thus exhausted together, his next desperate venture, on the strength of an university education, was an attempt to revive the legitimate drama, by a tragedy upon the purest Gallo-Greek model. Racine was floored, and Euripides might have thought on the Frogs of Aristophanes and trembled. Well, the Oxford and Cambridge men hissed him to revenge the Bishop; the lawyers hissed him on behalf of their violated abuses; the *canaille de la littérature* hissed him, because he was among them and not of them; the friends of the great tragedian of the other house hissed him, because the other tragedian of his house played the principal part: and lastly the town, one and all, hissed and utterly d—d him, because they voted legitimate tragedy a bore, and were impatient for a revival of Van Amburgh's lions. Being thus utterly ruined in his own affairs, he had nothing better to do than to take up those of the public; and so he denounced the malpractices of one of the most dishonest functionaries that ever robbed an asinine public: a prosecution was the consequence, and having satisfactorily proved every word of his allegation he was sent to gaol, and fined as a matter of course, for a malignant libeller.

When at length turned out of prison by the virtues of time and an insolvent act, and without a farthing to buy bread, our victim of a false education began to discover that he had had quite enough of the το καλον, and the muses. Physic, however, still lay open to receive him, so he went to an obscure Scotch university, and lived by writing theses and "cramming" the candidates, till he could obtain his own M.D. But here again his old bad fame pursued him. The high church would not employ him for his heterodoxy; and as he did not belong to any particular sect, no particular sect would uphold liberty of conscience in his person, by taking his physic; all joined to a man, in considering him a libertine in principle, and utterly ignorant of rhubarb. It was high time for him, therefore, to change his tactics.

On a severe scrutiny of the different phases of his past life, and an attentive examination of the pursuits and ways of his more successful rivals, he was not long in discovering the sources of his reiterated failure. He found that, like the Musæus of Ruggles, he was "*gallicrista, vocatus a coxcomb,*" and could neither become a lawyer nor anything else, lucrative, for want of the requisite education. He began to coincide with Ignoramus, in thinking that *sunt magni idiotæ, et clerici intutorum isti universitantes.* He lamented that instead of his studies at Cambridge he had not, like others, his contemporaries, taken lessons there in knowledge of the world, and the art of getting into debt and not paying; learned how to make up a book, instead of construing it: and turned his mathematics with Demoivre to the account of the chances.

The fruit of these reflections was a fixed determination to adapt himself for the future to circumstances, and to take the world on its own terms. He began by putting himself at the head of a formidable body of sectarians, took the lead at charitable meetings, got up bazaars for missionary societies, and wrote a pamphlet termed "Sin the Short Road to Salvation," on the edifying death of a converted murderer. To these qualifications he added a large assortment of flattery for the men, and a sentimental *mélange* of piety and lovemaking for the women: and having thus paved his way to a fashionable notoriety, he gave lectures *gratis* to mechanics' institutions and literary associations. He next proceeded to take magnetism out of the hands of the Mesmerites, and constructed out of *clairvoyance* a tenth Bridgewater treatise; he revived St. John Long's escoriations, and brought them into the fold of regular science, by the new name of counter-irritation. For a long time he hesitated whether he should enter into a clandestine agreement with some druggist, and send his prescriptions to a particular house for a per centage, or whether he should canvass the whole tribe of compounders together, by a reputation for liberal prescription; but before he could make his mind on that point, Homœopathy came into vogue with the high aristocracy, and he determined at once for infinitesimal doses, and starving the apothecary. Having thus found for himself a party, he set up an hospital, and became both its treasurer and physician. A house in a fashionable square, with a queer-coloured chariot and piebald horses did the rest. If not at the head of the profession, he is now in a condition to buy the whole college of Physicians; and he will figure unquestionably among the largest contributors to Sir Robert's new income-tax. When raised to the baronetcy, as he certainly will be, the heralds may blazon his arms with fortune grinning through a horse-collar, and no better motto can be given him than *Si vulgus decepi vult decipiatur.*

μ.

THE HAND-WRITING.

Dark character! of good or ill
As either may befal;
What busy thoughts lie cold and still
Beneath thine inky pall.

Again to wake to light and life
As grows the gaze on thee,
And voices speak, and forms are rife,
That long have ceas'd to be.

Thou art a talisman whose spell
Though read is yet unbroken;
A silent tongue in which we tell
More than the lips have spoken.

KOUNHI.

GRADUATES AND UNDERGRADUATES;

OR,

THE PROCTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS."

No. VII.

THE STRUGGLE FOR FAME.

SATURDAY, the 20th of October, 18—, was a gloomy, rainy, puffy, miserable day. The streets of Oxford looked muddy, slushy, and deserted by all but the college servants, whose generally pure white cottons were obscured by splashes, and a few collegians who held their gown-tails under one arm to keep them from being soiled by the soil of *alma mater*. Not a tradesman was visible. Every one of them was deeply engaged within in making out his "little accounts;" for on that day term began, or more strictly speaking "the men were coming up"—for term had commenced on the 10th.

It was a busy day within the walls of the respective colleges. The *coqui* were busied in preparing materials for hall-dinners and bones to be broiled at supper. They had laid in a stock of soups, chops, and steaks to be ready for any hungry member who might come in exhausted by a long and tedious journey.

The *promi* were busy brushing up the college plate and polishing the tankards. The beer-barrels were already furnished with taps, and most of them had been tasted and approved of by the *tonsores* who having nothing very particular to do, spent the day in the buttery to watch for the *Imposed* as they came up, expecting a just and speedy reward for the *impositions* done for them the term before.

The *janitores* were occupied in flogging dogs out of college, and inspecting the luggage of the freshmen as they arrived, in order that they might form a judgment of their respectability from the appearance of their portmanteaus and carpet-bags.

The *Cam. Com. hunnies* were preparing their apartments for their respective dons, and tasting the port wine to ascertain whether it had deteriorated during "the long," and marking the bin, to be set aside as A 1, for the ensuing term.

The bedmakers and under scouts were sweeping rooms, dusting furniture, scraping crockery-ware together, collecting glasses, lighting fires, and what they were pleased to call airing beds, which means throwing the mattrass or feather-bed on the middle of the floor, and leaving it to take its chance of getting a genial ray from a half-extinguished fire.

At the various inns all was bustle, hurry, and confusion, for the men in the days of which I am writing, came up inside, or on the roofs and boxes of the coaches which kept the streets alive by the rattle of their wheels, and the horns or bugles of their guards. Each inn too could boast of as many post-horses in its yard as are now kept in all

of them put together. Railroads, however, proclaim by their steaming, screaming, whistling, indorous locomotives, that

Tempora mutantur,

which means, that "The Times four-horse fast-coach, is changed into a pair-horse slow."

I might add,

Nos et mutamur in illis,

for instead of being satisfied, as was our wont, with reaching London in five hours and a half, we grumble if we are not at Paddington from Steventon, the same number of miles, in less than two hours, and call the steam-carriage a "very slow coach."

But to return to the days of that nearly exploded race—the *genus longum*—the drivers of long stages.

Tom—great Tom of Christ Church tolls four o'clock, Carfax church-clock respectfully waits five minutes, and then strikes the same hour, the various parish churches follow the example of their illustrious predecessors when it suits their convenience. The book-keepers at the various offices stand at their doors with the porters and extra cads waiting the arrival of the London coaches and pulling out their watches now and then to see how much they are "after time." Excuses are readily made, "the roads run woolly, and being first day of term of course they're full inside and out, with no end of luggage."

The porters are nearly tired of standing about, and counting in anticipation, the number of half-crowns they shall earn, and how they shall make their cads give a full, true, and particular account of *their* earnings, when too-too-too-ooh! is heard on Headington Hill, answered by the same sound, as accurately repeated as if by echo, from Rose Hill; in a few minutes "The Blenheim" is seen dashing from the Wyckham road, and "The Alert" from the Henley road, meeting on Maudlen Bridge as at a common centre. On they rattle, Charles Holmes on the one, and Black Will on the other, each eager to reach the Angel first. Will, who carries the "young uns," flanks the leaders, and double thongs the wheelers; but Holmes, who is filled with dons, merely slacks his hand, and gives a peculiar encouraging note with his lips. On they go, neck-and-neck, and pull up together at the Angel gateway.

Crowds of gownsmen, who have arrived by the middle-day coaches or have clubbed for "yellows and pairs," stand on the pavement to greet their friends and see what old schoolfellows have come up for the first time. Greetings are exchanged amidst the searchings for boxes, hat-cases, carpet-bags, pointers, setters, terriers, and gun-cases.

Will and Holmes look out carefully for their tips, and having secured them, and deposited all who choose to alight, drive on up the High-street, and pull up again at the Mitre, where a second but less-imposing scene of the same farce is exhibited.

Leaving "The Blenheim" and "The Alert" to go on to the Roebuck and Star, we will stop at the Mitre, and watch the proceedings of a plainly but respectably-dressed lady, and a young man whose pale cheeks and wan appearance proclaim the invalid or the over-worked student.

They have just alighted from the inside of "The Blenheim," and, being unattended by a servant, are endeavouring to point out to the house-porter their two portmanteaus and one bonnet-box, which are nearly obscured by a mass of superincumbent luggage, and surrounded as if by a bulwark, with coach-porters' barrows.

"Look after the lady, Jem," said the upper to the under-waiter, "she's going to stop in the house; I must look after Mr. Strong of St. James's—he owes me a tick for last term, and he'll be cleaned out to-morrow."

"I can't," replied Jem; "I see Mr. Brooks of St. Jude's, and he sees me, for he's a slipping off the other side, and he owes *me* a tick."

Thus deserted by the waiters, the lady looks for aid to the chambermaid, but she is engaged in looking *at* all the young men. A slight gaze, however, satisfies her, and seeing her mistress watching her from the bar-room door, she makes a virtue of necessity, and approaching the lady asks her if "she stops all night, and would like to see her room."

"I wish to speak to the landlady," said the lady, "and beg to be shown into a parlour, where I and my son may take some refreshments."

The girl cheerfully obeys and shows her into a neat room, with a comfortable fire blazing in its grate, and having the look of one's own home.

In a very few minutes Mrs. P——e—I am sorry to be obliged to say the *late* Mrs. P——e—makes her appearance. For years she has been the landlady of the Mitre, and has won the good-will of her customers and the love of her neighbours and dependants by her obliging conduct and kind heart.

The lady responds to her courtesy, and gives into her hand a letter. Mrs. P——e opens it and finds it is from one of her old college visiters —*friends* I may truly say. It contains a request that she will obligingly procure lodgings in the house of some respectable family for the bearer, who intends to reside in Oxford as long as her son remains at college.

While Mrs. P——e is showing those attentions to her guests, which she never failed to show to all, but especially to those who came so well recommended to her, and whilst the porter is seeking a vacant lodging suited to the lady's wants, I will give the reader a brief insight into her history, and the cause of her appearance in Oxford.

Among the minor canons of ——— cathedral, was one who bore the name of James Pauperly. He had passed through the University with great credit to himself as a bible-clerk and chaplain. Having no patron either lay or clerical, he was glad to accept of a minor canonry in ——— cathedral, because it ensured him a small house in the close and a salary of 80*l.* per annum.

Being fond of music and a good musician, these qualifications, added to his gentlemanly manners and correct conduct, gained him admission into the dull but respectable society of the town in which the cathedral stands, and of which it is the chief—indeed the only—attraction.

Among the families with whom Pauperly spent his evenings, none was so attentive and consequently so agreeable to him as the house-

hold of one Mr. Markwell, who carried on an extensive and lucrative business as a brewer. He was wealthy and proud of his wealth. He had a large family, consisting of three sons and five daughters, to whom he had given a good education. They were all musical, and to gratify their taste and his own pride, Mr. Markwell gave a great many private concerts in the course of the year, whereat his own family, and the minor canons of the cathedral were the principal performers.

Pauperly soon became a great favourite with the brewer and with his sons and daughters. He was invited to "drop in whenever he pleased," and often availed himself of the invitation; for amongst the daughters, the second, Miss Lucinda, had found especial favour in his eyes. The feeling was mutual, but unacknowledged by either party, except by those little glances and sighs, which are often unwittingly bestowed and uttered by incipient lovers. He played with her—on the piano, I mean—he sang with her, but there was nothing particular in that, for he did the same with her brothers and sisters.

It somehow happened, however, that Mamma Markwell fancied that his tones were softer, and far more tender and melodious when he sang to Miss Lucinda, than they were when he accompanied any one else. She grew suspicious and watched them closely—for she had not the slightest wish that either of her daughters should unite her fate with, and bestow the riches she might possibly inherit, on a *minor* canon. The result of her vigilance was that she was confident, certain sure, that she saw Pauperly squeeze Lucinda's hand as they both essayed to turn over the same leaf of the same music-book at one and the same time. What might have been a mere suspicion was converted into a certainty by the young lady blushing very deeply and whispering "Don't;" and the gentleman turning away with a deep sigh.

She said nothing to her daughter upon the subject, but at the usual time

When wives do lecture and the night grows dark,

she informed her husband, who *professed* a great attachment for the church, and entertained a real affection for his money and his family—that "she had every reason to believe that *that* Pauperly was surreptitiously endeavouring to steal the affections of Lucinda Markwell."

"Pooh!—nonsense—stuff, my dear—Lucinda has too much proper pride, and Pauperly too little money to dream of such a thing. Why she *may* have thousands, and he has only 80*l.* per anuum—stuff!"

"But I distinctly saw him squeeze her hand as they turned over the music together," said the lady.

"All chance, depend on it—all stuff!"

"Ah, but then," continued the lady, "she blushed and said—"

"Eh! *what* did she say?" asked Markwell.

"She said *don't*," answered mamma.

"And very proper too. Pooh!—nonsense—all stuff," replied the brewer, and he closed the debate for the night.

Now though Mr. Markwell thus discouraged his wife's suspicions he thought it not improbable that a handsome young man of good address, and great musical talent, might gain the affections of any young lady with whom he frequently conversed and sang: and he thought it still less improbable that a poor parson would not avail

himself of so easy a means of increasing his income, as by seeking the hand and fortune of a young lady with wealth in prospectu.

He therefore invited Pauperly to dine with him, which he had never done before, and as soon as the cloth was removed and the ladies had retired, he gave so marked a lecture, addressed to his sons, on the absurdity of parsons with small incomes thinking of marrying, and the folly of parents who could allow their daughters to become the wives of the aforesaid poor parsons, that Pauperly could not mistake the object of the invitation to dinner.

He attended the evening meetings as constantly as before, but was more guarded in his conduct to Lucinda, who having a shrewd notion of the cause, from hints thrown out by her mamma, was not at all displeased at his conduct.

One evening Miss Lucinda thought that Pauperly looked happier and sang more cheerfully than usual. His voice had been rather too flat for some time; on this occasion it seemed inclined to verge too much on the other extreme. The cause she could not divine, but it was speedily disclosed to her.

While a chorus occupied the rest of the party, and mamma was busied in domestic duties, Pauperly led Lucinda aside into the deep embrasure of a window and told her that as the chapter had that day given him a living close to the town, which would make his income 200*l.* per annum, he could not refrain asking her if she would share it with him.

As Lucinda really loved Pauperly, and knew nothing of the little conveniences which 200*l.* per annum does *not* insure, she unreservedly said "Yes, provided her parents would consent."

The usuals were perpetrated as well as the time and place would allow of their perpetration, and Pauperly—happy man!—sought Mr. Markwell, and told him of his accession of income—the love he bore for his daughter, and her provisional acceptance of his hand.

Mr. Markwell made a great many rude observations touching the poverty of parsons in general, and of minor canons in particular, and forbade Mr. Pauperly further access to his house and daughter; for which Mamma Markwell very much applauded him.

"Where there is a will there is a way" (*ubi voluntas, ibi potestas*), is a maxim the truth of which has been often proved. Miss Lucinda came of age, and having 50*l.* per annum of her own—the legacy of an aunt, she told her parents calmly but firmly, "she meant to bestow herself and her 50*l.* per annum on the only man she could ever love."

"Pooh! nonsense! stuff!" said the brewer.

"Low! degrading! abominable!" said the brewer's wife.

"I have made up my mind," said the young lady, "and have apprized Mr. Pauperly of my intentions."

"Then leave the house this instant, and never see our faces again," shouted *père et mère* together, looking vent-pegs at poor Lucinda.

Pauperly could not very well hesitate to fulfil the lady's wishes, but previously to doing so, he consulted the Dean, who was in residence. When he heard all the circumstances of the case, he made a few observations on the pride of wealthy parvenus, and offered to unite them himself the next day; an act for which old Markwell withdrew

his subscription from every charity in the town, and put his name down as a large contributor to the *British* school.

Well, time rolled on: Mrs. Markwell and her family were soon reconciled to Lucinda and her husband, when they saw how much they were respected by every one. Old Markwell would not be reconciled—he would not listen to the proposal—"his daughter had married a beggar, or little better, and had disgraced the family." The subject threw him into so violent a passion, that it brought on an apopletic seizure, and he died—died a beggar! for on examining his affairs, it was discovered that he had risked his all, and more than his all in a speculation in hops, which had turned out a failure. Everything was sold to pay the creditors, and Mrs. Markwell retired with her daughters to a small cottage, where they lived on their own little independencies, amounting together to 250*l.* per annum—the sons sought employment elsewhere.

Mrs. Pauperly had but one child—a son; upon him, of course, she doted. Pauperly, as soon as the boy was old enough, knowing the errors of the home-system of education, sent him to the Cathedral school, where he made such rapid progress in his learning, and showed such a decided superiority over those of his own age, that he resolved to send him to college, and for that purpose stinted himself and his wife, who readily submitted to the deprivation, of every luxury, and of many of the necessaries of life.

In the midst of these, his plans for the future welfare of his son, he was suddenly cut off. A violent cold caught by doing duty in a damp country church, being neglected, terminated fatally. Mrs. Pauperly was left a widow with a son of seventeen years of age, and fifty pounds per annum. This sum was augmented by a pension of thirty pounds from the widow's fund, and a sum of sixty pounds which she purchased as an annuity with the amount of the insurance on her husband's life, and the sale of his furniture and effects.

With this 140*l.* per annum, she resolved to carry out the plans which her husband had laid down for his son. She consulted the Dean on the best means of doing so. He wrote to his friend the Principal of —— Hall on the subject. He received an answer from that kind-hearted man, recommending the mother to come up and take lodgings for herself and son in Oxford, where they could live cheaply together, as James Pauperly could not have rooms *in* —— Hall, while it was undergoing certain repairs.

Thus I have briefly accounted for the appearance of Mrs. Pauperly and her son at the Mitre Inn, and for the request made to the landlady to seek for a respectable lodging for them. A sitting-room and two bedrooms were provided in a small house in one of the back streets, of which possession was taken that very evening. On the Monday following, James Pauperly was matriculated and admitted a commoner of —— Hall.

I have said that he looked pale and delicate. The fact is, that he was constitutionally strong and healthy, but he had been reading very hard—indeed unnecessarily so—to prepare himself for college. The noble sacrifice made by his mother for his advancement in life, made such an impression upon him, that he resolved to requite it by the most strenuous exertions. He was determined to succeed in gaining the highest honours in the university, if those honours were to be obtained

by perseverance. He rose early, and late took rest. The hours that ought to have been dedicated to exercise and recreation, were devoted to study. The consequence may easily be foreseen. The bloom left his cheeks, his eye lost its brilliancy, and his brow became contracted. His appetite failed. He was nervous and dyspeptic.

The Dean saw this, and though he appreciated his close application to his books, he warned him that the very method he had adopted to acquire fame as a scholar, would be the surest means of defeating his wishes. He told his mother also, and wrote to the Principal of —— Hall to the same effect. Dr. ——, therefore, before he allowed him to attend a single lecture, called in a medical man, and requested him to lay down a system of alternate study and exercise suited to his bodily health—or rather want of health.

This kindly effected, Pauperly was introduced to his tutor, Mr. Pensive, a quiet, gentlemanly man, and exactly suited for the management of a youth of his habits and temperature. Mr. Pensive was a laborious student, and had made himself a sound scholar more by rigid application than by natural ability. He still read, and read very hard. He took a certain measured quantity of exercise and food daily. He allowed himself but one indulgence—that was a newspaper. In this, however, his habit was peculiar, for he never read one until he had finished the preceding. As he sometimes had not time to look at a paper for a week together, he got behindhand in his reading; still he went plodding on, and filing them as regularly as if they were new ones, and certainly found quite as much entertainment from the perusal of them, though they were "in arrear."

Pauperly was not aware of this peculiarity in his tutor's character, until one day, while he was sitting with him, he looked up from his paper and very gravely observed,

"Bless me! what a shocking fire!"

"Indeed, sir, where?"

"Why, Drury-lane Theatre is burnt down," said Mr. Pensive.

"What *again*, sir?" inquired Pauperly; "it was burnt down about two years ago."

"Yes," said Mr. Pensive, "that is just the date I've got to."

Pauperly, upon inquiry, was fully informed of the system upon which his tutor read the newspapers, and ceased to wonder at the *old news* which sometimes formed the subject of his lighter conversation.

Dr. —— and Mr. Pensive both offered to introduce Pauperly to some of the best men in the Hall, but he respectfully declined the offer, assuring them that he had neither the means, nor the time, nor the inclination to enter into society. His only companion was his mother—his kind, his devoted mother.

After reading up and attending his lectures, he walked with her for a certain time. They then returned to their humble meal. After dinner Pauperly pursued his studies, and for one hour, in the course of the evening, sought the assistance of Mr. Pensive in getting up his sciences. This assistance was willingly given, though not paid for—as the tutor knew that his pupil could not afford to pay for private lectures. The only recompence he would receive was from Mrs. Pauperly, who performed certain little offices with her needle for him, such as hemming handkerchiefs and marking linen, which are really valuable to a college tutor.

In his seventh term, Pauperly went up for his little-go, as the first examination is termed. As it consists principally of an inquiry into, or investigation of, the candidate's knowledge of grammar and logic, or mathematics, he found but little difficulty in securing his *testamur*, and the thanks of the examiners—the masters of the schools—for the efficient manner in which he had got up his books.

At this period a scholarship, or more correctly speaking, an exhibition, of thirty pounds per annum, to last for four years, was left by will to —— Hall, by one of its former members. An advertisement appeared, calling upon all young men, under a certain standing in the university, who chose to do so, to come forward as candidates. A list of seventeen names was sent in to the Principal: among them appeared that of James Pauperly.

The nature of the examination intended to be adopted, was explained to him by Dr.—— and Mr. Pensive; and as he knew his books tolerably well, he devoted the intervening time to practising prose Latin writing and versification.

The day arrived. Pauperly, with an agitated manner, left his mother, who spent the day in prayer for her son's success. She could do nothing else had she felt so inclined, for he was her all, her only hope, and on his success, in the event of anything befalling her, his future support depended. The clock struck four, the hour when the examinations were to terminate, and the name of the successful candidate to be announced. Mrs. Pauperly placed her chair near the window to watch for her son's coming, in order that she might learn his success or failure from his looks, ere he entered the house. A long, tedious, almost unendurable hour elapsed. The clock struck again, but still he came not. The shades of night had fallen on the deserted streets, and the mother left the window, despairing of her son's success, as she knew he would hasten to communicate the joyful tidings to *her* before any one else. The chimes from New College tower announced the hour of six. The feelings of the widowed parent were wrought to such a painful height, that her heart beat violently and audibly, her pulses throbbed, and her breathing was impeded. She poured out a glass of spring-water, and was raising it to her parched lips, when she heard a rapid, joyful step approaching. The glass fell from her hand. She knew it was the footstep of her son, and she *felt* that he was successful. Her tears burst forth, and relieved the oppression on her heart and lungs, and ere she had time to finish a thanksgiving to the great Protector of the widow and orphan, her son was embracing her. He could only say, "Dearest mother, I have triumphed," before he sank on the sofa exhausted with fatigue and joy.

When he was sufficiently recovered, and had partaken of some slight refreshment, which his mother insisted upon his doing, he explained the cause which had delayed his return. It appeared at the termination of the examination that the papers and *vivâ voce* of himself and one other candidate were judged to be so nearly upon an equality, that it was difficult to decide between them. It had been resolved by the examiners to put them on in one more book, and to give them one more paper each. The work was done and handed in. In half an hour—a most painful half-hour to both the men—Dr. —— announced that Mr. Pauperly was the successful candidate for the exhibition; but that Mr. Ploddington, his opponent, had passed so excel-

lent an examination, that he could not allow him to leave the hall without thanking him publicly, and begging his acceptance of a few books.

What a happy joyful evening was that to the mother and her son—the widow and her orphan child! All the sacrifices made by the one were more than recompensed; all the painful applications—the nights and days of toil spent by the other, were forgotten—blotted out of his memory. They were too happy to talk, but sat holding each other's hand, and expressing by their looks alone the joy, the gratitude that filled their hearts. Just as their feelings began to border on the painful from their intensity, a knock was heard at the door, footsteps sounded on the staircase, and Mr. Pensive was ushered in by the maid, palpitating from the unusual speed at which he had hurried from the hall, to congratulate his pupil and his mother on the event of the day.

"And I am happy to add," said Mr. Pensive, "that the French have been beaten at Talavera."

"Why, that, sir, is more than two years and a half ago," said Mrs. Pauperly.

"Very likely, my dear madam, very likely; but *I* am only just come to it in the papers."

Mr. Pensive having thus accounted for his arrears of news, intimated a wish to be allowed to take his tea and spend the evening with his pupil and his mother.

"He felt," he said, "there could be no impropriety in it, though it was not usual for college tutors to visit widows, but then her son was present—there could *not* be anything wrong in it."

Mrs. Pauperly smiled, and assured him that there *could* not.

The evening was passed in laying down plans for the future. Pauperly had resolved to try—not only for a first-class in classics and mathematics—but for the prizes offered by the university for the best Latin and English essay, and for the best Latin and English verses. In this he was encouraged by his tutor, who knew that the gaining of these public honours advanced a young man's interest in life more, by a great deal, than any one thing again. His mother did not *dis*-courage him; though, when she heard the list of books necessary to be read and got up to ensure only one first-class, she feared that his health would be injured and his strength fail him.

When Pauperly commenced his course of study, his mother longed to be able to assist him. But how could she do it? she who knew nothing of Latin or Greek? She was resolved to try. She saw that much time was consumed in looking out words in dictionaries and lexicons, and by practice she soon acquired the ability to do so. She made herself acquainted with the Greek character, and to her son's great surprise, afforded him much assistance.

She could also aid him in another way. When he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the Greek text and construction of his plays he read them off to her in English, translating them as freely as possible, while she compared his rendering of them with some able English version.

He was also greatly assisted in his labours, especially in the mathematics, by his rival for the ——— Hall exhibition, Mr. Ploddington.

This young man, though annoyed at being beaten by Pauperly, was so much pleased with his manners and conduct during the examination, that he made further inquiries respecting him. The answers to those inquiries were so satisfactory that he determined, albeit he was a Ch. Ch. man, and a younger scion of a good family, to make of him an acquaintance, and if possible a friend.

He called on him and invited him to his rooms. Pauperly declined, and modestly assigned his reasons for so doing—"he was too proud to accept invitations which he was too poor to be able to return." Ploddington endeavoured to reason away the objection in his case, but Pauperly was firm, and his mother applauded his firmness. At the same time she told him that she should be happy to see his new acquaintance at their lodgings whenever he was disposed to favour them with his company.

Ploddington, finding it was useless to argue the matter further, was glad to consent to this arrangement, and knowing that they could mutually benefit one another, he spent many of his evenings at Pauperly's. Several baskets of game, poultry, and fish, came directed to Mrs. Pauperly; and, strange to say, she could never find out by whom they were sent. Pauperly had his suspicions, but he thought it unnecessary to give vent to them, and so deprive his mother of such little luxuries as her income could not allow her to indulge in, and also deprive the sender, who he knew could afford the expense, of the gratification of seeing her enjoy them.

At his intimacy with Mr. Ploddington both Dr. ——— and Mr. Pensive were greatly pleased, as they trusted that at the end of his university career it might be the means of introducing him into good society. They both felt that his success, of which they doubted not, would justify him in seeking it.

During the long vacation, while Ploddington was absent from Oxford, and reading with a private tutor in the country, Pauperly again devoted so much time to reading that his health, unperceived by his mother, began to fail him. He felt that he was ill—really, seriously ill—not so much by his rapid pulse, failing appetite, and sleepless nights, as by the disrelish he began to feel for his books, and the different views he entertained of the value of academical success. He almost resolved to give up the pursuit of fame—to take a common-pass degree, and retire from Oxford, unknowing and unknown. The sight of his mother, however—the knowledge that she would be greatly and grievously disappointed at the failure of the hopes and expectations which she had formed of him, urged him on—on—on, until human nature could bear no more. His hands trembled, his eyes became dim, his voice lost its cheerful tones, and one day, as he sat reading to his mother, a giddiness attacked his brain, his eyes lost the power of vision, and he fell back fainting in his chair.

His mother in great alarm sent for the physician who had previously attended him by the advice of Dr. ———, who, with Mr. Pensive, was spending the recess at the sea-side. On his arrival he informed her of the cause of her son's relapse, and insisted on his taking daily rides in a gig at first, and afterwards on horseback, into the country, until he had recovered his health. Mrs. Pauperly promised that his orders should be strictly attended to; but while she was absent for a few minutes her

son told the physician that he could not consent to the plan, as his mother's income was too small to enable her to bear the expense.

"Nobly spoken," said the doctor; "and as I ride out daily, and shall be glad of a companion, you shall accompany me."

"But my mother? I must not leave her."

"Plenty of room in the carriage," said the doctor. "She shall ride too; it will do *her* good."

By the kind and judicious attention of the good-hearted physician—who refused to take a single fee from the widow and orphan—Pauperly was sufficiently restored to enable him to do what he had long determined on—to try for the English prize poem, known as "the Newdigate," and to write an English essay. The very change from reading philosophy and history in the dead languages to the less burdensome task of writing and composing in his native tongue was a great relief to him. He found the truth of

Mutatis studiis, levior fit labor.

When the long vacation was over, and Ploddington returned to college, his first act was to call on his friend. He was shocked to see the change which illness had effected in him. He left him, and having learnt from the widow the name of the physician who had attended him, he called on him and begged him to tell him truly the state of his friend's health, and the means best calculated to restore it.

The doctor told him that less study, a little port wine, with plenty of air and horse exercise, would speedily renovate his frame.

In a few days a hamper of port came down by the London waggon directed to Mrs. Pauperly, and by some extraordinary chance *two* horses were sent up to Oxford for Mr. Ploddington, and as he could only ride one at a time, he begged of Pauperly as a great favour to mount the other, just to keep him in exercise.

Pauperly saw through the scheme, squeezed his friend's hand, and mounted.

The physician's words came true. The sick and weakly student was restored to health and strength. The Principal was delighted, and Mr. Pensive in the excess of his joy assured them that the allies had taken Badajoz by storm, which had surrendered some three years before, though he had "only just come to it in the newspapers."

Winter passed, and its frost melted before the sun of spring. Nature put on her new gown of green to greet him. Oxford began to fill with strangers—lions and lionesses, as the young men call them. Colleges and halls were visited, the broad walk promenaded, and carriages rolled along, conveying their fair burdens to see the beauties of Blenheim and Nuneham. The commemoration was at hand.

The morning of *the* day—a genial day of June—dawned bright and beautiful. Not a cloud showed itself to throw a gloom upon the important business which was to be transacted at the theatre. Soon after nine o'clock crowds of graduates and undergraduates were seen wending their way from all parts of Oxford to the common centre of attraction. Broad-street was filled with carriages, which creeping along one after the other, deposited their elegantly-dressed contents at the front gate of the theatre. These ladies were admitted at once, and took their seats in the lower circle. Shortly after these seats were filled other doors were opened to admit the masters and the male visiters to the area. In a few minutes more the remainder of the gates were

thrown open, and in rushed the undergraduates, pushing, squeezing, and thrusting each other up the staircases amidst shoutings, bellowings, the rending of gowns and cracking of caps, anxious to gain a good seat in the upper gallery. As half an hour had to be passed, of course it was better to let it pass merrily. Cheers were given for "the ladies," mingled hisses and groans for "the proctors." Approbation or disapprobation of the conduct of the respective "heads of houses" followed, and though last, not least, a very plain and marked opinion on the various political characters of the day.

Amidst all this din and uproar—at which the ladies always laugh—God bless them!—for it is the din and uproar of high-spirited young gentlemen—the great doors were thrown open, the organ gave vent to its solemn peal, and the Vice-chancellor, preceded by the beadles, bearing the insignia of their office, and followed by a long train of Doctors, the rear being brought up by the Proctors, passed through the alley made for him in the area, and took his seat in the chair appropriated to him. As he and the heads of houses and the Proctors filled their hitherto vacant places, the shouts of applause and the hisses of disapproval were renewed with such superior vigour and force as proved that the shouts antecedent to their appearance had been a mere rehearsal.

The honorary degrees were in the first place conferred, after the opening of the convocation in due form by the Vice-chancellor, upon those individuals whom the university deemed worthy of so distinguished a mark of her favour. As each newly-created D.C.L., *honoris causâ*, took his seat among the Doctors, he was greeted with the warmest cheers from all parts of the theatre.

When this was finished the Public Orator and the Professor of Poetry went through the parts assigned them, making long Latin speeches much to the edification of the undergraduates, who would not listen to them, and of the ladies, who did not understand one word that was uttered. Then came the Latin and English essays—next the Latin verses, recited by Ploddington, the winner of the prize. All these successful candidates for university honours were received both at the commencement and termination of their exercise, with the loudest and most heart-cheering applause.

When Ploddington had retired from the rostrum all eyes were turned to it in anxious expectation of seeing the successful candidate for the most popular of all the prizes, the Newdigate English verse. A delay, an unaccountable delay took place. Five minutes had nearly elapsed when Ploddington returned, and led into the place which he had just before quitted, a tall, pale young man, who seemed too weak and too ill to go through the duties which his success had imposed upon him. He bowed to the Vice-chancellor, and cast an imploring glance as if for succour, upon all around him. A burst of applause shook the building. Again and again it was renewed, and would have been prolonged to a painful length had not the Vice-chancellor risen and waved his hand for silence. The shouts subsided, and the assembly was as still as some deserted charnel-house.

Pauperly—for it was he—commenced the recitation of his poem in a voice melodious, but so subdued, that the first line or two were scarcely heard. As he warmed with his subject, however, the tones of his voice increased, and his confidence in himself was restored. He delivered

his fifty lines on a popular subject in a way at once so manly and impressive, that every heart was affected, every eye was moistened. When he concluded the plaudits were renewed, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs to express their pleasure and delight—all but *one*—a lady dressed in a widow's mourning-suit—who fainted at the close of the recitation.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Pensive, "it is Mrs. Pauperly—his mother. It puts me in mind of what I read in the paper to-day about Lady Pumpkin, who fainted at the opera, and was carried out by two dukes."

"Why that was three years and a half ago," said the M.A. to whom he had spoken.

"I should not wonder," replied Pensive, "but that is just where I am come to."

Joy seldom kills. Mrs. Pauperly soon recovered, and was conveyed by her son to the dining-room in ——— Hall, where Dr. ——— had invited a large party to take refreshments, and where, as a reward for his success and general good conduct, he, before the assembled company, presented Pauperly with 30*l.* worth of useful books.

Pauperly was thus instigated to study on, under the care and superintendence of his kind physician. Thrice more did he appear in the rostrum of the theatre as a prize-man, and once too with his friend Ploddington.

When he went up for his final examination he was successful. He was sitting with his mother and Mr. Pensive waiting for the class list to come out. Ploddington rushed into the room with it in his hand, and pointed to his own name and that of his friend, which appeared together in the first class, *in literis humanioribus* as well as *in mathematicis et physicis*. The curtain must fall upon the scene that ensued.

Years have passed, reader, since the events I have recorded took place. Where, you may ask, is Mr. Pauperly now? How did his painful but successful course of study profit him? were his toils rewarded?

If you can gain access some day during the sitting of parliament to the House of Lords, do so. Stand behind the bar, or in the gallery, and cast your eyes on the benches to the right of the throne. They are the seats appropriated to the Bishops as lords spiritual. You may observe a tall, pale prelate, with a benevolent countenance and an eye beaming with talent. That tall, pale man, in the becoming dress of his order, *was* James Pauperly, the poor exhibitioner of ——— Hall, Oxford—now he is James, by divine permission, Lord Bishop of ——.

The noble lord who has just crossed the house and is shaking hands with him is now Baron ———, *he* was Ploddington of Ch. Ch.—he sits as a retired Judge.

And where is Mrs. Pauperly?

If you feel disposed to call at the parsonage in the parish of ———, in the county of Kent, you will see an aged but hale lady, sitting with solemn face and pretending to listen to the divine, her husband, who is reading with great gusto a newspaper five years old. Need I say that their names are Mr. and Mrs. Pensive, or that a mother's joy and gratitude conquered the regrets of a widow and induced her to become for the second time—a wife?

So successfully terminated "*The struggle for fame.*"

THE BARNABYS IN AMERICA.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

CHAP. I.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE affections of the human heart are various; all equally genuine, when nature is untampered with, but infinitely modified as to their intensity. The love of a parent for its offspring has been acknowledged on all hands to be one of the strongest, and least uncertain of these affections, partaking so largely of instinct, as fairly to class it among the immutable laws of nature, and though certainly shared by the beasts which perish, yet felt to be venerable from the divinity of the origin whence the common well-spring rises. There is a modification, however, of this parental love, which is wholly free from, and undegraded by any community either with the beasts of the field, the fishes of the sea, the reptiles which crawl upon the earth, or the birds which fly towards the heavens—there is a parental love, so purely spiritual, so wholly intellectual, as to place it in sublimity far above any other affection of the human heart.

"What may this be?" demand the uninitiated. Unhappy ones! Like a childless wife, and a husband without an heir, ye are unconscious of the fondest yearning that ever swelled a human breast! But is there an author who does not at once secretly acknowledge his sympathy in the feeling thus described? Oh no! not one.

Yet elevated as is the nature of this intellectual love, there be many who are shy to confess it. Many, strange to say, who affect a total indifference, nay, almost oblivion, concerning those offsprings of the brain, for whom by every law, human and divine, they ought to feel the tenderest partiality. "Let no such men be trusted"—it is doing them injustice to believe that they can be sincere.

Far otherwise is it with the progenitor of the Widow Barnaby. I scruple not to confess that with all her faults, and she has *some*, I love her dearly: I owe her many mirthful moments, and the deeper pleasure still of believing that she has brought mirthful moments to others also. Honestly avowing this to be the case, can any one wonder, can any one blame me, for feeling an affectionate longing at my heart to follow her upon the expedition upon which I sent her when last we parted? An expedition, too, that was to lead her to a land which all the world knows I cherish in my memory with peculiar delight? I will not believe it, but trusting to the long-established, and goodhumoured toleration of those who condescend to listen to my gossipings, I will forthwith proceed to tell them all that has happened to this dear excellent lady since General Hubert and Mr. Stephenson left her in her grand drawing-room in Curzon-street, surrounded by her family and friends.

Chap. II.

"I *have* enjoyed that, Patty, and I won't deny it," cried the *ci-devant* widow Barnaby, as the above-named gentlemen quitted her drawing-room. "Heaven knows I am not a spiteful person, and I can forgive and forget as soon as any body, but it was absolutely beyond nature not to enjoy letting those two puffed-up-top-sawyer fellows see that you had contrived to get married, my dear, while the whey-faced Miss Elizabeth was still a poor, pale, thin ghost of a spinster, as I may say—for so she is, dearest, compared to you."

"Oh, lor! don't talk of her, mamma! The very thought of her makes me sick—if it don't, I'll be hanged," replied Madame Espartero Christinino Tornorino, giving a little shudder and creeping still closer to her loving husband, till her handsome face was half hid in his bosom. "Oh, my goodness! For how much, I wonder, would I change places with her?"

"Not for a trifle, I have a notion, my dear," said her mother, laughing heartily; "but I'd give just sixpence to see how my conceited niece Agnes looks, when she hears you are married. I'd make an even bet that she won't believe it. What will you lay me that she does not take it for a joke of that gay chap Frederic Stephenson?"

"No, no, she would if she could, I don't doubt that, mamma, in the least," replied the bride; "but it is not so easy to do as to wish. I suppose she will have some wedding-cake sent her, won't she?"

"I'll take care of that, my dear," said Miss Louisa Perkins, nodding her head with a look of great intelligence. "Your dear mamma has given me a little hint about that business already, and of course your own noble relations will come first."

"Oh, yes! my darling creature!" exclaimed Miss Matilda, with a stifled sigh, "we will all take care of that, depend upon it; and do—oh, do—my dearest, dearest Patty! let me have the tying up your name-cards together! It will be such a delight. If dear Mrs. O'Donagough will just give me a shilling or two for it, I'll go out and buy the silver twist for them this very moment. Oh!" with another sigh, "it will be such a sweet office!"

"By the by, that is well thought of, Matilda," observed the fond and provident mother. "Mercy on me, Patty, now one comes to think of it, what a whirl you have put us all in, with this frolic of yours—silver-twist is the least of it, Matilda! There must be favours, just as if we had been all regularly at church together, you know. I am not going to let the wedding of my only daughter with a first-rate Spanish nobleman pass over as if we were just common ordinary people, who had never been to court, or distinguished in any way."

"Of course you won't!" exclaimed both the Miss Perkinses in a breath, and Miss Matilda, confident in intimacy, added, "I am sure you would be a fool if you did."

"And then there is the sending it to the papers you know, mamma," said Madame E. C. Tornorino, with energy, "I do beg that may not be forgotten."

"Mercy on me," cried her mother, "to think that I should keep sitting here with such an awful deal of business to do! It is all very

natural that you two should like to keep together there, billing and cooing like a pair of wood-pigeons, but it will never do for us. My dear Don Tornorino, will you just step down into your father-in-law's library, and look for a pen, and ink, and a sheet of paper, and then I will give you leave to whisper to Patty till dinner-time, if you like it."

The tall bridegroom rose from his place to obey her, and using a little gentle violence to disengage his coat-collar from the fond grasp of his affectionate bride, very respectfully pronounced the words, "Yes, ma'am," and left the room.

"Isn't he beautiful, mamma?" demanded the young wife, as soon as he had disappeared. "He is ten thousand million times handsomer than Jack ever was or ever will be, isn't he?"

"He is a very fine man, Patty, there is no doubt of it," replied Mrs. O'Donagough, "I always admired that style of man—the whiskers and hair, and all that, you know. I have always thought that it gave particularly the air of a gentleman—I might, indeed, say of a nobleman."

"Exactly that!" cried Miss Matilda Perkins. "Mrs. O'Donagough always expresses herself so happily. He is a *fine* man—a stylish man, Patty. That is exactly what he is—and many and many's the girl that will look upon you with envy, my dear, take my word for that."

"Well, I can't help it if they do, Matilda," replied the well-pleased Madame Tornorino. "But I wish you would not send him away, mamma! Why could not Matilda, or your own particular friend, Louisa, have gone for the pen and ink? I do think it is very hard to send one's husband away the very first day after one is married to him."

"But who could guess, Patty, that he would be staying so unaccountably long?" returned her mother.

"Lor bless my soul, I could have made the paper by this time, and I shall have altogether forgot what came into my head about what was to be sent to the newspaper—haven't you got a scrap of paper either of you, and a pencil?"

The ready hand of the faithful Louisa was in her pocket in an instant, and from its varied stores she drew forth the "Lady's Polite Remembrancer" for the year, which contained a little pencil, very neatly cut for writing.

"Will this do, dear Mrs. O'Donagough?" said she, presenting it.

"Do? Lor no! I shall break it in half a minute. But, however, that don't much signify, I may just write down a word or two, to keep what I was thinking of in my head, it was so exactly the right sort of thing. Give me some paper, Louisa?"

"Paper? Oh, dear me, where can I find any, I wonder? Do, my dear darling Miss Patty, tell me where I can find a bit of paper for your good mamma?"

On being thus addressed, the newly-married lady suddenly sprung from the sofa on which she had been seated, and rushing across the room with a movement more resembling the spring of a powerful young panther than any thing else, seized the gentle Louisa by the shoulders, and shook her heartily.

"I'll teach you to call me Miss Patty, you nasty old maid, you!

How dare you do any such thing? Don't you know that if I *am* Miss Patty still, I am just no better than I ought to be, and a pretty thing that is for you to say of your own best friend's only daughter. Arn't you ashamed of yourself?—arn't you then?"

"I am, indeed, my dearest Mrs. Torni—oh, dear me! How shall I speak what I don't no more understand than if it was just so much Greek? You must please, indeed you must, just to write down for me your name, exactly as you wish to have it spoken, and you shall see that I will never do the same thing again—no, never as long as I live."

"Well then, don't bother any more about it now, but just get mamma some paper."

By dint of hunting in various drawers, a sheet of paper was at length found, upon which Mrs. O'Donagough, notwithstanding the fragility of her pencil, contrived to scrawl the following paragraph:

"By special license—Martha, the only daughter and sole heiress of John William O'Donagough, Esq., to Don Espartero Christinino Tornorino. We are happy to learn from the most unquestionable authority that, though a foreigner, this distinguished nobleman is in every respect worthy of the enviable preference which has been given him by the most admired beauty of the present season. The sensation produced by the appearance of this young lady at the last drawing-room, will probably cause her immediate marriage to be a source of disappointment to many."

Having, after a good many revisals, completed her composition, Mrs. O'Donagough read it aloud, with all the dignity it deserved, and then said,

"What do you think of that, ladies?"

"Why it is first-rate beautiful, mamma," replied Patty, rubbing her hands: "only, you know, it is a downright lie as ever was told, for me and my darling were married by bans; we took care about that. As to all the rest, it is true enough, for all I know to the contrary."

"Well dear, and what does that little scratch of the pen signify, whether it's true or not," demanded her mother; "nobody will know any thing about it, and it sounds better, doesn't it?"

"Well, there—let it stand, mamma. It is not worth disputing about, certainly. Married is married, all the world over. And what you say about *him*, is all right and correct. But where is he, darling beauty! I tell you what, Mrs. O'Donagough, it won't do for you to be sending my husband about right and left—mind that, if you please. And now you see papa's keeping him, whether he will or no. I won't bear it any longer, that's what I won't, so good-by to you all." And so saying, Madame Tornorino darted out of the room.

"Oh, heavens! How that charming creature's affection touches me!" exclaimed Miss Matilda Perkins. "How animated, how beautiful is her conjugal tenderness! Ah, who can witness it, and not look with envy upon happiness so pure and so exalted," she added, almost inaudibly.

Patty meanwhile made her way rapidly by a sort of sliding movement of her hand, down the banisters, rather than by the use of her feet, (a mode of descending the stairs to which she was greatly addicted

when in good spirits), to the door of the room dignified by the appellation of "the library," and throwing it open without ceremony, found herself, considerably to her surprise, in the presence of two persons who were, beyond all question, wrangling violently; and unhappily for her new-born felicity, poor little lady! these persons were her father and her husband.

"How dare you look so savagely cross at my darling Tornorino, papa?" she exclaimed, with great indignation, and at the same time throwing her arms round her husband, who, as well as her father, was standing. "How dare you, I say? Don't knit your brows at me, papa, for you know as well as I do, that I don't care the hundredth part of a farthing for your frowns—and that I didn't either before I was a married woman; so I leave you to guess how much I care for them now. But I won't have my dear darling plagued, that I won't—so mind what you are about, old gentleman."

"This is no time for playing the fool, Patty," replied her father, in a voice which, despite all the courage of her native spirit, strengthened as it now was by her matronly position, made her quail. "Did I serve you right, hussy, I should push you out of doors this instant, with the beggarly fellow you have thought proper to choose for a husband—"

"Why do you let him talk so, Don Tornorino?" exclaimed poor Patty, bursting into tears. "You know its all lies! Why do you let him go on so?"

"Hold your tongue, girl, and hear me!" resumed her father, in a tone that neither the bride nor bridegroom could listen to unmoved. "I have been asking this fine whiskered hero of yours a few questions, and from his agreeable answers, it appears perfectly evident that the coat upon his back constitutes by far the most valuable part of his possessions. This being the case, my young madam, I will beg you to inform me how and where you intend to live?"

"I don't believe a word of it, I don't," sobbed Patty, trembling both with rage and fear. "He is a Don, he told me so himself; I know he is a Don—arn't you a Don, my dear, arn't you?"

"Never mind. You no talk, Miss Patty, say any thing à propos de moi. Listen, dutiful, à votre bon papa," replied her husband, disengaging himself from her arms, and placing himself behind a chair, in order, as it should seem to keep out of her way.

"Do *you* call me Miss Patty, you traitor of a man?" screamed the unfortunate wife. "If my papa is the dear good papa he used to be, he'll teach you to call your own lawful wife by such a name as that—won't you, dear pa?—won't you make him treat me like a married woman?"

If the high-minded Mr. O'Donagough did love any thing in the world besides himself, it certainly was his daughter; and even at the present moment, though harassed by a pretty considerable variety of disagreeable thoughts, he could not see the showers of tears which fell from her bright eyes, without enough of pity and tenderness to moderate the angry feelings with which he had just addressed her, and to produce a tone of much greater gentleness as he said,

"I am sorry for you, my poor Patty, with all my heart and soul. But it will do no good to mince the matter, you have married yourself

to a fellow without a sixpence, and there are some fathers who would make little difficulty of easing themselves at once of all trouble concerning you, by turning you both into the street together. But I have not the heart to do it, Patty—though, God knows, at this time the fewer burdens I have the better. However, your mother's income is settled upon her, and in case of the worst, may be worth keeping. And so, all things considered, I am determined to treat you better than you deserve, and take you along with me. I have explained myself pretty fully to your husband, and he has wit enough, whatever other qualities he may want, to understand how I shall expect he will behave himself. So no more sobbing and crying, Patty. We must one and all make the best of a very bad matter. Things might be worse—I don't mean as to your marriage, for I don't see exactly how that could be; but I *might* have been found considerably worse prepared for the accident that has happened to me."

"What *do* you mean, papa?" demanded the astonished Patty, her eyes opened greatly beyond their usual ample dimensions, her curls hastily pushed back, and her head extended forwards to the utmost extent of her handsome throat. "What, in Heaven's name, are you talking about? If my Tornorino is not really a Don, he is a monstrous liar, and that he knows as well as I. But I am ready to forget and forgive, because he is such a darling, and because it is as clear as light, that he only said it for the sake of being the more sure of getting me; and if you'll forgive and forget it too, papa, it will be very good-natured of you?][But what in the world has that to do with my 'going along with you.' Going along where, I should like to know? I don't mean to go along any where, and that's flat. I mean to stay here, and show off my wedding-ring and my wedding-clothes, and my handsome husband, to my aunt Herbert, and my cousins, and that nasty brute of a beast, Jack that was, and every body else that I ever saw or knew in all my life before. So please not to say any more about 'going along;' for all the *along* I shall be going, will just be driving along the streets in mamma's beautiful carriage to buy wedding-clothes."

The spirit of Mr. John William Patrick Allen O'Donagough seldom failed him; and, to do him justice, it must be avowed that he rarely permitted any emotion to be visible on his countenance, which it was his wish to hide. But as he listened to this speech from the animated Patty, he looked a less great, a less philosophical man than usual. For a moment he turned away his head to avoid her gaze, and his complexion varied. But this lasted not long; a very short interval sufficed to restore him to his wonted happy hardihood; and then he composedly turned to his son-in-law, saying, with very perfect self-possession,

"Get upstairs, Tornorino; I want to speak to my daughter alone."

The Don, who did not appear to show in any large degree the firmness of nerve possessed by his distinguished father-in-law, delayed not for the hundredth part of a second to obey him, but instantly slipped out of the room, despite the extended hand of his wife, which seemed stretched out as if to "clutch him," and impede his departure.

"Sit down, Patty," said Mr. O'Donagough.

The puzzled Patty obeyed, her eyes still steadily fixed upon her mysterious parent.

"I am sorry to tell you, Patty, that your silly marriage is not the only, nor perhaps the worst misfortune that has fallen upon us within the last twenty-four hours," said he.

"I wish you would not go on talking of my marriage in that way, papa," said the bride, recovering her courage as her father's manner towards her softened. "I'm the best judge, I suppose, whether my husband is the man I love; and I tell you once for all, that he is. And if it turns out that he is not particularly rich, because of his leaving most of his money behind in his own country, what can that signify, I should like to know, when, as mamma says, I am your only sole heiress; and you, as rich as you are, with your fine house and carriage, and going to court, and the lord knows what besides?"

Mr. O'Donagough knit his brows, but presently relaxed the frown, and sighed deeply.

"That is just the point, my poor dear child, upon which I want to speak to you. I have a very singular history to disclose, Patty, which will explain, only too well, all that now appears mysterious to you," said he.

Having thus spoken, he paused for a moment, and fixed his eyes full upon her face with great solemnity; but just as he seemed about to resume his discourse, Patty stopped him by saying,

"Pray, papa, will every body go on calling me *Patty*, as you do? I can't say I like it at all; it's a monstrous disappointment to me; why shouldn't I be called by my husband's name, with *Mrs.* before it, like other married women? I do think it is very hard."

"I will call you Mrs. Tornorino, my dear, if you wish it," replied her father, with a smile which certainly, notwithstanding his constitutional strength of mind, gave him a good deal the air of 'a very foolish, fond old man;' "but you know, darling, that when parents have got a beautiful young married daughter, like you, they always continue to call them by their christian name—that is, as long as they continue young and beautiful."

"Do they? Oh! I did not know that. Well then, papa, you may go on so, if you please. But I hope nobody else will, for Tornorino is certainly the very prettiest name I ever heard in my life. Don't you think it is, papa?"

"My dear, dear, Patty! I dare say I shall think any name that belongs to you pretty. But I have a great deal of business, Patty, that must be done directly, and I do beg you will listen to what I am going to say. Do now, there's a good girl!"

"Now I am sure you say that only to torment me, papa, and for no other reason in the whole world!" exclaimed Patty, with great vehemence. "You will never make me believe that let a married woman be as young and beautiful as she will, she ought to be called GIRL! It is a downright insult; and if Tornorino has as much spirit as a rat, he won't bear it, that he won't!"

Mr. O'Donagough's fondness began to give way to anger, and it was decidedly more a ban than a blessing which burst from his lips, as he started out of his chair, and striding towards his daughter placed his hands upon her shoulder, shaking her with more energy than gentleness.

"By the heaven above us, Patty, I am afraid you are a greater fool

than I took you for! If you were six, instead of sixteen, you might listen to me when I tell you that I want to speak on matters of the greatest possible importance. But if you really are too silly to care for any thing but your own nonsense, I shall leave you to your fate, and that may very likely lead to the turning you and your fine moustache into the street before you are many hours older."

These words were uttered with very considerable vehemence, and before Patty could sufficiently recover her wits to answer them, her angry father had passed through the door, and banged it together after him.

Chap. III.

Notwithstanding the dauntless style in which the spirited young bride had received her father's rebuke upon the penniless nature of the connexion she had formed, she was not altogether unconscious that it was deserved, or indifferent to the dangers which might arise to herself and her "darling," were pa to get downright cross with her. It was therefore with no lingering movement that she scrambled across the room after him, threw open the door again, and sprung upon the back of his neck just as his foot reached the first stair, much after the fashion of a favourite young Newfoundland-dog, who has attained his full size, but not his full gravity and discretion. Most assuredly Mr. O'Donagough was in no playful mood, and perhaps his very first impulse upon receiving this powerful caress, was to have rejected it with equal vigour by a backward movement of the leg just raised in act to mount. But he felt that it was the hand of Patty that was at his throat, and his "one virtue" mastering him, he turned round with something between a smile and a frown, saying,

"Don't be a fool, Patty. What d'ye want?"

"Want? my own dear pap? want *you*, to be sure. How could you run away from your own poor dear Patty so? and she just married too! and all for nothing in the world but because she wanted to have a bit of fun with you! Come along back with me pa, and see if I don't listen to all you have got to say, as grave as a judge. You see if I don't."

O'Donagough, wholly overcome by this pretty *naïveté*, very lovingly threw his arm round her waist, and returned into the room they had left; but still his step and manner were so very solemn that Madame Tonorino began to be frightened outright, and when he had placed her in one chair, and himself in another, exactly opposite to her, she looked as sober and sedate as he could possibly have desired.

"It will be necessary, my dear child," he began, "in order to make you fully understand my present very embarrassing situation, that I should relate to you some circumstances of my early life, with which you are, and indeed your excellent mother also, as yet unacquainted. While still a very young man, my dear Patty, and, to speak with the degree of frankness necessary to the full comprehension of my singular history, by no means ill-looking. In fact, I was exceedingly like yourself, Patty. At this period, my dear, I unfortunately happened to be quartered with my regiment at Windsor. The Regent, subsequently our beloved monarch George the Fourth, was

holding his splendid court there. The *precise* time of which I speak need not be mentioned. Indeed, for many painfully important reasons, it will be greatly best that I should avoid doing so. And I will, therefore beg of you, my dear, to ask me no questions. All that it is essential you should know I will freely communicate to you. And for the rest!—"

Here Mr. O'Donagough paused for a moment, and rested his forehead upon his extended hand, as if wishing to conceal some too powerful emotion with which his soul was struggling; but after one deep-drawn sigh he proceeded.

"Amidst the brightest ornaments of that splendid court, my dear child, was a young lady possessed of a degree of beauty, which even at this distance of time, I cannot recall without a violence of emotion that shakes every nerve, and teaches me that there are feelings that neither time nor circumstance can obliterate! But, alas! my Patty, the dignity of her birth and station equalled the beauty of her person. The proudest nobles of the land vied with each other for her favour. All the world loved *her*, but she, alas! alas! loved *me* alone! This too lovely, this too beloved lady, was in the habit of walking frequently upon the terrace of the castle. Her high rank insured her admittance at all times, and I, from my military command, found it only too easy to invent ostensible reasons for being there also. That terrace, that noble Windsor-terrace, Patty, is known to millions, and remembered fondly by all who have seen it, as one of the most enchanting spots on earth. But alas! where is the aching, throbbing, palpitating memory, which recollects like mine? Where is there another heart which bounds, yet sinks, which trembles, yet exults at the mere sound of its name, as mine does? My child! it was upon that terrace that the mutual love of that noble lady and your too happy, yet too wretched father was mutually confessed and mutually returned. She loved me, Patty! *Loved* me, did I say? She worshipped—she adored me! And I—can you blame me, my dear child if—" here Mr. O'Donagough was very strongly agitated, and notwithstanding his evident struggles to master his feelings, he found himself obliged to draw forth his pocket-handkerchief, and apply it to his eyes—"Can you, I say, blame me, my Patty, if I loved too?"

"Good gracious no, papa! Not the least bit in the world," replied his daughter. "I am sure you would have been a most horrid monster of a man, if you had not. But do go on pa, and tell me what happened next? Did you run away with her, as my Don did with me?"

"Patty, I dare not tell you more of this eventful history."

"Well I never," exclaimed Patty, looking exceedingly disappointed, "no never in all my life heard any thing like that. Just as if telling could signify now, when it must have been such ages and ages ago. Don't be foolish, papa, there's a dear good man, but go on, and for goodness sake tell me all that happened between you and this grand lady. Well to be sure, it's no great wonder that you hold your head so high as you do sometimes, I must say that for you, pap. But pray does mamma know all about it? Whether she does or not, however don't signify a straw, for I am positively dying to hear the rest, and hear it I must. So go on, papa, when I bid you."

"For the rest, my dear, there is but little more that can or ought to be said," replied Mr. O'Donagough, with an air of discretion befitting the circumstances. "All that I can further relate concerns myself only. The vigilant eyes of those who surrounded the noble lady, who, by the way, it is necessary I should tell you was a countess in her own right, were not slow in discovering how matters stood, and the consequence to me may be easily guessed. Though well born, and highly educated, and with a military reputation (for why should I deny it, Patty?) of the very highest class, I was still considered as immeasurably below the noble object of my love. Her proud and cruel friends would not for an instant endure the idea of a marriage between us, which would make her title descend to my offspring. I was ordered to go abroad immediately, and a multitude of injurious reports were industriously attached to my name, in the hope of estranging the heart of my beloved countess. I went, Patty, a broken hearted wanderer; I quitted my native shores, and looked my last upon my noble love. But guess my agonies when I tell you, that almost the first news I received from England brought me the account of her marriage with a nobleman of rank equal to her own! It is torture to remember it. But no more of this, Patty. I must not, I dare not dwell on all I have suffered. Years rolled on, and brought with them the healing balm that ever rests upon their wings. I saw your excellent mother. I saw, admired, wooed, and won her, Patty; and O for her sake, as well as for other most important reasons, I would not wish this history to be greatly talked of. That you should converse respecting it with your mother, is of course perfectly natural. But do not dwell upon the passion I have described to you—it may pain her. By your own feelings for Don Tornorino, my dear love, you may guess what her's are for me. The high nobility of my first passion will not suffice to heal the mortification arising from knowing that she never could have been more than second in my heart. You will now, in your present situation, easily understand all this, and will have too much tenderness for her, I am sure, to wound her feelings unnecessarily. You understand me?"

"Yes, I suppose I understand you, papa," replied Patty, "but I can't help thinking that what you say is very nonsensical, because it is downright humbug, and nothing else, to talk of you and mamma being like Tornorino and me. However, I'll do just whatever you like about it. And though you are so old now, it is a beautiful love story as ever was wrote in a book, and I must and will tell my Don of it. You won't mind that, I suppose?"

"No, my dear Patty, not at all," replied her father affectionately. "On the contrary, my love, I wish him to be made acquainted with all the peculiarities of my situation. They *are* very peculiar, and now I must proceed to explain to you why it is, that now, for the first time, I consider it proper to open my heart to you on this painful subject. It is, believe me, a theme inexpressibly distressing to me, particularly at this moment, when I would willingly have devoted myself to making the early days of your married life, my poor child, pass gaily and joyously. But unhappily I am compelled to announce to you the very disagreeable fact that unless your husband has a home of his own to take you to, your honeymoon, my pretty Patty, must be passed on board ship."

"Good gracious, why? I shan't like that at all, I promise you. I

mean that mamma shall go out with me directly to buy some wedding clothes, and there will be no fun in being fine unless there is somebody to admire me. I do beg, papa, that wherever you are going, you won't set off till I have received all my visits, and returned them too. I am dying for my cousin Elizabeth to see my wedding-ring, and hear me call my tall, grand-looking husband, Tornorino. I am as certain as that I am here, that she will be just ready to die with envy."

"Nothing can be more natural than your feelings, my dear Patty, and it grieves me to the heart that I cannot indulge you in them. But you have not heard all my sad story yet, my dear. The persecution I have undergone has been terrible beyond belief. As long as the sweet angel lived I was obliged either to remain out of the country, or else to return under a feigned name, and live in the most complete retirement, to avoid the possibility of her knowing that I was near her. Alas! Patty, a jealous husband is the most terrible of all tyrants. God grant that this dreadful fate may never be yours!"

"Oh! there is no danger at all of that, papa, for I love my handsome husband a great deal too well to let any body else make love to me."

"That is a great blessing, my dear, a very great blessing! But to return to my sad story. One might have hoped, Patty, might one not? that when the lovely countess was no more, the tyrants might have ceased to persecute? The hope of this was, I assure you, the only thing which enabled me to retain my senses when I lost her. But no! even in this I have been deceived. For a short time indeed after my last return from abroad, on which return you and your excellent mother accompanied me, I was permitted to breathe the air of my native land unmolested; and it was dear to me because it was the air my Eleonora had breathed! But last night I received the astounding information that your appearance at court (where you were recognised as *my* daughter) had given rise to the most injurious suspicions. There are persons in certain circles, Patty, who have not scrupled to hint that the excellent woman, whom before heaven I declare to be your mother, is no more to you than your nurse, and that your real mother was no other than the lamented heiress I have named to you! This, as you will immediately perceive, throws a doubt upon the succession to her title and estates which, if it takes wind, may plunge the whole of her noble family into the horrible exposure of a trial and a lawsuit. I have accordingly received official hints that unless by at once withdrawing myself I relieve the family from this alarm, measures will be immediately resorted to for the purpose of removing me from England for ever. I leave you to guess what my feelings were on receiving this intimation."

"Why they don't mean to say that I ought to be the countess, do they, papa," demanded Patty with considerable vivacity.

"Not exactly that, my dear. No one, I believe, has hitherto ventured to assert as a fact, what, under the circumstances, it would be so exceedingly difficult to prove. Nobody, as yet, has gone that length. But be this as it may, of the necessity of our immediately leaving England there can be no question. Were I to delay a week, I have little doubt that I should find myself an object of the most tyrannical persecution—and that, probably, for life. I have, therefore, no time to lose, and I have taken this early opportunity of communicating these

facts to you, in order that you might make up your mind either to accompany your mother and myself to the United States of America, or to go immediately with your husband to such home as he can provide for you. How do you decide, Patty?"

"I will tell you in a minute papa, if you will only let me ask you one or two questions," she replied.

"Then make short work of your questions, Patty, for I have no time to lose," said Mr. O'Donagough, once again portentously knitting his brows.

"Don't look cross, papa, and I will have done in a minute. And please in the first place to tell me whether it is quite sure and certain that I never can be a countess in my own right?"

"I am sorry to say, my dear, that there is not the slightest chance of it," gravely replied Mr. O'Donagough.

"That's no go then," responded Patty, with a slight sigh.

"Now then," she resumed, "my next question is, whether, being so fond of me as you are, and I your only child, whether, I say, you could not give me, before you go, fortune enough for me and Don Tornorino to live on here a little, in good flashing style, just to plague the Hubert's, and that nasty beast, Jack, before we go out after you and mamma, to America?"

"Here again, my dear child," said Mr. O'Donagough, with a truly paternal smile, "I recognise the most natural feelings, and believe me I fully sympathise in them; but I lament to say that what you ask is altogether impossible. For the tyrants who pursue me with their jealous vengeance—"

"Do you mean the lady's husband, papa?" cried Patty, with a sudden burst of irrepressible curiosity.

"Pardon me, my dear, I cannot answer," replied her father with solemnity. "Nor is it in any way necessary that I should, in order to make you fully comprehend my position. Whoever they be who pursue me, their power over me is such that I cannot, without the most imminent risk to my liberty, and even to my life, attempt to realize any part of my property. Indeed, I have but too much reason to fear that by far the greater portion of the funds upon which I reckoned as the source from which your fortune should be drawn, and our own handsome manner of living supplied, will be rendered entirely unavailable by this last stroke of barbarous jealousy. All that can be done for our future comfort, depend upon it, my dear Patty, I will do; but if you and your husband, after properly taking into consideration the fact of my almost ruined fortunes, shall still decide upon accompanying us into exile, it must be with the understanding that you are uniting your fortunes to those of a poor man—compared to what I believed myself to be—a *very* poor man, and must conduct yourselves accordingly."

Patty looked exceedingly grave and remained silent considerably longer than was her wont on any occasion: but her father wished to hear what she had got to say in reply to his communication, and waited patiently till she spake. At length, after heaving rather a deep sigh, she said, with an expression somewhat indicative of alarm upon her countenance,

"I don't know what my Don will say to it, papa, because I always told him, that you was so monstrous rich. Good gracious, what shall

I do, if he should grow cross about it and leave off loving me? I do think, upon my honour, that it would drive me mad."

"In that case, my dear love," replied her father composedly, "I should of course turn him out of doors immediately."

"What? my own dear, darling husband? And I left by myself without any husband at all? No, no, Mr. Pap, you'll do no such thing as that, I promise you. What you must do is this, dear papa, you must squeeze out every penny you can save from every other earthly thing, and give it all to my dear Don; and that, you know, will keep him in good humour, even if you don't happen to live out in America in such a grand house as this. That is what you really *will* do, my own dear darling pap, isn't it?"

And Patty sprung across the space which divided them, threw her arms round his neck, and began kissing him with more vehemence than she had ever done before, save once, when she had conceived an ardent affection for a pink satin-dress, which his fiat alone could enable her to obtain.

Upon that occasion she had succeeded; the pink satin-dress had been the reward of her kisses, and it was perhaps the remembrance of this fact which made her now shower them so liberally. But her father seemed not in the kissing vein; for he disengaged himself, though gently, from her clinging embraces, and quietly replied,

"The best thing you can do, Patty, is to tell your husband the whole of the melancholy story which I have just told you; he will then understand how things are, and if, as I suspect, his own circumstances are such as still to make his sticking close to us the best thing he can do, I dare say he will have common sense enough to keep his ground without being very troublesome. It is indeed, not impossible that I may find him useful, and in that case I have no doubt but we shall go on very comfortably."

Patty pretty well knew when there was any thing to be gained from "Pa," and when there was not. The present use of which experience was to make her quietly walk off, saying, "that she would soon make her dear Don understand all about it."

Chap. IV.

To prepare his beautiful Patty for the change she was about to undergo, was perhaps not the least disagreeable of the various operations which Mr. John William Patrick Allen O'Donagough knew that he had to perform before he set out upon the expedition (which as doubtless all the world will remember) General Hubert had so strenuously recommended. It had taken the affectionate father some fifteen or twenty minutes to decide in what manner the news could be conveyed to the happy bride, his daughter, with the least annoyance to her sensitive feelings; but from the moment the matter presented itself to his imagination in the shape which has been shown forth in the last chapter, every unpleasant sensation vanished. Nay, the interview which he had previously dreaded, became, in a considerable degree, agreeable to him.

It is, I believe, a notorious fact in natural history, that whatever in-

stinct or faculty nature has bestowed upon an animal with predominating strength, causes in its exercise the most decided gratification; and it would be difficult to bring in evidence a stronger confirmation of this interesting phenomenon, than the state of feeling produced on the mind of Mr. O'Donagough by the act of lying. His spirits seemed to rise, his faculties to expand themselves; his features assumed a look of animation and intelligence, inconceivably beyond what they ever manifested at any other time; and if the observer's eye could have gone deeper and penetrated to his heart, it would have been found gaily bounding in his bosom in a sort of triumphant jubilee at the bold feats of his undaunted tongue.

On the whole, therefore, the half hour he had bestowed upon Patty had done him good, and it was with no faltering voice that he called to her as she quitted the room, bidding her to send her mother to him.

Mr. O'Donagough, was, as we have said, a man of very considerable firmness of nerve, and had never, at any period of his life, been found infirm of purpose. Within half an hour of leaving his "third drawing-room" on the preceding night, in the manner described in a former series of the records of this interesting family, he had pretty fully made up his mind as to what he should do with himself and his belongings. Though he felt that the earth was not wholly before him where to choose, he was aware that quite a sufficient quantity remained open for him to prevent any embarrassment on the score of elbow-room. Nor had he that very dispiriting misfortune to contend with, which arises from the want of those sinews, so well known to be necessary in every operation which man carries on, either with or against man. His lady's provident wisdom had taken care, at the time of their marriage, that all that was hers should remain her own, and her little income was therefore as long as they remained together a *pis aller* sort of fund, which would always prevent their being in actual want. This was well, snug, comfortable and soothing; but this was by no means the most agreeable financial feature in his case.

From the time that, to use his own phrase, he had sown those wild oats which had in some way or other occasioned his last excursion across the ocean, to the present period, when it was likely that a second voyage would be the best remedy for the little *contretems* which had occurred in his "third drawing-room," he had never ceased adding to that small stock of private pocket-money, which he had begun to collect at his sociable whist-parties at Sidney. It is hardly fair, perhaps, to lift the veil of reserve by which he had ever kept the amount of this concealed, even from the wife of his bosom; but as accident has made me acquainted with the amount thus collected, I am tempted to name it as a proof (useful may it prove to the unthrifty!) of what may be done by steady and persevering labour.

Mr. O'Donagough then, at this time stood possessed of a sum amounting to 12,899*l.*; of which his wife had no more knowledge than the man in the moon. And this, be it observed, was safely stowed and funded in the English stocks, so that it was exclusive of the contents of poor Mr. Ronaldson's purse and pocket-book, which, however, amounted to very nearly a thousand more, and which now made the pleasant-feeling lining of his own coat-pocket. Assuredly if ever man

deserved the honourable title of a *chevalier d'industrie*, it was Mr. John William Patrick Allen O'Donagough, for *never* did he lose an opportunity of putting his time to profit, let it occur at what period of the twenty-four hours it might. It may be thought, perhaps, that in this statement of Mr. O'Donagough's possessions, I have carelessly overlooked the very showy furniture of his handsome house in Curzon-street, but in point of fact I have been strictly accurate, inasmuch as no single article of that furniture had been paid for, and consequently, in a statement so precise as the present, it could not properly have been brought to account.

Mr. O'Donagough was in the act of mentally running over precisely the same figures as I have been now laying before the reader, when the door of his library opened, and his wife appeared. The interview which was about to take place, would have been considerably more agreeable to the gentleman's feelings, had he deemed it advisable in stating to his lady the sudden necessity for breaking up his London establishment, to have indulged in the same imaginative species of narrative as that in which he had conveyed the same information to his daughter. But after a moment's consideration, his admirable judgment decided him against attempting any thing of the kind. For he felt that, in the first place, it would rob him of the advantage he might hope to obtain from the very acute faculties of his admirable wife, and secondly, those very acute faculties, now fully ripened into strong practical sharpness, would be exceedingly likely to detect what was purely inventive, and thereby render his explanation of none effect.

Determined, therefore, to be as candid in his exposition of facts, as if he had been stating matters to his own conscience, he lost no time in circumlocution.

"Shut the door, wife," he said, rather gravely, as Mrs. O'Donagough came in, and then added, rather in a lower key, "and you may as well bolt it, my dear, and then we shall not be interrupted."

"Dear me, Mr. O'Donagough! how very foolish this is of you!" she replied, but obeyed his command, however, before she advanced into the room. "I know exactly, word for word, what you are going to say, as well as if you had spoken it every syllable already."

"Do you, my dear?" said O'Donagough. "I doubt it!"

"Yes I do. You are going to make a preachment as long as my arm about Patty's marriage; and what good is it when the thing is done and over? I know very well that I would rather have had an English lord for her. But there's no use fretting about it, and I never will forgive you as long as I live, if you refuse to give me down a good handsome sum of money out of your last night's winnings, to buy the dear creature's wedding clothes. A good deal of it, I know, we may have on credit, but not all, nor any thing like all. And if you please, I want to set about it immediately."

"I have not the least objection in the world, my dear," replied Mr. O'Donagough; "and if you will be kind enough to hear what I was going to say—which has nothing whatever to do with Patty, you shall set out and buy the wedding clothes immediately after, if you like it."

Mrs. O'Donagough was too reasonable a woman to ask for a fairer

promise than this, and accordingly she placed herself in the chair that her daughter had just before occupied, and replied,

"Now, then, Donny!" with the most sweet-tempered smile in the world.

"It is rather an awkward thing, my dear, that I have got to mention to you, and if you were not the devilish clever woman that you are, I should never tell you of it at all. But if you will set your wit, side by side, together with mine, I am not the least bit afraid but what we shall get through the business perfectly well, and do better, for what I know, than if it had never happened."

"And what *has* happened?" replied his wife in an accent of considerable alarm.

"Why, first and foremost, that hideous old maid, Elizabeth Peters, hit off the truth last night as cleverly as if she had been the witch she looks like, and obligingly addressed me as Major Allen before Mrs. Stephenson, civilly requesting me to tell her why I had changed my name."

"Insolent wretch!—see if I won't be revenged of her impertinence," exclaimed the sympathizing wife.

"And what did you say to her, my dear?"

"Why, my love, I had not time to say much, because that very fascinating personage, Mrs. Stephenson, and this above-mentioned Miss Elizabeth Peters, had politely concealed themselves behind the curtains of the recess, in order to watch me play piquet with Mr. Ronaldson. Foxcroft was in the room with us, and, good-natured fellow, as you know he is, he gave me, half in fun, you know, of course, a hint or two of the cards Ronaldson held—all which, these charming ladies saw, and at the very moment when I was in the act of making so good a thing of it as would have made it signify but little whether Patty's Don were rich or poor, they popped out of their hiding-place, and told Ronaldson not to sign the check, for that he had been *cheated*."

"Audacious wretches!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Donagough, her expressive countenance beaming with rage. "Oh, my dearest Donny! had I been there, they had dared not for their lives have done it! In your own house too!—when they were enjoying the protection of your roof, and revelling in the magnificence of your splendid hospitality! Surely it is unprecedented in the annals of visiting. They shall be exposed for it. They shall be known for what they are, or my name is not O'Donagough. Why, Donny, I shall never again be able to own my connexion with them. They have disgraced themselves for ever!"

"All very true, my dear," replied her husband, composedly. "But, nevertheless, Ronaldson did *not* sign the check—and *I* shall be obliged to leave the country with as little delay as possible."

"Leave the country? Leave Curzon-street? And just when I am going to show off my darling Patty every where, as the youngest and most beautiful married woman in London! Oh! it is impossible! You never can be such a brute!" cried the unhappy Mrs. O'Donagough, in the most piercing accents imaginable.

"You do not appear to see this affair with your usual clear-headed good sense, my dear," replied her husband, with exemplary gentleness of voice and manner. "Perhaps you are not aware that if I do not

take myself off, and *that* immediately, the Secretary of State for the Home Department will have all the trouble upon his own hands. But even in that case, you perceive, your bridal gaities would be equally defeated, for we should go, at least *I* should, and under the circumstances, I don't think you would find your residence here at all agreeable afterwards."

"What *do* you mean, Donny?" said the vexed lady, looking at his placid countenance with considerable indignation. "What have all the Secretaries of State in the world to do with our staying in this beautiful house or leaving it? If you are only joking, and making fun of me, as you do with that fool Foxcroft, I never will forgive you as long as I live."

"That would be very terrible, my dear," he mildly replied. "But fortunately at this moment I run no risk of the kind; for I certainly do not consider the matter as partaking in the least degree of the nature of a joke. Nor do I see any thing like fun in being transported for life."

"Transported!" shrieked Mrs. O'Donagough. "You don't mean it?—you don't mean to say, husband, that you have really been such a fool as to do any thing to put you in the power of those horrid women? You don't mean to tell me *that?* Oh! Donny! Donny! I shall go mad!"

"God forbid, my dear," he replied, without varying a muscle of his truly philosophical physiognomy. "Anything of the kind would be exceedingly troublesome just now. But really, my dear, you agitate yourself much more than there is any occasion for; and to tell you the truth, I thought my Barnaby was too much a woman of the world to suffer such an occurrence as this to shake her courage so violently. If you will but see the thing in a proper light, and give me your assistance in getting every thing ready, and in giving the whole affair rather the appearance of a party of pleasure, than any thing else, I have no doubt that we shall do extremely well. There are many people of very high fashion in the United States, particularly at New Orleans, and in the other slave states, and if we contrive to manage our affairs *only* as well as we have done before, my dear, you may depend upon it we shall soon find ourselves in the very highest rank of society, and perhaps better off than we have ever been in our lives."

Mrs. O'Donagough was a woman of strong feelings, yet nevertheless she was always, or almost always, amenable to reason, and long before her husband had ceased speaking, her fine spirit had recovered its tone; she felt able, and perfectly willing too, to take the particular bull, which now appeared to face her, by the horns, and by the noble exercise of the faculties of which she felt proudly conscious, to do battle with whatever difficulties might assail her, nothing doubting, from the hints her judicious husband had thrown out, that her reward would now be, what it had so often been before, namely, the placing herself considerably in advance of all her fellow-creatures, the envied of many, and the admired of all. From this point the conversation proceeded in a tone of conjugal confidence and sympathy, that might have served as a model to all the wedded sons and daughters of Eve; and no greater proof can be given of the happiness of such a self-contented temperament as that of my heroine, than the fact, that the interview which

brought to her knowledge the proof of her husband's standing in the most imminent peril of being transported for life, left her in a state of spirits the most animated and the most happy that can be conceived.

Just as she was going to take her departure, in order to set about her own preparations, and leave her husband at liberty to make his, she suddenly stopped short and exclaimed, "But, my dear Donny, what in the world am I to say to those dear, good Perkinses? and to that handsome creature, Tornorino? Upon my word, that must be thought of."

"It has been thought of, my Barnaby," returned her husband with a playful smile that quite illuminated his countenance. "Patty will tell you; but no," he added, "it will be safest for me to give you a sketch of the thing myself, that you may make no blunders when you hear the dear child allude to it. Just listen to me, my dear, and I will make you understand *why* it is that I am obliged to leave the country."

Mr. O'Donagough then, with some humour and very considerable enjoyment, ran over the heads of the history he had been recounting to Patty concerning his early passion, and, for a few gay moments felonies, flittings, transport-ships, and Botany Bay, were all forgotten, and both the gentleman and lady laughed heartily.

"There certainly never was any thing like you, Donny!" said the lady, as soon as he had finished, "you have made my sides ache, I promise you."

"And there certainly never was any thing like you, my dear," he replied with a very gallant bow. "I have often told you that you were a wife made on purpose for me—and so you are!"

Chap. V.

When Mrs. O'Donagough re-entered the drawing-room, she found Patty and her husband seated upon one sofa, and the two Miss Perkinses on another. The two former were deeply engaged in a whispering conversation, the subject of which, as the well-satisfied mother rightly imagined, was those passages in the early history of the bride's father, with which she had that morning been made acquainted. The two latter did not appear to be conversing at all, and to say truth, looked very particularly forsaken and forlorn. It was to this group that Mrs. O'Donagough immediately addressed herself, for she, too, felt a pleasure in the exercise of the inventive faculty, which was almost equal to that of her husband.

"Oh, my dear girls!" she began, "what a history I have been listening to! Such a story has come out! Mercy on me! I hardly know whether I stand on my head or my heels!"

"Oh, dear me! What is it?" cried Miss Louisa, divided between fright and curiosity, for Mrs. O'Donagough by pressing her right hand strongly against her left side, sighing deeply, and casting up her eyes towards the ceiling, gave her great reason to fear that there was some mixture of the terrible in what she was about to hear.

"I dare say it is the same thing that my beloved Patty is communicating to her husband," said Miss Matilda, eagerly. "Do, dearest Mrs. O'Donagough, let me hear it directly. You must know how devotedly I am attached to you all, and whatever concerns any one of the

dear family, is just the same to my poor heart, as if it belonged to myself."

"You are a good soul, Matilda, as ever lived, and so is Louisa too. So sit you down, one on each side of me, and you shall hear it; though I declare to Heaven my hair actually stands on end upon my head at the very idea of repeating it."

Saying these words, Mrs. O'Donagough seated herself in the middle of her sofa, and taking in each of her own hands one of those belonging to Miss Louisa and to Miss Matilda Perkins, she began to repeat the history she had heard from her husband, embellishing it a little as she went on, by sundry feminine traits of impassioned tenderness on the part of the young countess, and concluding with a hint that the untimely demise of that noble personage was the consequence of her unconquerable passion for Mr. O'Donagough.

The only part of the history, as recounted by that gentleman to his daughter, which did not appear in the present version, was that which seemed to infer a possibility that Patty might be the offspring of the lady alluded to, and not of the fond mother who so gloried in calling her daughter. Mr. O'Donagough showed considerable knowledge of human nature in omitting this part of the joke when discoursing on the subject to his wife. He felt that there were things which might not safely be mentioned, even in jest, and that *this* was one of them. It would be difficult, nay, perhaps impossible, to find words capable of doing justice to the feelings of the Misses Perkins as they listened to this soul-stirring narrative. Disjointed expletives were all they could utter; but clasped hands, lifted eyes, and long-drawn breath, gave ample testimony to the powerful emotion which shook their respective frames. At length the predominating feeling of Miss Matilda found vent in words, having some show of meaning, for she uttered distinctly the following:

"And what, my adored Mrs. O'Donagough, is it your intention to do? Go, it is plain you must—but where?"

"Oh! in such a case as this," replied my heroine, "there is but one country in the world that a superior-minded man, like Mr. O'Donagough, would think of for a moment. Of course we shall go to the United States—that is, to the most fashionable part of the country. You may guess that I should not think of any other. And there I have no doubt we shall be exceedingly happy. O'Donagough is exactly the man to be popular in a free country. All his principles and ideas are upon the noblest and most extended scale; and I know that I and Patty, too, are particularly well fitted to live happily in a country where there are slaves; in fact it is the only sort of servant in whom one can find any real comfort, and I confess to you, my dear girls, that upon the whole, I expect we shall enjoy ourselves famously."

"I have not the least doubt in the world, my dearest friend!" exclaimed Miss Matilda. "I would to Heaven I was going with you!"

"Then so you shall, by jingo!" exclaimed the bride, who had overheard the speech of her favourite. "If I say the word, it's as good as done; and that you know, Matilda, nobody better. If I had my way when I was plain Patty O'Donagough, I leave you to guess if I am likely to be disappointed, and contradicted, and plagued, and disobeyed *now* that I am a married woman, and the wife of a Don."

"Dearest Patty!—ever, ever the same!" cried Miss Matilda, with vehement emotion. "What say you, my dearest Mrs. O'Donogough? Do you think that we might be permitted to join your delightful party? I feel sure that both Louisa and myself would know no happiness like that of devoting ourselves to you."

"Upon my life, girls, I should like it of all things; for I am sure that I shall want somebody, particularly just at first, to talk to, and to help me settle things. Of course, my dears, you know that you would have to pay all your own expenses—that's a matter of course—and then, if Donny does not object, I won't. But what does Louisa say to it? I have not heard her voice yet?"

Upon being thus appealed to, Miss Louisa ventured to say, though her sister's eyes shot daggers at her the while, that she did not think either Matilda or herself young enough to venture upon going to a quite new country, of which they knew nothing, except that it was many a thousand of miles off, which would make it exceedingly difficult to come back again.

"Louisa Perkins! you are a fool, if ever there was one born!" exclaimed Madame Tornorino, "and you may say that I told you so."

Mrs. O'Donagough laughed aloud, and said,

"Go where you will, Patty, gentle and simple must all agree that you have a tongue in your head. But never mind her, Louisa! You have a right to your say as well as another, and your opinion is, that America is a great way off. So it is, my dear. And you need not mind Patty's impudence the least bit in the world."

Miss Louisa Perkins seemed to be of the same opinion, and certainly looked as if her equanimity was in no danger of being shaken by that lively lady's sallies. But her feelings were differently constituted with respect to her sister; for when Miss Matilda, having seized upon her shawl, and wrapped it energetically round her, said, "Come along, sister!" she really looked as white as a sheet.

"Yes, Matilda, you had better go away now, child," observed Mrs. O'Donagough, waving them off with her hand. "It is quite impossible that I can sit still to reason upon the subject, when I have such an immensity to do. You had better talk the matter over together. All I have to say is, that if you are ready to pay all your expenses, and like to go, I shall make no objection, if Donny makes none—and you know how excessively fond he is of you both."

"God bless you, dearest Mrs. O'Donagough!" sighed Matilda, as she pressed the hand of her condescending friend. "Oh, how I should glory in waiting upon you like your humblest servant in any land in the world that you could take me to!"

"You are a very good girl, Matilda," replied Mrs. O'Donagough, "and I dare say Louisa will think better of it."

But Louisa continued to maintain her ominous aspect, and with a silent, slow, and melancholy step, followed her sister into the street.

The maiden sisters walked along Curzon-street, turned so as to reach Park-lane, crossed into the Park, and still without exchanging a single word. Louisa was melancholy, Matilda moody. But having at length reached that semi-sylvan path which stretches across the green-sward towards Brompton, the full heart of the younger sister swelled too vehemently to be longer restrained, and she uttered the following words:

"If there is one misfortune in the world more hard to bear than all the rest, it is the being tied up to a person too old and too stupid for any thing."

The meek-spirited Louisa, who knew that a storm must come, had been actually quivering, inside and out, from head to foot, in the expectation of it; and though the breeze that now began to whistle in her ears was not of the most balmy or gentle quality, she still felt in some sort relieved that it had begun, probably because the evils we anticipate are always more terrible in our imaginings than in the reality. It was therefore with a very perceptible attempt at a cheerful manner that she replied,

"Come, dear Matilda! don't fret yourself! You can't think how it spoils your good looks. And besides, my dear sister, you ought to remember that if two people *are* tied together, as you call it, the one young and the other old, the one clever and the other stupid, the clever and young one has so much the best of it, that she ought to thank God, day and night, that she is not the other one."

"It is much I have got to thank God for, isn't it?" bitterly replied the unfortunate *cadette*. "I, that never do, never can, and never shall, I suppose, have any one single thing that I wish for! Whatever you do or say, Louisa, I must beg that you will not be so disgustingly hypocritical as to pretend to tell me I am not unhappy. Oh! I am miserable!"

"I do believe you are, my poor dear Matilda," returned the elder, her eyes filling with tears, "and that it is which prevents my being so quite perfectly happy as the goodness of God ought to make me; for to tell you the truth, I don't a bit mind being old and stupid—because I have got used to it, I suppose. But I *do* mind seeing you fret, and pine, and take on so, and all because nobody just happens to come in the way for you to be married to."

"Don't speak of that, if you please. You had much better let that subject alone," interrupted Matilda, in accents as little soothing as it is easy to imagine. "Unless, indeed, you *wish* to torture me, which may very likely be the case; and if so, you cannot do better than go on."

"Oh! Matilda! Matilda! how can you speak so? I never in my whole life wished to do any thing in the world but please you. And God knows, I love you quite as dearly as I do myself, or I might say *better*, and that without telling any fib, for I would always a great deal rather have you pleased than be pleased myself; and, be as angry as you will with me, Matilda, you cannot say it is my fault that you are not married yet."

"Not say it is your fault?" screamed Matilda, suddenly standing still, and turning round so as to throw a broadside of indignant eye-beams under the bonnet of her suffering sister; "*not* your fault? That passes by far any thing that I could have thought it possible for a human being to utter! Not your fault that I am not married! And who was it then, if you please, who prevented my being at this very moment Mrs. Foxcroft? I can bear any thing better than falsehood, Miss Louisa Perkins. And therefore I will just beg you, as a favour, never to say that again."

"Glad and glad shall I be to leave off saying any thing that you

don't like to hear, Matilda; but sometimes I don't find out what it is till too late. We never will talk any more about Mr. Foxcroft then. It is the best resolution we can take, for we know he is a bad man, and not worth any body's talking about."

"And *that* I suppose you say to please me too—knowing as you do, cruel, hard-hearted creature, that I still doat upon him to distraction!" replied Matilda, in violent agitation. "Poor, poor Foxcroft!" she added, while the embroidered cotton pocket-handkerchief which she carried was raised to her eyes. "How different would now have been your fate had you fallen into other hands. His only fault under Heaven was the excess of his love for me! His fond heart shrunk from the idea of seeing me living upon an income that he thought unworthy of my taste and refinement, and for this, and this only, you lacerate my soul, by making me listen to your eternal abuse of him."

"Indeed I am very sorry to hear you are so much in love with him still," returned her sister; "and rather than that, I do think, my dear, that it is better to remind you of what you heard yourself, you know. I mean his wanting so very much to marry me for the sake of my little fortune."

"He never wanted to marry you!" replied the indignant Matilda. "You totally mistook his meaning—I am sure of it. All his object was to endeavour to soften your heart towards me, and persuade you, if it was possible, into fairly dividing your fortune between us. And this you have chosen to twist and turn into his offering to marry you. But this is only of a piece with all the rest. You were born to tyrannize over me, and destroy me—and nothing is left for me but to submit. Oh! how often," she added, with a deep groan, and casting her eyes upon the Serpentine River, which they were at that moment passing, "how often do I long to plunge into that placid water, and bury my misery in it for ever!"

Miss Matilda Perkins had certainly, during her thirty-six years of existence, tried pretty nearly every species of device for the management and subjugation of her truly affectionate elder sister; but somehow or other, it had never before occurred to her that she might threaten suicide; and now it was probably only the opportune sight of the water which had suggested the idea. But whatever the cause, she speedily felt inclined to bless the effect; for never before had she, even in her most energetic moments of eloquence, uttered words productive of such powerful results. Miss Louisa turned as pale as ashes, and trembled visibly in every limb—she clutched the arm of her sister with convulsive strength, and hurried her onward, though literally without the power of speaking a single word.

The effect of her experiment was not lost on Miss Matilda; she attempted not to break the really awful silence which now reigned between them, but suffered her sister to drag her onward unresistingly till they had reached their own door. The knocker was made to do its office, but still they spoke not, and the door being opened, they mounted, Miss Matilda first, and Miss Louisa afterwards, to their drawing-room. There the really miserable elder sister seated herself, and burst into tears. The younger permitted them to flow for some minutes uninterruptedly, assuming meanwhile herself what she intended should be an aspect of dogged despair. At length the poor Louisa en-

deavoured to rally; she drew off her gloves, and tidily rolled them up; then removed her shawl from her shoulders, and began a similar notable process upon it, smoothing and folding it upon her knee, but certainly looking all the time as miserable as it was well possible to be. Matilda watched her closely; and perceiving that, notwithstanding her melancholy, she was gradually recovering from the shock she had received, and returning too nearly to the usual sensations of daily existence, she took off her bonnet, which she threw down (notwithstanding it had a new feather in it), with an air highly theatrical, shook back her ringlets, stood up, approached her sister, placed herself immediately before her, and thus addressed her:

"Louisa!—The time is come when it is absolutely necessary that we should understand one another. The existence I have been leading under your care and control, has become much too painful to endure, and I have come at length to the firm determination of changing or of ending it. The choice, Louisa, as to whether I shall make some effort to lessen the misery I endure, or DESTROY MYSELF, I shall leave wholly to you. If you will immediately, readily, and cheerfully consent to accompany our friends, the O'Donagoughs, to America, I will consent to live, and will exert myself to the very utmost to render existence to both of us more happy in the new world, than it has ever been in the old. But if you refuse this, if you persist in keeping me chained to this sterile land, where the best and tenderest feelings of the human heart are checked and blighted by the constant fear of not having money enough to marry upon—if, I say, you do this, instead of permitting me to try my chance in a new world, I solemnly declare to you, that I will put an end to my life; and when the awful deed is done, you may learn, too late, the danger of torturing the human soul beyond its powers of endurance! Now then, Louisa, speak! Decide! I abide your decision, and you must abide its consequences!"

Inexpressibly terrified at these dreadful words, the unhappy Louisa was ready to grant all, and every thing that was demanded of her, and eagerly throwing her arms round the tall, thin figure of her sister as she stood before her, she exclaimed,

"Upon one condition, Matilda, I agree to every thing! You shall go, we will both go whenever and wherever you will, if you will only make me one promise."

"Name it!" said Matilda, eagerly.

"Only promise me, my dearest sister, that if I consent to your wishes in this, you will never think of killing yourself. Not even if you should not happen to get any gentleman to marry you in America!"

"I promise!" responded Matilda, solemnly.

Louisa exclaimed, "Thank God!" but the next moment heaved a heavy sigh. Whether this were caused by the remembrance of her own promise, or breathed as a relief from the fulness of joy occasioned by that of her sister, may be doubtful. But be this as it may, the business was settled. Matilda, in a cheerful voice, reminded her sister that a gentleman who had the eye of all the state authorities fixed upon him, like Mr. O'Donagough, would not be permitted to linger long after receiving notice that he was to go. And having given this necessary hint, she instantly set to work herself upon drawers and boxes, and by the

vigorous earnestness of her labours, gave the strongest proof of the vivacity of the feelings which prompted them.

It is needless to follow the preparations of the party thus about to leave England together for the United States; suffice it to say, that every one of them, including Don Espartero Christinino Tornorino, was so active and expert in the several operations they were called upon to perform, that in less than a week their passage was taken in a fine ship lying in the river and bound for New Orleans, their goods packed and on board, their various affairs, agencies, and respective money concerns satisfactorily settled, and one and all of them perfectly ready to go on board.

The above-mentioned Don, indeed, though hitherto so slightly known to the reader, and rather to be considered as a stranger than an old acquaintance, will be found hereafter to possess many noble qualities, well deserving a share in the affectionate feelings, which I flatter myself his companions have already excited. The only circumstance preliminary to their sailing, which it is farther necessary to mention, is, that the principal personage, and he who was considered on all sides as the hero of the expedition, decided, after giving a good deal of consideration to the subject, that for many reasons, into which it is totally unnecessary to enter, it would be advisable that he should not appear in America under either of his former appellations; but, as a still farther compliment to his ever-admired wife, they should assume the style and title of Major and Mrs. Allen Barnaby.

THE LEE SHORE.

Sleet! and Hail! and Thunder!
And ye Winds that rave,
Till the sands thereunder
Tinge the sullen wave.

Winds, that like a Demon,
Howl with horrid note
Round the toiling Seaman,
In his tossing boat.

From his humble dwelling,
On the shingly shore,
Where the billows swelling,
Keep such hollow roar.

From that weeping Woman,
Seeking with her cries,
Succour superhuman
From the frowning skies.

From the Urchin pining
For his Father's knee—
From the lattice shining,
Drive him out to sea!

Let broad leagues dissever
Him from yonder foam—
Oh, God! to think Man ever
Comes too near his Home!

T. H.

PHINEAS QUIDDY; OR, SHEER INDUSTRY.

By John Poole, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "PAUL PRY," &c.

Chap. XXVII.

OUR HERO'S BEHAVIOUR IN *HIGH SOCIETY*: HIS PLEASANTRY AND CONVIVIALITY—"LITTLE PITCHERS, &c."—A MARRIAGE-TRAP IS SET FOR HIM—HIS CONDUCT UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Quiddy took his seat next to Lady Cheshire at the head of the table, having Jane on his left. The other daughters and the sons occupied the places they were accustomed to upon ordinary occasions like the present—Eliza on the right of her mamma, next to her Master Harry, and on either side of the knight Clara and Tom.

In those days—that is to say, in the early part of the present century—Ude was unknown: in the Realms-Culinary, Mrs. Glasse reigned undisputed queen. The dinner was plain, but excellent of its kind; and consisted of a tureen of pea-soup, a fine cod's-head-and-shoulders, a roast sirloin of beef, a stewed rump-steak, and an apple-*pie*. There were no impertinent and miserable attempts at foreign cookery, which, when it is not the best in the world, is the worst. Not a single dish appeared upon table under false pretences: no mess, indescribable and unwholesome, endeavoured, like some transmarine adventurer, to palm itself off as a something of importance, under cover of a French title. On the contrary, each boldly showed its plain, honest, English face; and the very pie itself was (not that unsatisfactory abridgment called a tart, but) in its requisite conditions of size, form, and contents, an unquestionable apple-*pie*. No: the Cheshires, though "titled people," retired from business, and dwelling in that aristocratic quarter of the east, yclept Finsbury-square, were content, like many even of *their* superiors, to employ a woman-cook, and eat good English dinners. As for the *actually* trading or shop-keeping community of that day, we will assert, without fear of disproof, that the ostentatious interchange of dinners *à-la-Française*, with their accompaniments of Sillery and Chateau-Margaux, was no more known amongst them than—than the Insolvent Court which did not then exist.

It is not our intention to ridicule the family of the Cheshires; nor, consistently with our character of truth-tellers, could we if we would, for (excepting the knight himself) there was nothing of the ridiculous either in their conduct or their manners. Sir Gog was a plain, good man, who had made his fortune as a cheesemonger chiefly by government contracts; and was afflicted with knight-hood,* for no fault of

* "So," said C—— to J—— not very long ago, "I see by the newspapers that * * * * * * * *" [a rich nobody and nothing more] "has just been elevated to the baronetage."

"Rather say," replied J——, "the baronetage has been degraded to him."

his own, but simply through the accident of his being sheriff at the time when some great naval victory was achieved, upon which occasion he assisted in carrying an address of congratulation from the city to the king. His only weak point, or, we ought to say, the only one which was sufficiently prominent to be observable, was his pride of title, proud partly of his own, but chiefly of "her ladyship's;" and "her ladyship" he looked upon as little less in importance than the first duchess in the land. Lady Cheshire was a plain, sensible, motherly woman. Her daughters had been brought up unostentatiously, and in a manner to qualify them to become good wives; and the sons had received proper and sufficient education to fit them for the positions which they were intended to occupy, namely, the counting-house or the counter. Altogether, the family was one of those respectable, middle-class families of which there existed so many, both east and west, ere the mania was rife for aping the manners, habits, and mode of living of the superior classes; and as they affected nothing in any shape beyond what their position entitled them to, so did they present no points obnoxious to ridicule or for satire to chastise.

Our hero had now been for so long a time—for several months indeed—accustomed to high life, that he felt as much at his ease in the society of Sir Gog and my lady, as if they had been nothing more than plain *Mr.* and *Mrs.* Upon his first introduction by the knight to her *ladyship*, he naturally experienced a sensation of awe; nor was this much diminished even by the good-natured assurance which he received from Sir Gog (whom he had met upon three or four previous occasions), that he would "find her ladyship vastly condescending, and not at all proud." But

"Never before stood he in such a presence,"

and the consequence alluded to was, in his case at least, inevitable. *Now*, as we have said, it was otherwise with him. He had adopted to its fullest extent one point of Polonius's instructions to his son, "Be thou familiar:" the qualifying clause, "but by no means vulgar," he found to be a piece of advice akin with a vast proportion of that which is most liberally bestowed by those who never give any thing else—advice much easier to give than to follow.

"Will you take soup or fish, Mr. Quiddy?" inquired her ladyship.

"Why, my lady," replied he, in an easy, offhand manner, "I'll take fish; though I don't care if I begin with a basin of your ladyship's soup. I'm uncommon partial to pea-soup, and your ladyship's soup is always so uncommon good. And, Sir G.," continued he, addressing the host (his greedy eyes roving from one dish to the other), "as I see you are helping the fish, I'll thank you just to put a mouthful of liver and sound aside against I'm ready for it. I don't think cod worth eating without a little of the liver and sound; do you, my lady? At least, *I'm* uncommon partial to it."

And be it observed, that whatever Mr. Quiddy was uncommon partial to, Mr. Quiddy took especial care that that gentleman should, upon no occasion, miss it, either from too little attention, or too much delicacy on his part: for it was clear to him that when he dined at home,

at his own expense, he had a right to what he liked best; and when he dined out, that his entertainers were bound, both in politeness and hospitality, to supply him with it. As to deferring his own gratification to another's, the mere notion of such a thing he considered as too absurd to be entertained by any rational being.

"Q.," said Sir Gog; "Q., I dare say her ladyship will be happy to condescend to take a glass of wine with you; won't you, my lady?"

"Most happy," replied her ladyship.

"Uncommon proud of the honour," said Quiddy, "if her ladyship will just let me eat the mouthful or two of fish I've got on my plate; I've an uncommon dislike to wine in the middle of my fish."

Fish and soup were removed, and the remainder of the dinner was placed upon the table.

"Now, Mr. Quiddy," said Lady Cheshire, "you see your dinner. We don't treat you as a stranger. We give you just the plain family-dinner we had provided for ourselves, for—ha! ha! ha!—really, dear Mr. Quiddy, really we begin to consider you as *one of the family*."

As her ladyship uttered the emphasised words, she gently placed her hand on Quiddy's arm, which was lying spread out half-way across the table.

"Pray, no apology, my dear, good lady," said Quiddy, placing his hand on hers, and tapping it as he spoke; "pray, no apology, for there's plenty to eat. Uncommon *good* dinner—just the style of dinner I shall give you and my other friends if ever I set up housekeeping. As a bachelor, you know I—much as I wish it, I—I—not that I couldn't afford it, my lady; for by sheer industry, thank Heaven! I have scraped together a few thousands or so; but as a bachelor—"

"Bachelor, indeed! More shame for you," said she, laughing; "bachelor! I declare that—"

And with scarcely a pause she continued: "Why, Jane, my love, what *is* the matter with you? You are so out of spirits and so silent this afternoon, one would really think you are *in love*. Give Jane a little wine, Mr. Quiddy; talk to her, and see whether *you* can't enliven her."

"Come, miss," said our enlivening friend, with a wink to Lady Cheshire (at the same time rubbing his hands and slapping them together;) "come, miss, what say you to a drop of wine? There"—(and he filled the young lady's glass, like his own, to the very brim)—"Don't be frightened at my filling a bumper; you need not drink it all at once. But as you are in love"—(This he uttered in a pretended whisper, accompanied with a nudge of his elbow)—"as you're in love, I'll give you a toast. Here's——Sir G., I'll trouble you for a bit of that stewed rump-steak before it goes away—Here's the health of ——No, not that cut: there—a bit out of the middle, and that bit of fat at the corner—Here's the health of the happy man, whoever he is, and may he have plenty of the mopuses. *In* short—while we're about it—eh, my lady? Ho! ho! ho! here's good rich husbands to all three of 'em."

This gallant aspiration of the agreeable Quiddy was by exactly two to one more than was pleasant to her ladyship; and a mother of in-

finitely less shrewdness than herself, would instantly have been satisfied by it, that, whatever might have been his intentions as to marrying, love, or even a preference for either of the young ladies, was altogether out of the question. Her eyes at the same moment met Sir Gog's; and he, remembering the little conversation which had taken place between them just before Mr. Quiddy's arrival, translated in its true sense the negatory motion of his lady's head, by which her look was accompanied.

"I say, Mr. Quiddy," cried Harry, "I'll bet a shilling *you* are in love."

At this spirt of the young gentleman's, papa and mamma exchanged a rapid but significant glance. The unpremeditated trifle (as many an unpremeditated trifle had done before) *might* lead to an important issue. Jane and Eliza looked (or, perhaps, affected to look) confused; while Clara's "pretty pale face" turned paler than usual, and she trembled in every nerve with dread of the mere possibility that Quiddy's reply to her young brother's proposal might, in some way or other, affect her.

"I'll not bet, Master Harry," said Quiddy, "for I shouldn't be much the better for winning your shilling, and should be sorry to lose my own;" adding, with a loud laugh—"but, without betting—ho! ho! ho! tell me—ho! ho! ho! what makes you think I'm in love?"

"Why," replied the young logician, "they say that when a person is in love he is happy; and when one is happy, you know, one eats such a load! And so I'll bet you a shilling *you* are in love."

Lady Cheshire stooped her head till her nose nearly touched her plate; the two elder girls and Bill were nearly suffocated by their efforts to restrain a laugh; Clara recovered her composure; Quiddy, filling his mouth, exclaimed, "Good, uncommon good!" leaving it doubtful whether his words were meant in praise of the sally or the steak; while Sir Gog muttered to the causer of this confusion,

"You are too bad, sir; in short, d—d too bad!"

"Why, what have I done, papa?" cried the unconscious offender; "I didn't mean any harm: I'm sure I said it quite in earnest."

"Hold your tongue, sir," continued Sir Gog, in a half whisper; "hold your tongue, or you'll presently find yourself outside the door—in short, d—d outside. Q., a glass of wine with you; and *that*, let me tell you, is some of my very best Madeira."

"Uncommon good, indeed, Sir G.," said Quiddy; adding (for the money-value of every thing was always uppermost in his mind)—"what may it have stood you in?"

"Wait till the cloth is removed, and I'll tell you a curious little anecdote about this wine." said Sir Gog.

The cloth being removed and a bottle of port placed upon the table, he thus began:—

"This Madeira, you must know, I imported myself—I imported the whole pipe; but all that remains of it is the little batch of which we are now drinking; *that* I paid a hundred shillings a dozen for, and got it by a lucky accident."

"Stop, Sir Gog," said Quiddy; "let me see: twelve in the hun-

dred will go eight and carry um—um—um—ay, eight-and-fourpence per bottle. Now reckoning fourteen of these glasses to the bottle, that's um—um—um—Why, Sir Gog, we are drinking this wine at the rate of sevenpence-farthing a glass, all but a fraction!"

"D—n the price, Mr. Quiddy," said Sir Gog, impatiently; "fill your glass and pass the bottle to Bill. There, Bill; take sevenpence-farthing-and-a-fraction's-worth of Madeira." And he thought within himself, "What a chandler's-shop mind the fellow has—in short, d—d chandler's-shop."

"But how came that batch to cost you more than the rest of the pipe?" inquired Quiddy; "I can't understand that."

"That's the point of my story," replied Sir Gog. "When my friend Sir Richard Grim was Lord Mayor—Stingy Dick as he was called—Grim, who gave such bad feeds to the aldermen and common-council, that there were fewer deaths from indigestion during his mayoralty than had ever been known since the days of Whittington—ah! Whittington's cat would have had a holiday at the Mansion-House in Grim's time, for the rats and mice all died of starvation. Well; His Majesty's ministers were to dine with Grim, so, for the honour of the city, I made him a present of six dozen of my very finest Madeira—this same wine. Well, I had the honour of being of the party. At the right of the Lord Mayor sat—"

"Never mind how the party was arranged, Cheshire," interposed her ladyship; "that is in no way material to your story."

"Right, my lady; her ladyship is right; it is in no way material—in short, d—d in no way. Well—there was lemonade Vidonia, brandy-and-water Sherry, crab-apple Hock—but not a drop of my very finest Madeira; gooseberry Champagne, black-currant Port, mulberry Claret—but not a drop of my very finest Madeira. Couldn't imagine what had become of my very finest Madeira. Looked at ministers—never in all my life saw such a set of wry faces—wine excruciating—corners of their mouths screwed up to their nostrils. As for Billy Pitt—lucky thing for us that it did not occur to him at that moment to double the Income-tax. Party broke up unusually early—in short, d—d unusually. Followed Pitt to his carriage—Lord Melville with him.

"'Where, sir?' inquired the footman, as he closed the carriage-door.

"'Home, as fast as you can drive, to take our wine," roared the premier, loud enough for every body about to hear him.

"Now, Q., what do you think had become of my very finest Madeira?"

"Can't possibly tell," replied Q.

"Then I'll tell you. Three days after this met Sourlush, the wine-merchant. Asked me would I like a few dozens of *surprisingly* fine Madeira. Replied, yes. Went down to his counting-house to taste sample. Delighted with it. Had but six dozens, short the sample-bottle. Wouldn't take a shilling less than five pounds the dozen. Bought it all and gave him a check for the money. Wine came home—looked at corks—and what do you think? There was my private seal upon 'em. My own wine! By all that's mean and shabby, my own very finest Madeira! Stingy Dick had exchanged

it with him for the nasty stuff he had half-poisoned His Majesty's ministers with, and pocketed two-pound-ten by the bargain. There, sir; what do you say to that?"

"Say!" exclaimed Quiddy, bursting into a loud laugh; "say? Ho! ho! ho! why *I* say it was an uncommon deep trick."

"Deep, Mr. Quiddy!" exclaimed Sir Gog, in a tone of indignation; "deep! *I* say it was an uncommon *dirty* trick—in short, *da-a-a-n'd* uncommon dirty."

After a short time—

"And now," said Sir Gog, "Q., what say you to a glass of Port? Port and Madeira—no claret, no champagne—no ceremony with you—eh, my boy? As her ladyship says, we consider you as one of the family—in short, d—d one of the family, eh, my lady?"

"Quite, quite," said her ladyship. "And *do* give Jane a little Port, Mr. Quiddy."

"I'd rather not take any, mamma," said Jane.

"What!" exclaimed mamma; "refuse Mr. Quiddy! I'm sure, Jane, dear, *you'll* not refuse Mr. *Quiddy*."

But the effect of these words (though they were pointedly uttered, and with a prolonged, singing sort of emphasis on the pretty name) was completely neutralized by Harry, who said, in precisely the same tone,

"And if he'll offer *me* a glass of wine, I'm sure *I* won't refuse, Mr. *Quiddy*."

"I request you will not give him any," said her ladyship, biting her nether lip.

"Oh, come, my lady," said Quiddy, "your ladyship will allow me to give him a little. Harry is a favourite of mine."

"Thankee, sir," said Harry. "And I say, Mr. Quiddy—I know which of the *girls* is your favourite?"

"Jane, love," adroitly interposed Lady Cheshire, and laughingly, "don't mind what that impudent boy says."

"I wasn't going to say any thing to Jane, ma'; you know it's Clara *he* has a preference for, but it's Jane who likes *him* best, you know."

"Leave the room, sir—I desire you will instantly leave the room," said her ladyship; and the command was repeated by the knight.

"Now, why ought I to be turned out of the room for that?" said the boy in a tone of remonstrance; "for just before Mr. Quiddy came, when I was outside the drawing-room, kneeling down to tie my shoe, I heard you say to papa—"

But ere the young gentleman could finish his speech, he found himself by the interposition of Sir Gog's strong arm, outside the dining-room.

Quiddy, with that protective instinct, which, in common with the rest of the brute creation, he possessed in an extraordinary degree—for in that category we include the intensely-selfish of the human species—Quiddy began to suspect that some plan, scheme, plot, or conspiracy was forming, whose object tended more to the interest of the Cheshires than his own.

To use the words in which the thought passed through his mind, he began "to smell a rat," and resolved to be vigilant accordingly. Good as

were Sir Gog's dinners, he was not to be "trapped" into a marriage with one of Sir Gog's daughters; and this he would let him plainly understand even at the risk of forfeiting his convenient acquaintance with the family, as it had lately happened to him with another of the same class (No. 2), who had endeavoured "to take him in," in a similar manner.

Lady Cheshire, somewhat disconcerted by what had just occurred, and not exactly knowing what better to do, desired Jane to sing a song, reminding her that her papa liked a song after dinner.

"Ay, Jane, a song," said Sir Gog; "I do like a song; it gives a relish to one's wine. What say you, Q.?"

"O—yes—no objection in life, if *you* like it, Sir G.," cautiously replied Quiddy; "but pray not on my account."

"What will you sing, dear?" said mamma. "Let me see—oh, sing the—you know what I mean; Mr. Quiddy's favourite, the—"

"Pray, my lady," eagerly cried Quiddy, "pray, my lady, never mind me. I've no particular *favourite*. Let Miss Jane sing what Sir G. likes: I assure your ladyship it is the same thing to me, my lady."

"But, mamma, you know I've a bad cold," said Jane.

"Never mind that, Jane love; Mr. Quiddy will make allowance for that."

"Oh, to be sure, my lady. Never mind your cold, Miss Jane; it's all one to me, I assure you," said the gallant.

And the young lady sang to the accompaniment of the cracking of nuts and the craunching of apples by our hero. The air was the well known one called the "Streamlet;" but whether the words she connected with it were English, Italian, Spanish, French, or High Dutch, she, in the most young-ladylike manner, left her hearers in doubt.

"Well done, Jenny, well done," said Sir Gog. "And now, my darling Clara—"

Clara hastily rose from her chair, threw her arms round her father's neck, and putting her lips close to his ear, whispered,

"Don't ask *me*, dear papa: I can't bear to do any thing when *he's* here."

"Then if you don't like to sing," said Sir Gog, patting her cheek, "you shan't my pet—in short, d—d shan't. Come, Q.; fill a bumper and give us *your* song."

With this invitation Phineas readily complied, for he took pride to himself for what he called "singing a good song." He was blessed with a loud, coarse voice; when singing he swung his head from one shoulder to the other alternately after each word; and in the delivery of the words, carefully "emphasized his blunders" (as Miss St. Egremont formerly expressed it), "in ostentatious display of his imagined accuracy."

"Which of my songs will you have?" inquired he. "You know I only sing two, Sir G. Shall it be

"By the gaily circlin' glarse
*V*e can see 'ow minutes parse,
By the 'ollow cask *ve*'re told—"

"I prefer the other," said the knight—

"Flow thou regal purple stream,
Tinted by the solar beam."

And our convivialist proceeded to sing:

"Flow—thou—reg*le*—purp*ul*—stream—
Tin*ctured*—by—the so*lo*—beam—
In—my—goblet—sparklin'—rise—
Cheer—my 'art—and glad my—*h*eyes, &c."

While this vocal display was proceeding Sir Gog manifested his approbation by nodding, and, with the tips of his fingers, tapping the table out of time. During the same period her ladyship had full employment in looking small daggers at the young ladies, who were evincing their delight by forcibly compressing their lips and making strange little noises in their throats. As for Bill, so enraptured was he that he had nearly choked himself by thrusting his pocket-handkerchief halfway down his throat.

"Capital song, Q.," said Sir Gog, sending the decanter to him; "capital song, and capitally sung. Deserves a glass of wine.—Go on, go on; you and I can just buzz that bottle, and then I'll give you another sort. Here, Bill, is the key of the cellar. Get a bottle out of No. 7 binn—green corks. Bring it carefully—don't shake it—will decant it myself. Always decant my own wine—never trust that job to a bustling footman, or a busy house-maid. You never see my wine looking like a November atmosphere in Cheapside, but bright as a ruby. I'm lord of the wine-cellar: her ladyship condescends to superintend every thing else in the house; don't you, my lady?"

"Why, to say the truth," replied her ladyship, "I take but little trouble in that way *now:* Jane has relieved me of that. In fact, Mr. Quiddy, *she* is housekeeper, and an excellent housekeeper she is. She superintends—regulates every thing; looks to the weekly bills, and—and—ha! ha! ha! I ought to be ashamed to confess it, but, really, Jane is a better economist even than I am."

"You don't say so, my lady!" said Quiddy, with a stupid look of feigned astonishment.

"Indeed I might almost say the same thing of Eliza," continued her ladyship, after a pause which Quiddy did not break by one single word of encouragement. And here was another pause.

"In fact, Mr. Quiddy," she resumed, "*in* fact, I have brought up *all* my girls to be good, careful mistresses of a family. They have no high, fine, nonsensical notions; they are all good girls—excellent girls—though I say it to their faces. You needn't blush, Jane, love. [Pause.] Hem! [Pause.] Their MARRIED sisters are proofs of what I say, dear Mr. Quiddy."

"O, bless your ladyship's soul, my lady, I don't doubt your ladyship in the least," said Quiddy; adding, as he raised his half-emptied glass to his lips, "and as I said before, in my jocose way, please your ladyship—Ho! ho! ho!—here's wishing good rich husbands to all three of 'em."

"The force of *mother* could no further go." Lady Cheshire felt convinced that her attempts to fix "the great what-do-they-call-it" for either of her daughters was a hopeless task, and she looked—accordingly.

Sir Gog had paid little or no attention to what had just been passing, for, during its progress, he had been intently occupied in decanting the wine brought to him by Master Bill. Having performed the operation with great care, and with corresponding success, he held the decanter up to the light and, smacking his lips, he pushed the wine towards his amiable guest, saying—

"There Q., tell me what you think of *that*. That is a better glass of wine than the last."

"No need of better, Sir G.," said Quiddy; "the last was quite good enough for me."

"Why, to say the truth," said the knight, "it is good enough for any body. Flatter myself I haven't a bad bottle in my cellar. I have different qualities to be sure: good, better, and best, and always go on by degrees from the first to the last. Not like our friends Flasher and Bragby. Flasher begins by giving you a good bottle, just to set you smacking your lips while your palate is fresh, and gradually lets you down to sloe-juice. But Bragby actually has but one sort of wine in his cellar—that he gives you all the way through, and hardly drinkable it is—in short, d—d hardly. To be sure he cracks about the second bottle being older than the first, and the third older than the second, and *that* he may do with a safe conscience, for older it certainly is; but I tell you what Q.—ha! ha! ha!—the third is, to a minute, as much older than the first, as his guests are than when they were drinking it. No, no: I'm of poor Slymore's opinion: if you can't afford to give your friends good wine, why, give 'em good punch, or good grog, or (what can't hurt 'em at any rate) even good, wholesome, nothing-at-all; but that to poison 'em with bad anything is by no means the act of a friend—in short,—"

"Talking of poor Slymore," said Quiddy, interrupting him, "I—"

"Begging your pardon, my dear Q.," said Sir Gog, interrupting him in his turn; "begging your pardon, I was merely going to add—in short, d—d by no means the act of a friend!"

"I was just about to say, Sir G.," said Quiddy (fixing his cunning eyes upon the knight), "I have been told he died rich—uncommon rich, eh?"

"I shouldn't at all wonder if he did," replied Sir Gog, "for he had a very fine business."

"Ah," said Quiddy, rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction. "But you *think* he did, eh Sir G.?"

"Why—a—yes, I should think so: I don't positively know, but I have no reason in the world for thinking to the contrary."

"To be sure—yes—ha—um—," muttered Quiddy, thoughtfully stroking his chin. "As you say, Sir G., he *had* a very fine business. By the by, just before dinner I was going to tell you I went to the play last night, and there I had the pleasure of meeting his niece, Miss St. Egremont. An uncommon fine 'oman—*gal*, I mean. Eh, Sir Gog? —Eh, my lady?"

"Mr. *Quiddy!*" exclaimed her ladyship, in a tone not easy to describe; at the same time drawing herself up, and giving him a look which, with the rapidity of lightning, glanced round the table, *over*, rather than *at* her daughters, and again settled upon him.

Sir Gog merely ahem'd, and gulped his wine.

"Why, my lady," continued our obtuse friend (no more understanding the meaning of Lady Cheshire's hint than if it had been a diplomatic dispatch in cipher), "why, my lady, beauty is all a matter of taste, to be sure, but to my fancy, Miss St. Eg—"

Simultaneously, Sir Gog cried, "Q.—Q.—Q.—drink your wine, drink your wine," and Lady Cheshire repeated her exclamation (but with the emphasis differently placed) "*Mis*-ter Quiddy!!"

Her ladyship rose, and her example was followed by the young ladies.

"Come with me and your sisters to the drawing-room, William," said she in a solemn tone. As she passed Sir Gog, significant looks were exchanged between them.

"When you and your *friend* desire coffee, Sir Gog," said her ladyship drily, "you had better order it to be served *here*. Good afternoon to you, Mr. Quiddy."

These words, from the tone and manner in which they were delivered, fell upon the ear of the guest like the knell of departed dinner-invitations. And the lady (followed by her daughters and son) walked, or, rather, strutted out of the room.

The gentlemen left to themselves, an awkward silence of some minutes ensued. Quiddy, though conscious that he had given offence, was not certain by *which* of the only two causes he could conceive to have been offensive.

"If," (thought he) "it was because I let her ladyship see that I was not such a young mouse as to be caught in the marriage-trap with three holes which she was laying for me, why, I'm not sorry for it. Self-preservation is the first law of natur'; and the trap that catches P. Q. must be baited with something more tempting than a paltry fifteen hundred. If she was jealous at my saying that Miss St. Egremont is an uncommon fine 'oman, why, I can only say, her ladyship was an uncommon old fool for being so."

That he could have offended by alluding at all, in the presence of so dignified a personage as Lady Gog Cheshire, to a young gentlewoman standing in a somewhat equivocal position, such a notion never entered his mind.

But was the last-suggested the *real* cause of the lady's displeasure? We think not; and we think, moreover, that had our hero manifested the slightest intention of converting either of the three Misses Cheshire into Mrs. Phineas Quiddy, he would have received no more severe a rebuke for his indiscretion than a playful "Fie, fie, you naughty man! be quiet, do."

And here some inquisitive person may desire to know how Lady Cheshire had become aware that there existed any Miss Honoria St. Egremont in all the world. This curiosity it is easy to gratify. Sir Gog had visited Slymore at the cottage in Lisson-grove, where *he* had seen Slymore's niece. Now we will ask, in the words of Shylock, "Are you satisfied?" If not, we must remind you that never yet was there a husband that withheld a secret from his wife; in return for which unlimited confidence (we need *not* remind you) never yet was wife who had any concealments from her husband!

The awful silence which we have noticed was at length thus broken by Sir Gog:—

"Well, Q., you have *done* it,—in short, d—d done it."

"Done?" stammered Quiddy; "really, I—a—I don't know, but—a—I—"

"Why, Mr. Q.,"—[the Mr. was ominous].—"Why, Mr. Q., to talk in the presence of a personage of her ladyship's rank and title about—and before my daughters too—But that might have been a slip, so we'll say no more about it. But, to come to the point: you come here very often; you are seen a good deal with my daughters—Ahem! my *unmarried* daughters—and the world begins to inquire—"

Oh, this poor world of ours! Unless it is shamefully belied, it is the most pestilent busy-body of a planet of any in the whole system! the very T—m H—ll of the universe!

—"to be plain, Mr. Q., the world *does* inquire, which of my girls do you mean? So now it's out—in short, d—d out."

"Which!—mean!" exclaimed Quiddy, with a marvellously innocent look. "Really, Sir Gog, I—I don't in the least understand you."

"Why, then, Mr. Quiddy, I suppose you have a preference for one of them—indeed her ladyship supposes so too; and as her ladyship and I were saying this morning, that, as they have plenty of offers—plenty—plenty—and—as by shilly-shallying you are standing in the way of others—in one word, Mr. Quiddy, what are your *intentions*, as her ladyship calls that sort of thing?"

"Why, Sir G.," replied Quiddy, with some confusion—"why, I don't mean to say that fifteen hundred pounds (which I am told is your mark) would not have been worth my consideration, *once upon a time*;—but you know—indeed you *must* know, Sir G., that *now*—why—you—I—"

"Ha! then I suppose we understand one another, sir," said Sir Gog.

"Why—a—ye—yes, I suppose we do, Sir Gog."

"Why, then, Mr. Phineas Quiddy, I must take the liberty to tell you that your conduct has been—"

But Mr. Phineas Quiddy prevented the liberty, whatever it was intended to be, by suddenly drawing out his watch and exclaiming—"Bless my soul! no notion it was so late! Quarter past ten, I declare! Must wish you good night, Sir Gog. Wish you a very good night." And he hastily shuffled out of the room.

"Well, my dear?" eagerly inquired Lady Cheshire, as Sir Gog entered the drawing-room.

"Moonshine, my lady, all moonshine," was the reply. "As I suspected, he never had any intention of marrying at all."

"Well! upon my word!" exclaimed the disappointed mamma; "well! and that we should have wasted our civilities upon such a—Cheshire—my dear Cheshire—I hope you will never invite the disagreeable fellow to this house again."

"*Never* invite him? In short, *da—a—an'd* never, my lady."

Chap. XXVIII.

A GRAVE ESSAY CONSIDERATELY SUPPRESSED—AN APPEAL TO THE KIND WORLD IN BEHALF OF MISS ST. EGREMONT—OUR HERO CONSOLES HIMSELF FOR HIS RUPTURE WITH THE CHESHIRES, AND TAKES A DETERMINED STEP IN RELATION TO MISS ST. EGREMONT—SERIOUS REFLECTIONS IN SURREY-STREET, AND A SURPRISE.

There was a period in the history of our literature, ere more books were written than there were people to read them: ere books possessed as they now do (greatly to the relief of the labours of authorship) the sublime faculty of writing themselves—in other words, ere books apparently written by Nobody are only *edited* by Somebody; and that was the period when the reading public was satisfied from Tuesday till Saturday, and again from Saturday till Tuesday, with a short, detached essay "On the propriety of being virtuous," or "On the wickedness of Vice," or on some subject of a like didactic character. We must not be misunderstood as intending an unbecoming sneer at the exquisite essayists, the unrivalled, the inimitable, of the period to which we allude. We make the allusion for the mere purpose of drawing attention to the habits, and wants, and expectations of the readers of the present day, so different from those of their predecessors; because this consideration it is which has induced us, unwisely perhaps, to suppress a grave essay we had composed, and intended solely for the edification of the fair sex, "On the irregularity of being any one's niece but your uncle's."

And here observe the delicacy of the epithet we had employed—*Irregularity!* Indeed the essay throughout was written in a style of Addisonian urbanity. It contained not a line of coarse invective or of harsh rebuke. It was altogether calculated rather to lead than to drive; for we are certain that the amiable portion of the creation to whom our essay was addressed, would rarely require to be driven if those who undertake to be their guides were expert in the gentler art of leading them.

"Sir, we will not be contradicted; nor do we hold your boasted experience in the slightest esteem!"

Our warmth is pardonable, for here is one who presumes to whisper to us that once in the course of a long and travelled life, he did meet with a lady who was neither to be led *nor* driven!

From this proem it may be surmised that Miss Honoria St. Egremont is not far distant from our thoughts. Such is indeed the fact.

Now, mark! We are not about to offer a single word in defence of the young lady's "irregularity;" no, not even by casting, as we might do, a large share of the blame upon her questionable uncle—far from it, far from it: on the other hand, we are not going to preach. We have not smuggled her into notice under false pretences: we have descended to no mystifying, no pernicious dallyings with morality; and, as we have not attempted to present her for better than she is, we may claim from those to whom we have introduced her that they will not set her down for worse. Beyond the one avowed, we are not aware that her whole

past life stands chargeable with an offence. And who shall say that she will not render a purer account of the remainder of it, if you, O, World! properly moral, but *sometimes* persecuting, unrelenting World, do not rudely slam the door of exclusion in the face of her repentance!

Three days had elapsed since Quiddy's visit to Surrey-street. In this interval nothing of importance had there occurred. Honoria's mind was much occupied in considering how she might best place her little fortune so as to enable her to live upon it with decent comfort; and in the hope of meeting with some aid to her reflections, she every morning carefully read through the advertisements in the *Times*. This was, *then*, the employment of but a short quarter of an hour, for the same journal of that time bore in size no proportion to its present gigantic dimensions. Could any of its readers of that day see it at this, they would declare it (like a thriving child) to have "grown out of all knowledge." But, as this phrase is somewhat equivocal, we had better "rise to explain that we mean it merely in the nursery-sense." Hitherto, however, she had met with nothing to enlighten her, except the amiable announcement, that, if any lady or gentleman happened to have from a thousand to twelve hundred pounds at their immediate disposal, some other lady or gentleman would be very happy to borrow it of them. Offers of accommodation of this kind were, indeed, numerous; but there was not one of them which exactly suited her.

As for Mrs. Fleecer, she had frequently, in the course of the same time, expressed her "wonder" that Mr. Quiddy had not repeated his visit, especially considering the polite invitation she had given him; which wonderments were met by Honoria either with a "Psha!" of indifference, or a more pointed, "So much the better."

And what was Quiddy about all this time? On the night of his rupture with the Cheshires (for such it clearly was), he slept as soundly as ever, for on his way home he had made up his account on that matter. On the losing side, there stood only the loss of his acquaintance with that worthy family, which as it could not, in the nature of things, have been of much longer duration, he estimated at no great value; while on the side of profits there appeared, firstly, a considerable amount in dinners had and received; and secondly, his escape from a snare in which he might have been unwarily taken had the acquaintance continued. All things considered, the balance was so much in his favour, that he looked upon himself as having by far the best of the bargain.

During those three days Quiddy's mind was much occupied with his love-[of money] affair with Miss St. Egremont. Touching her fortune he was satisfied. Mrs. Fleecer's alarm upon the morning of his visit to her, at being reminded of her indiscretion in having revealed to him its amount, would of itself have been sufficient to assure him upon that subject; but Sir Gog Cheshire's declaration of his belief that Slymore had died rich, seemed to confirm the point. He resolved, therefore, to delay no longer the commencement of operations: the only difficulty was how to open the siege. He thought much upon the subject, nor did he consider the time bestowed upon it as altogether wasted, for the reason that it was at the least as much a matter of business as of love. He at length resolved (not unwisely perhaps) to

fire his first shot at the young lady's friend and confidant, Mrs. Fleecer.

Accordingly, he addressed to the latter a note; but as letters are held to be the property of the receiver, we will not deprive Mrs. Fleecer of any portion of her right in it by prematurely revealing its contents. Let us trust, however, that our abstinence will be rewarded by hearing them in due time from the lady herself.

We here stop for a moment to observe, that we stated in its proper place the probability that we might not again have occasion to return to our hero in his money-manufactory; nor has any such occasion occurred. But it will be gratifying to his friends and admirers to be assured that that concern proceeded, in the same manner and (since with increased means) more prosperously than ever.

On the fourth evening our two ladies were sitting together, and having finished their tea, Miss St. Egremont took up a book (for she delighted in reading, and "poor Tom" had left her the whole of his small, but well-selected library), and Mrs. Fleecer took her needlework. For some time both were silently occupied. At length the latter having occasion to thread her needle (a manœuvre which, from the astonishing manner in which we have seen it executed by ladies, who doubtless adopt the true process—that is to say, by miraculously passing the needle over the thread; not poking and poking till they have driven the thread through the needle—ought, we think, to be termed needling the thread), she took that opportunity to put into speech the thought that had possessed her mind :—

"But now, my dear Norey, what *do* you mean to do?"

"What, indeed!" exclaimed Honoria; "for days past I have been thinking of nothing else. To live respectably in London upon my small means, smaller even than I had calculated upon—to live respectably is impossible, and live otherwise I will not."

"Why, surely, you have no thoughts of going to bury yourself alive in the country!" said Fleecer. "As you said yourself the other day, you would mope to death in a month."

"It will not be what I should prefer," said Honoria; "but if I cannot do what I would, I must needs do what I can. And—and circumstanced as I am—"

She paused, and a tear stole down her cheek. This, however, was not perceived by Fleecer, who had resumed her work.

"No," continued Honoria, with energy, "I *will not* remain in London: that point, at any rate, I am decided upon."

Fleecer took off her spectacles, laid her work down upon the table, and, placing her hand gently upon Honoria's, said, in a tone of kindness—

"Norey, my dear, you are a good girl, and, as I have often told you, I love you as if you were my own daughter. That *is* the best thing you can do, and I advise it"—(adding the prudent qualification)—"unless anything better should turn up."

"And do you expect the sky to fall, or something quite as extraordinary to happen, just for my accommodation? What *is* to turn up, Fleecer?"

"Why—ha! ha! ha?—as I have said before, a good, rich husband, Norey—that's it."

"I see," said Honoria, laughing; "you are thinking of your eternal Mr. Quiddy. Ah! Fleecer, Fleecer; when once a foolish notion takes possession of your silly noddle, there is no driving it out again. But make your mind easy upon that score, for I declare that nothing on earth—"

"Well—well," said Fleecer, interrupting her. "But where do you think of settling?"

"That, of course, must depend upon circumstances. But here—here is an advertisement which I copied out of the newspaper this morning."

And she read from a slip of paper, this:—

"A widow lady, without children, living in a small house, pleasantly situated in a cheap country, at about sixty miles from London, would have no objection to receive, as lodger and boarder, a lady similarly circumstanced, if in other respects suitable. Terms moderate. A good reference as to respectability will be required. For further particulars, address (post-paid) to," &c. &c.

"Now," said Honoria, "I like the appearance of that;" adding, with some hesitation, "but, the difficulty—the reference—"

"Difficulty!" exclaimed Mrs. Fleecer; "refer at once to ME. Mrs. Fleecer?—*Surrey*-street?—STRAND? What *can* be more respectable, Norey?"

"Why, that was not exactly the——But, no matter. I'll go again into the city to-morrow and consult Scott upon the matter."

"Do," said Mrs. Fleecer. "But there's no need to be in a hurry about going away, child. To be sure, I can't afford to let you have these drawing-rooms at the price you pay, in case they should be wanted by any body else: that's human nature, you know, dear. But there's the spare-bed in my room which you can have for nothing, and you *shall*, too, because that will be no expense to me; and a more comfortabler bed I'll defy any body in all Surrey-street to show. As to the use of my little sitting-room, that, of course, I couldn't charge for; and a better, or a snugger, or a nicer-furnish'der little—"

But the lady's eulogy of her sitting-room was interrupted by the servant-maid, who brought to her a letter which had just been delivered by the postman.

"What a beautiful hand-writing! Only see, what beautiful flourishes!" exclaimed Mrs. Fleecer, in admiration of the superscription. "Now I wonder who it can be from!"

"From the long, narrow shape of it, it looks like a tradesman's bill," said Miss St. Egremont. "Do you know the seal?"

"I can't exactly say I do," replied Fleecer, "for it's only fastened with a wafer. Now I *do* wonder—"

"You may easily put an end to your wonder, then, by just opening the letter, Fleecer."

This hint was immediately taken.

"Why, Norey!" exclaimed the astonished lady—"why!—what do you think?—Well, if it isn't from Mr. Quiddy himself, I declare! Only listen."

And this was the gentleman's billet:—

"*Mark-Lane, Fen*^{h}. *St.*

"Mr. Quiddy present comps to Mrs. Fleaser, will be happy to have the pleas^{re} of coming up to-morrow afternoon to drink a dish of tea if not better engaged.

"P. S.—P, Q, presents most respec^{l} comps to the *fare moaner.*"

"Well," said Honoria, laughing, "I don't think it altogether civil to say that he'll come to you if he should not be better engaged."

"Oh, nonsense," said Fleecer; "he means if *I'm* not better engaged."

"Whatever he may mean, he certainly says it," said Honoria.

But Mr. Quiddy, as a writer, was not singular in the delusion that, because he understood his own meaning, it must necessarily be equally intelligible to the reader.

"What a style! what a manner! what a form! The very man himself in every point," continued Honoria, laughing heartily as she spoke. "And what do you intend about this?"

"*See* him, of course," replied Fleecer; "only I do wish he wouldn't spell my name in such an ungenteel manner. It is the only fault in the letter, for the writing is like copperplate."

"Well, do as you please; but, remember—the fair mourner, as he so elegantly *intends* to call me, will not be of the party."

Fleecer made no reply to this, thinking it possible the lady might change her mind when the visiter should arrive; and having taken writing-materials, she replied to the note thus:—

"*Surrey-street.*

"Mrs. Fleecer"—[the two letters which, in Quiddy's note, had been displaced by "ungenteel" interlopers, being pointedly underlined]—"will be most happy to have the pleasure to drink tea with Mr. Quiddy at her house at 6 a clock punctual to-morrow."

She was about to fold the note, when, muttering to herself—"Come; I may as well do the thing genteel," she added, as a postscript in the corner—"N.B. Muffins."

Fleecer folded and re-opened the note, and folded and re-opened it again. At last she said—

"Norey, my dear—mayn't I—mayn't I just say, 'Miss St. Egremont sends her—' any thing you like, you know."

"At your peril," replied Miss St. Egremont.

The note being duly folded, sealed, and directed, the little maid was despatched with it to the post-office.

P.*

COURTS AND COURT JOURNALS.

BY LADY MORGAN.

LET misanthropy say what it will, the world we live *in* is a very easy-going world, (particularly when one has any thing to live *on*). Only let the world alone, and (as schoolboys say in their unequal scuffles) it will let you alone. Don't elbow it out of its beaten track—don't disturb it by an inquiry, nor rouse it roughly by a doubt, nor shock it by an unwonted appearance, nor fidget about the easy chair of its ancient habitude and customary creeds (like a bustling wife round the *dormeuse* of a sedentary ruminating husband): for the world, like the Irish post-horse, vaunted by its driver for steadiness, would "rather die than run, plaze ye honor." Sooner than make a move in advance of its age, or inquire into a time-honoured institute, look a revered axiom in the face, or question the "right divine" of a ceremony, or the co-eternal durability of a form, it will submit to roast at the stake, to writhe on the wheel, to descend into the *vade-in-pace*, or the *carcere-duro* of spiritual or political despotism *in secula seculorum*.

This desire that nothing *should* be changed, and the belief that nothing *can* be changed, of which it is the father, are probably at the bottom of a corresponding inapprehensiveness as to the origin of things existing, an uninquiring supposition that society and its institutions have continued pretty much as they now are, from a time "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

Thus, of Courts and Court Journals, there is a history of much curious interest, connected with the greater history of mankind, into which the dear *pococurante* world has never inquired, and never wishes to inquire. For it is not particular in its relative ideas of time or space, it is not a member of the Geological Society, seeks no evidences beneath the surface, and is rather too apt to suspect those who do, of heresy and schism. If you were to tell it, that there was a time when kings had no courts, and courts had no "journals" (the mother wits of primeval courtiers, not having been assisted by the vulgar machinery of reading and writing), why the world would not trust the evidence either of your senses or its own; and before venturing on so hazardous a thing as an opinion, would turn its astonished eyes towards Oxford, and ask what "*the fathers*" said on the subject.

Although myself endowed with a tolerably well-developed instinct of inquiry, and desiring, with our general mother Eve, to be as are the gods, knowing good from evil, yet did the origin of this word "court" never present itself to me in a "questionable shape;" nor did the possible date of its modern acceptation even suggest a doubt. But there is a time for all things, and an accident determined the epoch of my curiosity as to the origin of Courts and "Court Journals." It was after a mortal half-hour of intense *ennui*, engendered by that worst of the "*tre cose da far morir*" of the Italian proverb, the waiting for some one who does not come, that I was thrown upon the perusal of a square, flat volume (I mean no perpetration of a pun), which, silken bound, was labelled in golden letters, "Court Journal, 1840-2,"—ap-

parently in the Breviarium of the *petite maîtresse*, whose elegant boudoir was my *œil de bœuf* for the time being.

As I waited *patience per force*, while one of Madame Laure's attendant-graces banished all previous ideas from the head on which she was trying on *un bonnet délirante*, I found that I could not do better than take up the volume that reposed on the Sêvre table before me, and lay in curious juxtaposition with the "Holy Breathings" of a noble and pious authoress.

L'un portant l'autre, I thought the journal the most to be depended on of the two, and I plunged accordingly into its innocent and communicative pages with the most implicit faith in its records.

Sickness had so confined me to the solitude of my own domestic den, that for two years I had lost sight of the London world, as one who, though *in* it, was not *of* it; and Prince Le Boo, the Lion of the London of fifty years back, did not come upon its brilliant circles more unprepared for their mazes and mysteries, than I did upon these chronicles of high life, which is sometimes so *low*.

What entries and what exits might be inferred!—what chances and what changes in two short years—

Nay, not so much,

effected in the transitory worlds of fame, fortune, fashion, and even of faith! What poets out of date!—what prosers making epochs!—what queens of *ton* sinking into mediatized powers!—what primeval dowdies shaping into fashion!—what names unknown to the *Morning Post* of former times, entered on the muster-rolls of exclusiveness, or forced forward from the rear-guard of their respectable mediocrity, into "the first ranks" of fashionable forces, by some *manœuvre* of one of the great female commandants of the day! As I read, I could just perceive through delicate inuendo phrases, and calculated that the sun of Almacks was setting to rise no more!—that the opera had lost its *fleur de pois*, and that the legitimate drama was reviving by the illegitimate means of singing and scenery,—that *roués* had become family men—that sinners had turned saints—that costumes had changed with conduct—that the knowing black cravat was converted into the puritanical white stock—and that even the gemmed cane, which had given identity to dandies, was deposed in favour of a business-like umbrella. In place of the *chemise brodée* of ancient coxcombry, it appeared the *celice*, or hair shirt of ascetic penitents, was introduced into parliament, and worn by the young lay monks of political and Puseyite celebrity, who probably "took their seats" with something of the solemnity of the mitred abbot in those great times, when the Church was the state, and the House of Lords resembled the council of Trent, or a conclave of cardinals! Alas! for the *rococo*, revelry of Sheridan's wit, or the *perruque* of Canning's heathenish classicality!

It seemed, too, as I read, that doctrines had changed hands, and sects, sides; that protestantism had turned papist! and that orthodox Oxford, after cramming the articles of the Church of England down the throats of the Catholics for the last three centuries, was now administering the authorities of the Church of Rome in *portions à l'indiscrétion*.

Wealth, too, had changed coffers; loan-lenders who had saved the

state from sinking, could not now raise a shilling to escape insolvency; *millionaires* were threatened with beggary, and beggars were legacied into bankers. It was clear that the whole *repertoire* of frippery and fashion of the two last seasons had been swept under the counters it had decorated, in the magazines of Devy and Carson, to be carted off by the chiffonniers; and the modes of 1839, without which in that remote era, *point de salut*, had now it seems by the extracts quoted from "Le Petit Courier" of 1842, "left not a wreck behind." The toilette Louis Quatorze had received notice to quit; the *coiffure à la Sévigné*, was replaced by *la coiffure à la Pompadour*; the public was threatened by patches and hoops; and a compromise had been with difficulty protocoled between the *guipure* of the nineteenth century, and the *point d'Alençon* of the seventeenth, in favour of the immortalizing pencil of Vandyke.

It appeared, too, that literature "had undergone a thorough repair," and that the fossil remains of the writers of the two Augustan ages (most of them plebeian in their birth or origin), were banished to the shelves of collectors of antiquities. The Muses, poor old trots, had removed from their garrets in *Paternoster*, where they had so long lived upon *soup-kitchen* tickets, and parish allowances, and they were now actually lodged and lessees in May-Fair, and the squares —"Nothing under nobility now approaches these Mrs. Kittys" of Parnassus; and the publishing advertisements of the "Court Journal" —literary, musical, and pictorial—seemed only a page borrowed from the "royal and noble authors" of the delightful volumes of Horace Walpole, which bore that name.

I was charmed to see that creatures, some few years back too lovely to learn, were now professing to teach; that amateur pencils which once were ambitious to trace a flower, or pattern a frill, were now working for the walls of national galleries; and that charming *virtuose di camera*, whose science lately went no further than to flutter a waltz on the piano, or sweep an *arpeggio* on the harp, had now become successors to the Crescentinis and Boieldieus of past times, if not actually entering the lists with Mozart and Rossini.

To judge by the "Court Journal," genius seemed to have fallen with divine grace upon the whole female aristocracy of England, or come upon its beautiful members unawares, "like a thief in the night." It was evident, then, that claims to talent were now tested by the authority of Lodge; that works brought price according to the ball of the writer's coronet, that a countess was a great desideratum in the literary market, and the price of a duchess was "beyond rubies!" Before a MS. could have the advantage of being handed over by a fashionable publisher to his reader, or an "original cavatina" find a place in the shop-window of a fashionable music-seller, it was evident the Herald's-office should be required to prove the sixteen quarterings of the authors, like the probationary qualification of an Austrian marriage.

How I rejoiced as I read the advertising columns of the "Court Journal" of the last two years, that I had sent forth from my Irish bog my ignoble effusions "unanointed" as they were by the chrysm of rank, "unanealed" before the tribunal of a "reader," from whom there was no appeal, before I was called on to prove my descent from

"Brian Borru," or "Con of the Hundred Fights:"—in short, "it was a great day for Ireland," when the poor bog-trotting talent of the soil was turned loose without "let, hindrance, or molestation" (as the old Irish passport has it), to find its way to the great Runnimede of mind, where its rights were acknowledged, and its Magna Charta sealed and signed by public opinion, independent of all nobility, save that which held its patent from God and nature!

Going back from the profitable columns of the advertisements, to the columns "unprofitably gay" of fashionable intelligence, a mass of useful knowledge burst upon my ignorance. Not an incident in the social or domestic life of the higher classes remained unrevealed; "*tôt ou tard*," says Madame de Maintenon, "*tout est su*"—an epigraph well suited for a great portion of the periodical press of London. Not a dinner given—not a *soirée* promised—not a party projected—not a *thé* perpetrated—not a move made from Kew to Piccadilly, from Fulham to St. James's, nor a visit paid, returned—or *intended*, from street to street, from square to square, from mansion to mansion, or from villa to lodge, for two whole years, but was here recorded in pages doubtless destined for posterity,—pages which might have been better named "The Lives and Times of the People of Fashion of England in the Nineteenth Century."

This periodical, however, like all such emanations of the press, is but a *census* of the tastes, wants, and social state of the market it is called on to supply; and it is no further accountable for its matter (provided by one-half of its readers for the edification of the other), than that nothing shall be found in it, "*contre les bonnes mœurs, Dieu, et le Roi.*"

On the etymology of the word "court," doctors have differed. It is a word of so many significations! The most learned of the tribe sends it back at once to *regio*, a *district*, or *court* of a house. Others assert that *court*, with reference to a kingly residence, comes from *cohors*, as if we should say the royal cohort. Others that it is derived from *curia*, a yard where geese and other tame fowl are kept;* —in short, the *basse cour*, or poultry-yard of modern domesticity.

If one had a mind to Madame-Dacier it a little (with the help of a learned friend at one's elbow), a line might be borrowed from Ovid, which would authenticate this ignoble origin of a place, now consecrated to all that is noblest in all European and civilized states. Other learned muftis, however, insist that the term *court* is derived from the Celtic word *cir*, or circle; that most perfect and beautiful form in which the Celts (a very artistic race by the by) delighted, all their enclosed places being circular. But the word *court*, as we moderns use it, is evidently from the old Norman French, like all terms connected with forms, ceremonies, or social and legal restrictions and institutes, in that most mixed, copious, and noble of all living tongues—the English. The French who first used and applied the phrase to a royal residence, borrowed it from the east. The *gate* or *porte* was the oriental court, an open space appropriated to the discussion of public business or private interests, and adjoining public edifices or domestic residences. Southern climates enforced the airy and enjoyable arrange-

* English Etymology, by the Rev. G. W. Lemon.

ment; and the smallness of private houses, even in Europe during the antique times, and in the early lower ages, rendered external congregations and open places to receive them, equally indispensable.

The private *ruels* and *salons* of Greece and Rome, as well as their public places of discussion, were all in the open air; they were the "*courts*" of the houses into which the several rooms or cells opened. Of their public places, there still remain the *campo vaccino* of Rome, the forum or court of the Ciceros, the Cesars, and the Scyllas; and of the domestic courts, the vine-circled cloisters of Quinctilian's villa at Pompeii, is a charming fragment. From the open courts or ports of Caliphs, Sophis, and eastern kings, the more modern despots of Turkey gave to their palaces or harems the pompous epithet of the Sublime Porte; and the monks of the lower ages applied the classic term *aula* either to "the green-wood tree," under which the early European chiefs gave audience, and distributed justice, or to the court which formed the centre of their military farms or fortresses. Many a ferocious council may have thus been soothed down, or softened by the enervating influence of a balmy breeze; and many a saturnine and savage mind have brightened into temporary exhilaration, by an unintercepted sunbeam.

Under the Saxon kings of the Heptarchy, and the Merovingians in France, the term "cour" or "court" had no signification connecting it with the prominent or principal residence of royalty; nor were there any officers of their household or family circle, male or female, to form an ever-ready and domestic society, to which such a term could be applied. The kings of early Europe were chiefs of marauding bands, who, when not in camp or field, resided for short intervals on their military farms, in preference to cities or walled towns.

The pictures left of the *gestes des Francs* of the first Merovingian kings, by Gregory de Tours (the most graphic of all historical records), gave a singular character to the archaiology of the lower ages, painting in living traits, and with all the pictorial and uncertain phraseology of the fifth century, a state of things very different from that given in the flat, cold, and conventional compilations of modern historians (or compilers) written *à l'usage* of children of all ages. After the first shock of the barbarian invasion and conquests of the savage and unknown tribes of the north had passed, which overthrew the Roman empire, to the furthest confines of its powers, the Franks, a tribe of the great German family, began to assume a rude form of supremacy, to which the terms throne, court, and even monarchy were for centuries as little applicable, as the high and super-human titles "highness," "eminence," and "majesty," then exclusively reserved for God or for the Virgin.

These "terrible Franks," (one of whose chiefs, Clovis or Clodewig, the son of Childeric, becoming conqueror, and master of the richest provinces from the Scheld to the Somme, founded in 481 the dynasty of the *Merovingians*, which was considered the first race of French kings),—these "terrible Franks!" when they first invaded civilized Gaul appear to have been very little superior to the terrible red men of North America. They were, says one of the most popular of French writers, "parés de la dépouille des ours, des vaux marins, des Urochs et des sangliers;" their camps were formed by their leather boats;

their war-chariots were drawn by oxen, and their army marching in triangles, exhibited the spectacle of a forest of spears, and of the skins of wild beasts:—such were the progenitors of the *gentilhommes de France*, who formed the future courts of St. Germain and Versailles.

It is curious to inquire into the domestic society and habits of the kingly sons of Clovis, sixty or seventy years after the foundation of his dynasty, and to examine the rude elements of the future courts of Europe. What and where was the court of Clotaire, or Clother, the last surviving son of Clovis, after the death of his three brothers gave him the whole sovereignty of Gaul; and after his faithful Franks, placing their rude hands in his, had saluted him by acclamations in their own Frankish dialect, with the crowning title of *koning*, chief, or king?

A few leagues from Soissons, on the banks of a little river, stood in the sixth century, the village of Braine. It was one of those immense farms, in which the Frankish kings kept their "court," and which they preferred to the fairest cities of Gaul. The royal habitation had nothing of the military aspect of the feudal castles, or royal and domestic fortresses of the middle age. It was a vast building, surrounded by porticoes of Roman architecture, in some instances, constructed of wood, carefully polished and adorned with sculptures, not devoid of elegance.* Around the main edifice were distributed, in order, the apartments of the officers of this rude rural palace, barbarian or Roman; and also those of the band of followers, who, according to the German custom, had placed themselves and their warriors under an engagement of vassalage and fidelity. Other outhouses, of smaller consequence, were occupied by a great number of families, employed (the females as well as males) in all sorts of trades, from the goldsmith and the armourer, to the weaver and tanner; from the embroiderer on silk and gold, to the maker of the coarsest woollens and linens.

The major part of these persons were Gaulish. They were either born upon that part of the soil which at the conquest the king had appropriated to himself, or were violently transported from some neighbouring city, to colonize the royal domain. If, however, a judgment may be formed from their proper names, there were also among them some Germans, and other barbarians, whose fathers had settled in Gaul, as workmen or servants of the conquering armies. Whatever might have been their origin, or their mode of employment, these families formed one rank, and had a common appellation (in German *lites*, and in Latin *fiscalini*). Farming-offices, studs, stables, sheepfolds, and granaries, with the cabins of cultivators and serfs, completed the population of the royal village, which resembled on a larger scale the villages of the parent country. Even in the sites themselves of these farms, there was something that recalled the scenery beyond the Rhine; being usually placed on the borders, or even in the bosom of these extensive forests, which, though since partly surrendered to civilization, are still viewed in their remains with admiration.

Braine, the Versailles of the sixth century, was the favourite resi-

---

* Quadrataque porticus ambit,
Et sculpturata lucet in arte faber."
VENANTII *Fortunati Carmina*.

dence of Clother, above all his other royal domains. It was there that, in a concealed apartment, he kept, in large coffers with triple locks, his immense possessions, in coin, vases, and jewellery;—the treasury, of which he was himself the "first lord," and sole disburser, by a fiscal arrangement, which rendered the labours of any Frankish Macgregor unavailing, and which needed no tariff to regulate its distribution. For the strong box of the *koning* was literally the treasury-office of the state, whether supplied by plunder or filled by extortion.

The same room that contained the wealth of the king, was the seat and site of all deliberative councils. There, he executed very many of his acts of royal authority; there, he convoked synods of the Gaulish bishops, received ambassadors, and presided over the great national assemblies, which were followed by festivities of traditional usage. Boars and deer were served at these feasts, whole to table on their spits; and unheaded barrels of beer and metheglin were placed in the four corners of the hall.

When not otherwise occupied in war, Clother employed his time (like Louis XIV. and XV.) in wandering from one to the other of his royal residences, from Braine to Attigny, from Attigny to Compiègne, and from Compiègne to Verberie, consuming, in their turn, the provisions collected in each of these residences. Accompanied in such wanderings by troops of his savage warriors, by his Frankish leaders, and his Gaulish serfs, he passed his time in fishing, hunting, bathing, or in recruiting his seraglio with mistresses, from among the daughters of his *fiscalini*; of whom many were, with singular facility, raised to the rank of wives and of queens. For polygamy was permitted by these early types of the kings of France, many of whom like our Henry VIII., consecrated his vices, by first marrying his mistresses, and then murdering them, on the plea of moral compunction, though they adopted not those forms of church and state which were borrowed by the hypocrisy of the husband of Catharine and Anna Boleyn.

The "Court" journalists of Braine in the sixth century have furnished forth whole volumes of amusing matter on the petty intrigues, scandals, and *coteries* of the royal residences; and some credit may be given to "a journal" of those times, which had for its chronicler and editor a bishop and a saint!—Gregory of Tours! Take an anecdote from one of his vivacious pages, on the "History of the Franks." It cannot be better given than in the translation of the greatest French historian of the present or of any times.

"Clother, dont il n'est pas facile de compter et de classer les mariages, épousa de cette manière une jeune fille de la plus basse naissance, appelée Ingonde, sans rénoncer, dailleurs, à ses habitudes déréglées, qu'elle tolerait, comme femme et comme esclave, avec une extrême soumission. Il l'aimoit beaucoup, et vivait avec elle en parfaite intelligence. Un jour elle lui-dit 'le roi, mon seigneur, a fait de sa servante ce que lui a plu, et m'a appelée à son lit; il mettrait le comble à ses bonnes graces, en accueillant la requête de sa servante. J'ai une sœur nommée Aregonde, et attachée à votre service. Daignez lui procurer, je vous prie, un mari qui soit vaillant, et qui ait du bien, à fin que je n'éprouve pas d'humiliation, à cause d'elle.' Cette demande, en piquant la curiosité du roi, éveilla son humeur libertine. Il partit le jour même pour le domaine sur lequel habitait Aregonde, et où elle

exerçait quelques uns des métiers alors dévolus aux femmes, comme le tissage, et la teinture des étoffes. Clother, voyant qu'elle était pour le moins aussi belle que sa sœur, la prit avec lui, l'installa dans la chambre royale, et lui donna le titre d'épouse. Au bout de quelques jours il revient auprès d'Ingonde, et lui dit, avec ce ton de bonhommie sournoise, que était l'un des traits de son caractère, et du caractere Germanique; 'La grace que ta douceur desirait de moi, j'ai songé à te l'accorder. J'ai cherché pour ta sœur un homme riche et sage, et n'ai rien trouvé de mieux que moi-même. Apprends donc, que j'ait fait d'elle mon épouse, ce que, je pense, ne te déplaira pas.' 'Que mon seigneur,' repondit l'Ingolde, sans paroitre émue, et sans départer aucunement de son esprit de patience, et d'abnegation conjugale, 'que mon seigneur fasse ce que lui-semble à-propos, pourvu seulement que sa servante ne perde rien de ses bonnes graces.'"*

But though the word court was not yet applied to royal residences, or to the circle of state officers and attendants of both sexes, which "doth hedge in a king," it was employed both in France and England from the earliest period of modern society, to designate the solemn meetings for the administration of justice: a court of justice being defined "the place where the judges do assemble," both before and after the Norman conquest. The study and dispensation of the law was confined to ecclesiastics, who engrossed all the *lay* as well as *spiritual* learning of the times. In the reign of Stephen, the ecclesiastical courts, as the law assemblies were termed, were disturbed by the innovations of the foreign or Norman clergy, who introduced the civil law of Rome into England, but were resisted by the king and barons.

Early in the reign of Henry III., 1254, clerks and priests were forbidden to practise in common law courts (*in foro seculari*). In 1380, King John of France erected a *cours d'aides*. The *cour-féodal* or court-baron, was the lord's court, "whereto his varsals and tenants owed their suit and service."

The *cour-foncière* was a court of base jurisdiction. La cour de Parliament followed in France close upon the Saxon witenagemot, and with the *cour des pairs*, gave a rude type of the lords and commons of modern constitutional legislation. The *cour personelle* was a court in which the suitor pleaded in person. *La cour souveraine* was one from which there was no appeal, *desquel n'y a point d'appel;* and which promulgated its decisions *de par la cour;* and a king who had *cour plénière*, exercised only a baronial privilege.

The *cour pied poudré*, or the "court of the dusts," notwithstanding its apparent Norman origin, must have been of Celtic, that is, *Irish* derivation, and long known as a "pie powder court," to the puzzle of posterity. It took its origin, says the learned Lemon, from the dust raised by the feet of rioters at a fair. This "court" was first created to prevent men from *kicking up a dust* at fairs during such riots or squabbles. It became a *cour souveraine* at Donybrooke in modern times, under the more vulgar denomination of a watch-house. In the thirteenth century, a court whose sovereignty was alone of "right divine," *la cour d'amour*, was opened. It was the first court founded by a woman, *desquel n'y*

* Thiers Récits des tems Merovingiens.

a point d'appel. Before this court chivalry lowered its banner—feudality deposed its privileges—and royalty its sceptre! It is the court which has survived all others in its original spirit, if not in its forms; and though its laws were, at the period of its ceremonial written in better rhyme than reason, they were still accepted by the universal suffrage of mankind, and never required to be reformed or repealed.

Yet among all these "courts" there was no court-royal, according to the modern meaning; nor was there any attempt made for any permanent residence, or even an occasional visitation, of the nobility, round the person of their liege, whom they considered but as the chief of their caste, one of themselves, (as Henry IV. pronounced himself to be but "le premier gentilhomme de son royaume.") The high feeling and proud conviction, the sources of so many factious and cruel wars continued in full force to the minority of Louis XIV., even after all that Louis XI. and Cardinal Richelieu had done to break the political power and feudal privileges of the nobility of France. It came forth during the Fronde with the most dramatic effect; and it lay silent but not dead, in the hearts of the degraded and corrupt courtiers, whose low ambition enrolled them in the domestic servitude at Versailles and the Palais Royal, until the Revolution hurried the caste and its claims into one common ruin.

The first attempt at any forms for observance in the royal residences was made, in the ninth century, by the great but barbarian legislator and mighty reviver of a short-lived empire of the West—Charlemagne. Germany, the favourite haunt of ceremony, where every mouldering baronial schloss still preserves some tattered fragment of the pompous ritual of the imperial court, was the principal residence (whenever he resided any where for a continuance) of Charlemagne. Born in the rude fortress of Salzburg, in Upper Bavaria, this greatest specimen of barbarian genius on record had little time for the indulgence of vainglory, or for the repose of a courtly life! Vast in his designs, prompt in their execution, simple to savageness in his habits, Charlemagne was in constant movement, passing rapidly from the Pyrenees to Germany, from Germany to Italy, now cutting off the heads of 4500 Saxons at one fell swoop, now making laws (not yet repealed) convocating councils, regulating church music,* providing grammar or fencing schools, prescribing weights and measures, and presiding at conferences of the learned, the literary, and scientific (the model or origin of modern academics). This splendid genius, monarch, and man, but still a barbarian, was suddenly called on in the midst of his great works to get up a court and regal representation (after the oriental fashion), and to change his woollen tunic, his sheepskin cloak, and chaussure of many coloured bands of cloth, crossed like the plaid hose of a Highlander, for the robe of Augustus and the diadem of the eastern empire, whose ornaments and eagles had been already decerned to him, by Pope Leo III.

This sudden transition was made in reference to an embassy from the Emperor of the East, Nicephorus, who sought Charlemagne's friendship and alliance; while Charlemagne was suspected of having formed

* France owed the Gregorian chant to Charlemagne.

the project of another alliance with one, whose image (to give the detail some touch of humanity) probably influenced him in the splendour he was about to exhibit to his imperial rival.

Charlemagne, captivated by the fame, the genius, and the beauty of Irene, had sued to become the husband of the empress of the east, almost at the moment that Nicephorus had dethroned and banished her to Lesbos. The emperor had also to complain of the insolence of the orientals, who affected to consider the people of the west as barbarians, and their emperor as the chief of a savage people, living without a court, or such courtiers as those who degraded the human race in the palace of Constantinople.

The ambassadors, says one of Charlemagne's many French historians, found him in his palace at Seltz, and he determined to introduce them to an audience, in a manner which should cost them as much surprise as embarrassment. He caused them to pass through four great apartments, magnificently decorated, where the officers of the imperial residence, all richly clothed, were distributed, standing with a respectful countenance before the chief who respectively commanded them. In the first chamber was his Constable seated on his throne; and when the ambassadors were about to prostrate themselves before him, they were prevented, and told that this was but a simple officer of the emperor. The same farce took place in the second apartment, where they found the Count of the palace, brilliantly attended. In the third was the master of the royal table, and in the fourth the grand chamberlain; each in succession more magnificent than the last,—the better to promote the deception, and increase the difficulty of the mystified missionaries. At length two great personages stepped forward, and conducted them into the presence of the emperor. Charlemagne, resplendent with gold and jewels, stood among the kings, his sons, and the princesses, his daughters, and was surrounded by several dukes and bishops, with whom he was familiarly conversing. He leaned his hand on the shoulder of Bishop Hetton, for whom he affected the higher consideration, because that divine had been treated with the most contempt during his embassy to Constantinople. The ambassadors, filled with apprehension at this scene, fell at the imperial feet. The emperor perceived their alarm, raised them with much graciousness, assuring them that Hetton had pardoned them, and that he himself at the prelate's own entreaty was contented to forget the past.

In this pantomimic exhibition of treasure and of grandeur, this *getting-up* of a clap-trap representation of state and power, with all its "barbaric pomp and gold," vested in the height of chairs and the clustering of gems—rude and absurd as it may appear—lurked the rudiments of the improved and royal courts of Europe of after ages. Louis XIV. receiving the mock embassy from the east (got up by his mistresses to amuse his *ennui*), and the modern Charlemagne permitting the royal dynasties of legitimacy to "*faire antichambre*" while the kings and queens of his own recent creation were rehearsing their reception of the *vero polichinello*, were but parodies of this type left by the great but barbarian emperor of the *west* of the ninth century to the royal representatives of his power in the seventeenth, and to the rival of his genius in the nineteenth. The world is a slow coach, and the going by steam, in *morale* as in *physique*, is a very recent and a very suspected process.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN AVARICIOUS MAN.

By the late Henry D. Inglis, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "SPAIN IN 1830," "THE TYROL," "RAMBLES IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF DON QUIXOTE," &c. &c.

The reader will also recollect that I had an uncle, whose gifts and advice had contributed in my early years to encourage the avaricious disposition which I inherited from my father. Being his only relation, and his heir-at-law, I had naturally presumed that at his death I should receive a large accession to my riches; and about the period of which I have lately been speaking he fell ill, and from his age and infirmities, there was reason to suppose that he could not long survive. Knowing what I had to expect from my uncle, I had never neglected to pay him the deference and attention which I thought might be pleasing to him, and when his latter end approached, I felt perfectly secure respecting the destination of his property. He died, and I was of course present at the opening of his will. It began by stating that he had at one time intended to have left all he possessed to his nephew; but as by the renunciation of his father's religion, that nephew had insulted his memory, and had, besides secured to himself sufficient riches, the whole property in question was bequeathed to certain charities, which were named.

It is impossible for me to describe the disappointment and rage that took possession of me when this disclosure was made. There was no living person upon whom I could vent my rage, and I wreaked it upon the dead. I went to the chamber of the deceased, and in blind fury vomited abuse upon the insensible corpse that already lay inclosed in the coffin,—so stinging was my disappointment,—so fierce my anger at the deceased, that I even spat in the face of the dead, and might have carried the rage and vexation that filled me to still greater lengths, had not the appearance of those who perform the last offices to the dead forced me to quit the apartment. But the disappointment produced an important influence upon my mind on a certain subject, giving an impetus to the current of thought that had for some time flowed silently in another channel. My apostacy had thus deprived me of a large inheritance; and what had I gained in lieu of it? The sum I had lost was larger than the dowry I received with my wife, and as for the prospective advantages of my apostacy and alliance, they might never arrive, while in the meantime that apostacy had deprived me of my natural inheritance. This reflection greatly strengthened the evil thoughts that had been gradually growing more familiar to me, and now more frequently than ever the question was asked, and remained unresolved, whether the period at which I should inherit the riches of my father-in-law could not be anticipated?

But an event was now about to take place which rendered the further repetition of this question unnecessary. On the second day of September, in the year 1666, the plague broke out in London, precisely one month after my wife had borne me a daughter, an event which had

assuredly given great joy to her, but which was regarded by me almost without emotion of any kind. It is well known with what fearful rapidity the disease spread over the city, and how frequent were its victims; and it may therefore be easily believed that the hopes and fears respecting the chances of future inheritance, which ever since my alliance with the family of Solomons had continued to agitate me, were now awakened with tenfold intensity. Should Esther fall a victim to the plague, a million would be lost to me,—such, at least, was my mode of calculation. If I should be its victim, farewell for ever to my well devised plans—to my present riches and future prospects; but should Solomons become its prey then would my utmost hopes be realized; and it seemed to me that then indeed I could have nothing left to desire. Meanwhile the disease every day spread its ravages wider and wider; death and life became equally familiar things; and while I yet meditated in what manner I could the most effectually screen my wife from the contagion—whether by shutting my doors against it, or by sending her from the scene of its triumphs, I observed in her the never failing symptom of incipient disease.

No language can represent the horror I felt upon making this discovery. Here then was the realization of my fears; she must die,—and one half of her father's treasures would be alienated from me for ever. I felt like a drowning man, who looks around for something to grasp at that he might be saved from sinking; I too, looked around for some escape from the misfortune that was ready to fall upon me; I asked myself a thousand times "is there no remedy?" but none appeared. No act of mine, no sacrifice, no device, no crime, could save the life upon which depended a million. If the disease took its ordinary course, twenty-four hours would annihilate my prospects. Never, at this moment, did one pang of sorrow—one movement of pity for her who had been deceived by me, enter into my breast; avarice, I say, had filled up my heart, and it was not my dying wife, but my perishing gold that I would have saved. It was now nearly noon; the disease was hourly exhibiting fresh symptoms of a fatal termination, and I knew that ere the morrow, unless a change almost miraculous should take place, it would be too late to ask myself whether any remedy could be found.

I sought my upper chamber, where my wealth and its tokens were deposited, fancying that I might there find some alleviation of the agony that tormented me. There I gazed upon my gold, but the effect was only to increase, almost beyond endurance, the agitation I experienced, for it brought more vividly before me the treasures I had once seen, and had ever fancied my own. Avarice ruled triumphant over me; "they shall not escape me" I said, and having determined this, I set myself calmly to consider how I could best accomplish that which I had resolved should be accomplished. I endeavoured, and successfully endeavoured, to persuade myself that in coming to this determination I was not committing any very heinous sin; avarice had long since thrown up a partition wall between his dominion and the voice of conscience, and my arguments were therefore but feebly met. I said to myself, he is an old man, and cannot have many years to live, and may be not—nay! is it not probable—ay very probable, that he may fall a victim to the plague ere many days! and if so—and if I should lose a million through a mere scruple!—in short, I hesitated no longer

in my resolution, and was only unresolved how, in the short space of time that was left to me, I could carry it into effect.

There was, in the lower part of my house, a cellar, which had lately been purposely excavated, as a place where, in case of any emergency, I might conceal my gold. This cellar had nearly filled with water, which I did not draw off, thinking that it would be less suspected as a place of concealment, and would indeed more effectually conceal a chest of gold, with seven feet depth of water, than if it were dry. The entrance to my house was in a narrow alley, and from the entrance-door ran a dark, narrow passage, at the extremity of which was the cellar in question, and on the right, close to the cellar, a winding staircase led to the apartments above; but before this cellar was excavated, the passage terminated, not in the cellar, but in the staircase, which had in consequence of the alteration been turned to the right. This cellar I resolved to make subservient to my design.

I knew that no time could be so favourable for the unsuspected commission of a deed of darkness as now, when the plague was raging in all its fury: death was so common, that it occasioned no sensation, and provoked no inquiry; the wonder was rather how men should live, than how they died; and so wholly was the public mind engrossed by the calamity against which no individual was for an instant secure, that men had neither leisure nor inclination for much beside. I knew, also, that many had taken advantage of the season to commit crime—that robbery, and even murder, were of daily occurrence, and that public justice was unable to bring to light the hidden deeds that were committed, finding sufficient occupation in checking the more open crimes that were attempted to be perpetrated in the streets. By these considerations, and by the great facilities which were daily afforded for the disposal of the dead, I was fortified against the dread of detection, and the plan which I had matured in my own mind for the execution of my project was such, as entirely dispensed with any exercise of personal courage on my part, an endowment in which I felt my deficiency, and dared not put to the test.

I wrapped myself up, and descended into the street, which was almost entirely deserted, excepting where here and there some groups of profligate men and women were assembled around great fires, carousing in greater security than within infected walls. I hastened to the house of Solomons, whom I found preparing to retire to rest. I told him in a hurried and agitated voice, that his daughter was dying, and that she desired to see him without a moment's delay,—it was even possible I said, affecting to shed tears, that he might be too late to receive her last sigh. I need scarcely say that the old man, who, whatever might be the other defects of his character, really loved his daughter, received the intelligence with visible emotion, and instantly prepared to obey the summons of his dying child. He hurried on his outer garments: we left his house together, and went at a quick pace towards mine. As we passed along the street, rapidly approaching the spot where my murderous design was to be consummated, I occasionally felt some slight shrinkings from the steadfastness of my purpose; less the result of anticipated remorse, than of misgivings as to the possibility of my design failing; and as the watch-fires at times glared upon our path, I turned my face aside, fearful that its expression might reflect my inward pur-

pose, casting at the same time a hurried glance at my companion that I might assure myself no suspicion lurked in his mind.

Solomons had never been in my house since the alteration I have spoken of; and he therefore supposed the access to the apartment above, to be as heretofore. The night was one of pitchy darkness, and saving in the chamber of my wife, where one lamp burned, there was no light in the house, and no faintest gleam could find its way into the passage below, nor to the stair which led from it. I entered first, and softly shutting the door, and walking noiselessly forward, seemingly through consideration for the afflicted, but in reality that Solomons might not catch the direction of my steps when I reached the termination of the passage, I desired him to follow, saying in an under tone, "The passage is dark, but you know the staircase."

I now went swiftly forward, that I might leave my companion at a little distance; but whether from eagerness to see his daughter, or from some lurking suspicion of me, I heard his step close behind when I gained the end of the passage and turned aside upon the first step of the staircase. At the same instant he passed me, and the next moment a cry, and the noise of an effort to save himself, proved the success of my stratagem; but no words can express my feelings when at the same instant that I heard the feet of my victim plunge into the water I found myself grasped by the outstretched hand that had instinctively sought means of salvation. My feet slipped from their uncertain footing, and in another moment I was dragged into the dark, watery tomb I had destined for another. It was a fearful plunge as we both sunk into the abyss. I had no hope of deliverance—my intended victim clung fiercely to me, and as we both rose to the surface and struggled together,

"Murderer," said he, "thou damned Christian, thou shalt die with me."

But at this moment, as we seemed to be sinking for ever, my foot accidentally rested upon the wooden plug by which the water is partly drained off,—it yielded, and I heard the water begin to rush away; a sudden effort freed me from my drowning companion, and I heard the gurgling water rush down his throat, as he sunk to the bottom. The fast escaping water, and the dead body upon which I was, fortunately enabled to raise myself allowed me by an occasional effort to overtop the surface, and now and then to breathe, aided too by the wall, without which I must have sunk from exhaustion. But in a few seconds the depth had so much decreased as to enable me to stand securely upon the bottom, and the immediate dread of death being thus removed I had leisure to reflect upon what had passed, and the condition in which I was situated.

My first feeling was joy in having escaped death—my next, almost equal joy that my design had been effected. Standing in this dark cellar, but just delivered from the prospect of immediate death, and with the body of my victim at my feet, no feeling of compunction, no resolution of amendment dawned upon my mind. Even while thus waiting the subsiding of the water, I already congratulated myself upon the convenient concealment the place would afford for the gold which the accomplishment of my design had secured to me.

It was now necessary to act still further in the prosecution of my hitherto successful plans. With considerable difficulty I succeeded in

clambering out of the cellar, and I found that all was still within the house. Having taken care to efface every appearance of what had taken place, I proceeded to the chamber of my wife. The crisis had arrived; and the nurse—the only other person within the house, excepting one servant, who had the same evening been attacked by the disease, assured me that the malady had unexpectedly put on a more favourable appearance, and that it was not impossible my wife should recover. This intelligence was at first startling; for in case of her death I should now have had the unrestricted possession of the entire treasures of her father, partly in my own right, and partly as guardian to my child, but when on the other hand I considered, that if my wife had died at this time, there might have been some difficultyin showing that Solomons had died before his daughter; her recovery seemed upon the whole to be best suited to the perfect and certain development of my design.

The remainder of this night, until a very early hour next morning, I passed in my upper chamber, considering well whether any improvement could be made in the plan which I had previously settled in my own mind for disposing of the body of Solomons, and for entirely securing myself against the possibility of detection. If, at any moment, it flashed across my mind, that I had that night committed a deed, the darkest in the catalogue of crime, I found a ready consolation in the reflection, that if indeed I was an accountable being, and Christianity true, my perjuries to God had already sealed my fate, and that if ever it should happen in that old age—which now seemed to me at an immeasurable distance—I should be oppressed with fears of the future, repentance might atone for murder, as well as for aspostacy; but this strain of thought, which occupies some space in recording, passed through the mind and vanished, with the rapidity of lightning; I had also, both previous to the event of this evening, and at every subsequent time when it was the subject of momentary reflection, entertained some vague belief that the deed by which the Jew was hurried out of the world, could scarcely come under the denomination of murder.

I looked upon it as a stratagem, contrived indeed by me, but in which I was not directly implicated; but however sophistical this distinction may appear, it was nevertheless this belief which determined me to precede my victim, and allow him to fall into the snare I had prepared, rather than adopt the more certain method of following, and of aiding with my own hand, the death that awaited him. But during the night that followed the perpetration of this deed, such thoughts, although they might pass transiently across my mind, made no abode there.

I was wholly occupied in anticipating the consequences that must ensue, and in gloating in fancy over the enormous wealth of which I might now consider myself the possessor; nor would this be any longer a true confession, were I to admit that either compunction for the deed I had done, and dread of its consequences here or hereafter—but more especially hereafter, disturbed in any degree the joy I felt in knowing, that ere many hours should elapse, I should lift up the ponderous lids I so well remembered, and handle as my own the gold that had been, so constant a subject of my hopes, and so unfailing a companion of my night visions.

It still wanted some time of daybreak, when having first ascertained that the malady was rapidly leaving my wife, I hastened to the house of Solomons to apprise those within—who consisted of domestics only—that the master of the house was seized with the malady; and when I communicated this in the briefest way, and without entering his dwelling, and desired in his name the keys of his private apartments, I found, as I expected, no desire for any further communication with the infected, and a ready acquiescence in my request.

So far all had succeeded well; and in what remained to be done, there seemed to be no cause for alarm. I returned to my own house while it was yet but daybreak, and immediately proceeded in the farther execution of my design; I descended into the cellar, in which there was now scarcely more water than sufficed to cover the body of the Jew, and with many efforts, I at length succeeded in lifting the drowned man out of his tomb, and carrying him into the nearest chamber: where, after drying his own garments, I wrapped him in them, and locked the door—patiently awaiting the arrival of the dead cart, which I knew would shortly pass along the street.

No questions were asked; the body of Solomons, and of the domestic who had died the same morning, were thrown among the heap, and the cart rattled away over the stony street.

Chap. III.

There was now nothing to hinder me from taking possession of my inheritance; an inventory of the Jew's property was found in his repositories; and as I had no wish at this time to dispute the right of my wife to one half of her father's treasures, though I designed eventually to make that half as entirely my own as the other half to which I had a legal right, I permitted the property of the deceased to be ascertained and divided; one half of which was in the meantime parcelled out and placed in different securities, while the other half—that which belonged to me—was conveyed to my own dwelling.

Rapid as the plague is in hurrying its victims to the tomb, it but slowly departs from those whom it spares. All dangerous symptoms had left my wife, but left her enfeebled and attenuated, and not well calculated to bear the intelligence that her father—the only individual upon earth on whose affection she could repose—had been already carried to his grave.

The life of Esther was now of no pecuniary value to me; indeed, her death, if she died without a will (and that this should be the case I had already determined), would put into my possession her whole fortune, as the natural guardian of her daughter to whom it would legally belong; and the intelligence that she was fatherless, was communicated to her without any of those precautions which I might under different circumstances have adopted. Death, she knew to be at this time the occurrence of every moment, and that a father might fall a victim to the malady, from which the child had, as if by a miracle, escaped, was a thing almost to be looked for; but the blow fell heavily upon her, and she never recovered from it.

Meanwhile the event that had taken place—or rather, which I had

brought about—had wrought an important change in my character. No sooner was the gold I had so long coveted in my own keeping, than riches began to acquire a new kind of value in my eyes. With the same love of adding to my wealth as before, I no longer felt disposed to lose sight for a moment of any part of that which I possessed: my great riches might have enabled me to command the most favourable opportunities of investing or improving them; but I had not courage to part with a coin, even although I felt the most perfect assurance that it would return to me a hundredfold. The character of a merely avaricious man was lost in that of a miser; covetous I indeed continued to be; avaricious, in so far as avarice could hope to be gratified by the acquisitions to which my present riches were not asked to contribute.

At first when this feeling began to grow upon me, I attempted to resist it. I argued with myself upon the folly of keeping my gold unemployed, and never failed to arrive at the conclusion that my wisdom would lie in laying it out at usury: on one or two occasions I even went so far as to accept securities which were offered to me for large loans upon highly advantageous terms; but when I applied to my hoard for the means of fulfilling the bargain, I found my previous determination useless; it was impossible to effect a voluntary separation between me and my gold. I counted out the sum required, and placed it apart indeed, but I never left the spot without returning it again to the depository whence I had taken it.

Shortly after I had acquired my new inheritance, this feeling prompted me to turn all my securities into money; and among these there were several which I have since had reason to believe Solomons never intended to avail himself of; but whenever the law was with me, I executed it to the full letter.

I have already said, that the half of Solomons' wealth, which was the property of his daughter, I looked upon as my own, as in the event of my wife dying without a will, it would descend to my infant child,—had it not been for this expectation, I should have derived scarcely any gratification from the late accession to my riches; and even with the confident hope of possessing, at no distant period, the remaining half of Solomons' inheritance, I was all but miserable because I did not possess it now. It was in vain that when I sat contemplating the treasures which lay around me, I reflected, that equal riches were vested in undoubted securities, and laid out at usury, and that the day could not be far distant when the whole might be converted into gold, and would be my own. I sighed to possess it now, and when I saw that Esther every day grew weaker, and that every day brought me rapidly nearer the object of my wishes, I secretly congratulated myself upon the constant success that seemed to attend my designs.

One day, as I was approaching my own house, I met a certain individual, a lawyer, who had usually transacted the legal affairs in which Solomons had found it necessary to employ a person of his profession; I had no certainty that this man had come from my house; but the confused manner in which he returned my salutation, more than the place where I encountered him, gave rise to the suspicion that darted across my mind.

"Is it possible," said I to myself internally, "that this man can

have had any communication with my wife to contrive with her some means of eluding my designs upon the money that is at present hers?"

The thing seemed possible. I knew that Solomons had placed the greatest confidence in this man; and I cursed my folly in not having had the wisdom to circumvent any plan of this kind, since by employing him in my own affairs I might have prevented him from plotting against me. I was sensible also that my conduct towards my wife, especially of late, had been such as might more effectually have opened her eyes to my true character, and perhaps even to my hopes and projects; and although I was but moderately skilled in the tender emotions of the human mind, I knew that the love of a mother for her child might give a direction to the thoughts, and a resolution to the character, hitherto at variance with the current of the one, or the tone of the other.

The suspicion was blasting, but I entertained it, and conned over it, till at length scarcely a doubt remained that it was just; and with a feeling bordering upon hatred of both wife and child I sought my wife's chamber, for the purpose of scrutinising her thoughts, and fathoming her designs, if she had any; knowing well that she was too little practised in mystery and concealment to resist my scrutiny effectually. My visits to the chamber of my wife had lately been unfrequent, and at this hour especially she had every reason to believe herself secure against intrusion.

I entered abruptly; she held a paper in her hand, which upon my entrance she folded up. I instantly demanded a sight of the paper she had been reading.

"You are welcome to peruse it," she replied, and put it into my hand.

I read "copy of a will," and found the writing to realize my worst suspicions: it assigned over the whole of what she possessed to certain individuals as trustees for her child, and in the event of the infant's death, the property was ordered to be disposed of in erecting a synagogue and in certain charities.

"This was well meant," said I, as I crumpled the paper in my hand, "well planned too, but you will find it a somewhat difficult task to overreach me."

"Thank God!" she replied, "your discovery has come too late."

"Too late! How—what mean you?"

"My purpose," said she, "is already accomplished. God has permitted me to secure my child against the designs of its unnatural father—the original of this will is signed and delivered."

It were useless for me to attempt a description of my feelings when I heard my wife utter these words. At first the greatness of the blow deprived me of utterance; I stood gazing upon my wife, and crushing closer in my hand the copy of the document that robbed me of a million.

"It is impossible," I cried, "it is impossible—you deceive me—the paper is not signed and delivered—say that this will is not signed and delivered."

She replied with the most placid earnestness.

"The God of Abraham is my witness that I speak the truth—I do not lie—thou knowest that I never deceived thee."

And now my rage and disappointment knew no bounds. I was duped;—a million had passed irrecoverably away. For the first time passion got the better of prudence.

"And is this then the fruit of my misdeeds? Have I become an accursed Jew, and pawned my soul, and *murdered your father*, to be after all outwitted by a woman?"

But ere I had spoken these words, the countenance of Esther changed; an unearthly and terrific expression came over it; her dark eyes fixed upon me a look of mingled terror and fury, and there was a moment's pause. She rose from her chair, her figure swelling into more than usual loftiness, and her face seeming like the countenance of a beautiful but malignant spirit; and at the moment when it seemed as if she would have sprung towards me, her face changed—it became human again; her eyes slowly closed, and with one long, and deep, and dolorous sigh, she sunk to the ground.

Esther was dead. There at my feet lay another victim; there at my feet lay the daughter of Solomons, the beautiful Jewess whom I had betrayed, deceived, and finally murdered. May I not confess that a momentary feeling—I cannot call it compunction or remorse, but of pain—passed through my mind. But while I yet stood motionless and unable to withdraw my eyes from the spectacle before me, the faint cry of my infant, from the bed upon which it lay, stopped the current of my thoughts, and recalled me to a recollection of the purpose with which I had sought the interview—the discovery I had made—the damning proof that lay upon the floor, and the million that was for ever lost to me; and rage and vexation again resumed the place in my mind from which the spectacle of death and innocence had for a moment excluded them.

Was it impossible by any means to remedy the misfortune? the deed was indeed done; the will was signed and delivered; and she, upon whom threats or entreaties might possibly have prevailed, was beyond the reach of both; the catastrophe seemed at first sight irremediable; but it was not consistent with my character, calmly to sit down under a misfortune of this kind, without even revolving in my mind the possibility of a cure; nor had I long revolved, before I had determined to attempt a remedy.

I knew that the communications between my wife and the man who had assisted her to dupe me, must have been made by some confidential person, and this person could be none other than my only female domestic. I left my wife's apartment, taking care to lock the door, and without saying a word to this woman as to the event which had just happened, I told her that my wife, struck with compunction for having attempted to deceive me, had confessed the interview that had taken place with the lawyer; that although it was highly criminal for a servant to assist in deceiving her master, I was willing to pardon her, as my wife had interceded for her; that she must instantly go to the house of the lawyer, and deliver her message in the usual way from my wife, that she desired to see him with all possible despatch, and that he must bring with him the paper he had taken away.

"And now," said I, "take this," putting five pieces of gold into her hand, "and see that you do not mention my name."

This was a dreadful sacrifice, but it was unavoidable. Whether the messenger believed the story I told, knowing that I could not have received the information I communicated to her unless from my wife; or whether having gained all that could be gained from deceiving me, she was now willing to turn her services into another channel, I could not tell; but from the manner in which the bribe was received, I saw that she might be depended upon. The moment the messenger returned, I agreed with her for a certain small consideration, instantly to leave my service, fearful that otherwise, the death of my wife might be prematurely discovered.

In less than an hour the lawyer arrived; and it may be easily conjectured with what surprise he saw me enter the apartment into which he had been ushered.

"This interview," said I, "is doubtless unexpected by you; but there is no reason why you should feel any embarrassment; it is your business to make wills for those who employ you; and this reminds me that I may shortly have occasion for your services: but with respect to the present message from my wife. She was seized with a sudden illness shortly after you left her this morning, and seeing that something weighed heavily upon her mind, I pressed her to unburden herself, when she at length said, that God had seemingly sent a judgment upon her for having deceived her husband, and plotted to deprive him of the guardianship of his own child; she then told me all—showed me the copy of the will which had been signed and delivered, and desired that as death might soon overtake her, a messenger should be forthwith despatched, requesting you to come hither, with all expedition, and to bring the will, that it might be given up to me or destroyed. My wife is at this moment at death's door; and if it should please God to take her away, I shall then instantly require your assistance in calling up and collecting the large sums over which I shall, in that event, have the sole control, as the guardian of my child—you have no doubt obeyed the most important part of the message, and brought the will."

"'Tis no longer in my possession," replied the lawyer.

"How! what! not in your possession—did you not receive it this morning?"

"I did. 'Tis unfortunate I was not summoned sooner—for not an hour before your messenger arrived, I had deposited it in the hands of one of the individuals named in it."

For this new difficulty I was not prepared; but I had sufficient command over myself to conceal the dreadful agitation I felt, and avarice suggested a possible remedy.

"Is the will irrevocable?" I demanded.

"There is a clause of revocation," replied my companion.

"And it is revocable then even upon a deathbed?"

"Yes; the property being all personal, it is revocable *in articulo mortis*."

"Sit down," said I, "and instantly write a revocation of it, my wife may yet live long enough to sign it; but make despatch."

While the revocation was preparing I went to the chamber of my

wife, ostensibly to prepare her for what was to take place, but in reality to make dispositions for the accomplishment of my design.

In a few minutes the writing was ready.

"Now," said I, taking up a light, "follow me. My wife is speechless and dying; but you shall witness that she consents."

We entered the dead chamber. In a low voice I desired my companion to seat himself at a little distance from the bed, and placing the lamp so that the light fell very partially upon it, I approached; and muttering in an under tone, a few words which I intended the only listener to understand as an explanation to the sick person, of what was necessary to be done.

I took the hand of the dead, and putting a pen into it, while at the same time I myself held the pen, I traced at the foot of the paper, a resemblance to the handwriting of my wife, and then drawing the curtain returned to the lawyer, and placed the revocation in his hand.

"It is enough," said he; and he signed his name as witness to it: and while I again received the writing into my hand I repeated the necessity, I should to all appearance shortly have, for his assistance, and showed him out of the house.

My mind was now relieved from a dreadful burden; the will was cancelled, and there was no longer any legal obstacle to the possession of the sum of those treasures which were the *ultimatum* of my hopes, and which had so often been upon the point of escaping me.

This same night I gave out that my wife was dead; and after a short interval she was interred. The revocation of the will was produced and admitted to be valid; and the whole inheritance of Solomons was now in my possession.

I had attained the summit of my hopes; all that I had ever dreamt might eventually be my own, was now actually mine. My hopes had stretched into far years: but two only had elapsed, ere they were all fulfilled; there were now no misgivings, no possible contingencies—no difficulties. Nothing could pluck my gold out my hand.

It may be asked, if when I congratulated myself upon the assured possession of my treasures, my joy was not moderated by a recollection of the price at which they had been obtained? the question is reasonable, and I will endeavour to reply to it with sincerity.

The voice of conscience, scarcely, if at all, disturbed my enjoyment; my dominant passion had within its reach the constant means of gratification, and if at any time, the events that had conspired to bring me to the goal of my desires, thronged into my memory, they led me to look upon myself rather as a fortunate man than as a wicked man; and to applaud myself also upon the great dexterity with which I had contrived to overcome the many obstacles that had lain in my path.

I was now a thorough miser; in mind, though not yet entirely in habits. The whole inheritance of Solomons was converted into gold; and the whole of my treasures were deposited in one apartment of my own dwelling. There I spent the greatest part of my time, and there also I slept; and shortly after I had collected my riches together, I began the task of ascertaining precisely their amount.

The weeks which I thus employed were the most rapturous of my

life: daybreak found me prepared to begin my enticing employment, and midnight scarcely separated me from it.

I remember that when engaged thus an incident occurred which gave me the most sensible pain: one piece from one of the heaps of gold rolled off the table upon the floor, and notwithstanding the most diligent search, I was unable to find it. This interrupted my labour for the whole day; my search was earnest and unceasing, and not only did this misfortune render me miserable for that day, but during all my life it never recurred to my memory without bringing along with it the most acute pain: and many years afterwards I have frequently renewed my unavailing search, and even at times, when I have awoke during the night, I have found myself groping in search of this lost coin.

Nearly a year had now passed away since the death of my wife. No one resided with me; my child I had placed in the country, and I had no domestic; my gold was my only companion, and none other could have been so agreeable to me. One thing there was, that still in some degree marred the perfect enjoyment of my riches. It was little, indeed, that I expended, yet that little I had to take from my hoard; this necessity when it occurred rendered me miserable for the day. The idea that my riches were diminishing, however inconsiderable the diminution might be, was intolerable, and I resolved to remove this source of uneasiness.

I threw up a slight partition, so as to divide my house into two; one part I let, and the money so gained, I appropriated for the expenses of myself and my child; but after a very short time the sweets of this easy gain were so sensibly felt, that I carried it also to my hoard, and fell upon another method of subsistence. I sold one by one such articles as I possessed to serve my occasional wants, and upon calculating the value of the articles in my house, I made the pleasing discovery, that the sale of these would enable me to keep my hoard untouched during my life, even if life should extend to a hundred years.

But a calamity was now at hand, as dreadful as it was unforeseen—a calamity that not only fell like a thunderbolt upon me at the time, but the recollection of which in all my future years, brought heaviness upon my spirit.

I was sitting in my chamber on the evening of the second day of September, in the year 1666, an old book was in my hand, entitled "Drayton upon the exceeding Excellence of Riches," which I had from time to time looked into, hesitating whether or not this should be the next sacrifice to my necessities. It was beginning to grow dusk when my meditations were suddenly interrupted by an unusual hum and commotion that seemed to rise from the street; while at the same time a strange, fitful light occasionally glared into my chamber. Passing occurrences were in general little heeded by me, and I might possibly have remained in my apartment, notwithstanding what I saw and heard, had it not been that I had occasion to go out in order to dispose of some article to supply the absolute wants of nature.

(To be continued.)

THE EARTH-QUAKERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Now's the time and now's the hour!
To be worried, toss'd, and shaken.
Down—down—down, derry down—
Let us take to the road!
Amanda, let us quit the town—
Together let us range the fields—
Over the hills and far away,
Life let us cherish.

OLD BALLADS.

THE Earth-quakers are by no means a new Sect. They have appeared at various times in England, and particularly in 1750, when they were so numerous that, according to Horace Walpole, "within three days, seven hundred and thirty coaches were counted passing Hyde-park-corner with whole parties removing into the country!" The same pleasant writer has preserved several anecdotes of the persuasion, and especially records that the female members, to guard against even a shock to their constitutions, made "earthquake gowns" of a warm stuff, to sit up in at night, in the open air! Nor was the alarm altogether unfounded, for the earth, he says, actually shook twice at regular intervals, so that fearing the terrestrial ague fit would become periodical, the noble wit proposed to treat it by a course of bark. However, there were some slight vibrations of the soil, and supposing them only to have thrown down a platter from the shelf to the floor, the Earth-quakers of 1750 have an infinite advantage over those of 1842, when nothing has fallen to the ground but a fiddle-de-Dee prediction.

Still, if the metropolis has not exhibited any extraordinary physical convulsion, its inhabitants have presented an astounding Moral Phenomenon. Messrs. Howell and James best know whether they have vended or been asked for peculiarly warm fabrics—the court milliner alone can tell if she has made up any new-fashioned *robes de nuit, à la bivouac*, or *coiffures* adapted to a nocturnal *fête champêtre*. The coaches, public and private, which have passed Hyde-Park-Corner have not perhaps been counted, but it is notorious that the railway carriages have been crammed with passengers, and the Gravesend steamers were almost swamped by the influx of rabid Earth-quakers, all rushing, *sauve qui peut!* from the most ridiculous bugbear ever licked into shape by the vulgar tongue. Nor yet was the "Movement Party" composed exclusively of the lower classes; but comprised hundreds of respectable Londoners, who never halted till they had gone beyond the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction, a flight unworthy even of Cockneyism, which implies at least a devoted attachment to London, and an unshaken confidence in the stability of St. Paul's.

The Irish indeed, the poor blundering, bull-making Irish, had some excuse for their panic. The prophecy came from a prophet of their own religion, and appealed to some of their strongest prejudices. They had perhaps even felt some precursory agitation not perceptible to us

English—whilst the rebuilding of the ruined city promised a famous job for the Hibernian bricklayers and hodmen. Nay, after all, they only exhibited a truly national aptitude to become April fools in March. But for British backbone Protestants, who have shouted "No Popery," and burnt Guy Foxes, to adopt a Roman Catholic legend—for free and independent householders who would not move on for a live policeman, to move off, bag and baggage, at the dictum of a very dead monk—who can doubt, after such a spectacle, that a Nincom Tax would be very productive!

As a subject for a comic picture, there could be no richer scene for a modern Hogarth than the return of a party of Earth-quakers to the metropolis—that very metropolis which was to have been knocked down, as Robins would say, in one lot—that devoted City which Credulity had lately painted as lying prostrate on its Corporation!

In the mean time, good luck enables me to illustrate the great earthquake of 1842 by a few letters obtained, no matter how, or at what expense. It is to be regretted that type can give no imitation of the handwritings; suffice it that one of the notes has actually been booked by a well-known collector, as a genuine Autograph of St. Vitus.

No. I.

To Peter Crisp, Esq.

Ivy Cottage, Sevenoaks.

Dear Brother,

You are of course aware of the awful visitation with which we are threatened.

As to F—— and myself, business and duties will forbid our leaving London, but Robert and James will be home for the usual fortnight at Easter, and we are naturally anxious to have the dear boys out of the way. Perhaps you will make room for them at the cottage?

I am, dear Brother,

Yours affectionately,

MARGARET FADDY.

(*The Answer.*)

Dear Sister,

As regards the awful visitation, the last time the dear boys were at the Cottage they literally turned it topsy-turvy.

As such, would rather say—keep Robert and James in town, and send me down the Earthquake.

Your loving brother,

PETER CRISP.

No. II.

To Messrs. H. Staley and Co.

Camomile-street, City.

Gentlemen,

As a retired tradesman of London to rural life, but unremittingly devoted to the metropolis and its public buildings, am deeply solicitous to learn, on good mercantile authority, if the alarming statements as to

a ruinous depression in the Custom-house, St. Paul's, and other fabrics, stands on the undeniable basis of fact. An early answer will oblige,

Your very obedient servant,

JOHN STOKES.

Postscriptum.—My barber tells me the Monument has been done at Lloyds.

(*The Answer.*)

Sir,

In reply to your favour of the 14th instant, I beg to subjoin for your guidance the following quotations from a supplement to this day's "Price Current:"

"MARCH 16.—In Earthquakes—nothing stirring. Strong Caracca shocks partially inquired for, but no arrivals. Lisbons ditto. A small lot of slight Chichesters in bond have been brought forward, but obtained no offers. Houses continue firm, and the holders are not inclined to part with them. In Columns and Obelisks no alteration. Cathedrals as before. Steeples keep up, and articles generally not so flat as anticipated by the speculators for a fall."

I am, sir, for Staley and Co.,

Your most obedient servant,

CHARLES STUCKEY.

No. III.

To Mr. Benjamin Hockin.

Barbican.

Dear Ben,

About this here hearthquack. Acording to advice I rit to Addams who have bean to forin Parts, and partickly sow Amerikey, witch is a shockin country, and as to wat is dun by the Natives in the like case, and he say they all run out of their Howses, and fall down on their nees and beat their brests like mad, and cross theirselves and call out to the Virgin, and all the popish Saints. Witch in course with us Cristians is out of the question, so there we are agin at a non plush—and our minds perfecly misrable for want of making up. One minit it's go and the next minit stay, till betwixt town and country, I allmost wish I was no wheres at all. But how is minds to be made up wen if you ax opinions, theres six of one and half a duzzen of the tother—for I make a pint of xtracting my customers sentiments pro and con, and its as ni a ti as can be. One books the thing to cum off as shure as the Darby or Hoax, while annother suspends it till the Day of Jugment. And then he's upset by a new cummur in with the news that half St. Giles is cast down, and the inhabbitants all Irish howling, quite dredful, and belabbering their own buzzums and crossing themselves all over as if it saved the Good Friday bunns from bein swallered up. So there we are agin. All dubbious. As for Pawley he wont have it at anny price but says its clear agin Geolology and the Wolcanic stratuses; witch may sarve well enuff to chaff about at Mekanical Innstitushuns but he wont gammon me that theres anny sich remmedy for a Hearth Quack, as a basun of chork—no nor a basun of gruel nayther. Well wat next. Why Podmore swares wen he past the Duck of York he see his hi-

ness anoddin at the Athenium Club as if he ment to drop in pervided he didnt pitch in to the Unitid Servis. So there we are agin. For my own share I own to sum misgivins and croakins, and says you, not without caws wen six fammilis in our street has gone off alreddy and three more packin up in case. Besides witch Radley the Bilder have nocked off wurk at his new Howsis for fear of their gettin floored and missis Sims have declined her barril of tabel beer till arter the shakin. Wen things cum to sich aspects they look serus. But supose in the end as Gubbins says its all a errer and no mistake—wat a set of Jee'd spooneys we shall look. So there we are agin. Then theres Books. It appear on reading the great Lisbon catstrophy were attendid by an uncommon rush of the See on the dry Land and they do say from Brighton as how the Breakers have reached as far as Wigney's Bank. That's in faver agin of the world losing its ballance. Howsomever I have twice had the shutters up, and wonce got as fur as the hos in the Shay cart for a move off, but was stopt by the Maid and the Prentis both axin a hole holliday for the sixtenth and in sich a stile as convinced if I didnt grant they wood take french leaves. And then who is to mind the house and Shop not to name two bills as cum doo on the verry day and made payable on the premmises. Whereby if I dont go to smash in boddy I must in bisness. So there we are agin. In the interium theres my Wife who keeps wibratin between hopes and fears like the pendulum of a Dutch Clock and no more able to cum to a conclusion. But she inclines most to faver the dark side of the Picter and compares our state of Purgatory, to Dam somebody with a sword hanging over his head by a single hair. As a nateral consekens she cant eat her wittals and hears rumblins and has sich tremblins she dont know the hearth's agitatings from her own. Being sqeemish besides, as is reckoned by her a verry bad sign, becos why theres a hearthquack in Robbinson Cruso who describe the motion to have made his Stomich as sick as anny one as is tost at See. Well in course her flutters agrivates mine till between our selves I'm reddy to bolt out of house and home like a Rabbit and go and squat in the open Fields. And wats to end all this suspense. Maybe a false alarm—and maybe hall to hattums indoors or else runnin out into a gapin naberhood and swallerd up in a crack. Whereby its my privit opinion we shall end by removing in time like the Rats from a fallin house even if we have to make shift with a bed in the garden, but witch is prefferable to an everlastin sleep in the great shake down that nater is preparing. Thats to say if the profesy keeps its word—for if it dont we are better in our own beds then fleaing elsewhere. And praps ketch our deths besides. Witch reminds me our Medical Doctor wont hear of hearthquackery and says theres no simtoms of erupshun. So there we are agin. But St. Pauls, and all Saint Giles's is per contra. And to be sure as Pat Hourigan says of the Irish, ant we sevin fifths of us hod carriers and bricklairs, and do you think as we'd leave the same, if we didn't expect more brick and bilding materals then we can carry on our heds and sholders. Witch sartinly wood strongly argy to the pint, if so be their being Roman Cathliks didn't religusly bind one watever they beleave, to beleave quite the reverse. And talking of religion, if one listened to it like a Cristian, instid of dispondin it wood praps say trust in Pro-

vidence and shore up the premisis. And witch may be the piusest and cheapest plan arter all. But bisness interrups—

Its the Gibbenses maid for an Am. Ive pumpt out on her that the fammily is goin to Windser for Change of air. And Widder Stradlin is goin to Richmond for change of Scene. Yes as much as I am goin to the Lands end for change of a shilling. And now I think on it there were a suspishus mark this morning on the Public House paper, namely Edgingtons advertisment about Tents. So arter all the Open Air course of conduct—but annother cum in—

Poor Mrs. Hobson, in the same perplext state as myself. To be sure as she say a slite shock as wouldnt chip a brass or iron man would shatter a chaney woman all to smash. But wats the use of her cummin to me to be advized wen I carnt advize myself? Howsomever a word or two from your Ben wood go fur to convict me—Only beggin you to considder that Self Presevashun is the fust law of Nater, and the more binding as its a law a man is allowd to take into his own hands. As the crisus aproach, a speedy answer will releave the mind of

Your loving Brother,
JAMES HOCKIN.

P.S. Since riting the abuv the Reverend Mister Crumpler, as my wife sits under, have dropt in and confirmed the wust. He say its a Jugment on the Citty and by way of Cobberrobberation has named several partis in our naberhood as is to be ingulped. That settles us, and in course will excuse cuttin short.

No. IV.

To Mrs. * * * *

No. 9, —— Street.

Madam,

It may seem stooping to take up a dropped correspondence, but considering that an Earthquake ought to bury all animosities, and enjoying the prospect of an eternal separation, Christian charity induces to say I am agreeable on my part for the breach between us to be repaired by a shaking of hands.

I am, Madam,
Yours, &c.,
BELINDA HUFFIN.

(*The Answer.*)

Madam,

I trust I have as much Christian charity as my nieghbours—praps more—and hope I have too much *true* religion to believe in judicious astronomy. And if I did, have never heard that earthquakes was remarkable for repairing breaches.

When every thing else shakes, I will shake hands, but not before.

I am, Madam,
Yours, &c.,
MATILDA PERKS.

No. V.

For Rebecca Slack.

2, Fisher's Plaice, Knightsbridge.

Dear Becky,

If so be when you cum to Number 9 on Sunday and Me not there don't be terrifide. Its not the Surpintine but the Erthquake. John is the same as ever but Ive allmost giv meself Warnin without the Munths notis. Last nite there cum a ring at the Bel, a regular chevy and Noboddy there. Cook sed a runaway Lark but I no better. And John says Medicle Studints but I say shox. Howsumever if the bel ring agen of its own Hed I'm off quake or no quake to my muther at Srewsberry Srops. One may trust to drunken yung gentilmen too long and misstake a rumbel at the Anti Pods for skrewin off the nocker. No, no. So as I sed afore another ring will be a nint to fly tho one thing is ockard, namely the crisus fixt for the 16 and my quarter not up til the 20. But wats wagis? Their no object wen yure an Objec yurself for the Ospittle. To be shure Missus may complain of a Non Plush but wat of that. Self preservin is the law of Nater and is wat distinguishes resoning Beings from Damsuns and Bullises.

Mister Butler is of my own friteful way of thinkin and quite retchid about the shakin up of his port wine for he allways calls it hisn and dredful low his Hart being in his celler. But Cook choose to set her Face agin the finomunon. Dont tell me says she of the earth quakin —its crust isnt made so lite and shivvery. So weve cum to Wurds on the subjec and even been warm but its impossible to talk with sang fraw of wat freeses ones Blud. But wat can one expec as Mister Butler says but Convulshuns of Nater wen we go boring into the Erths bowils witch as all the wurld nose is chock full of Cumbustibuls as ketching as Congrevs and Lucefirs. We mite have tuck warnin by the Frentch he says witch driv irun pipes and toobs down and drew them up agin all twisted by the stratums into Cork skrews with the Ends red hot or meltid off. So much for pryin into the innfurnel reguns.

As you may supose I am meloncolly enuf at sich a prospict. But if a Erth Quake isnt to cast one down wat is? I never go to my Piller but I pray to sleep without rockin or havin the roof come down atop of me like a sparrer in a brick Trap. And then sich horribel Dreams? Ony last nite I dremt the hole supperstructer was on my chest and stomack but luckly it were ony the Nite Mare and cold Pork. And in the day time its nothin but takin in visitters cards with Poor Prender Congy witch you know means Frentch leave and not a bit too erly if correct that Saint Pauls have sunk down to its Doom. To be shure I over heerd Master say that even Saint Faith don't beleave in it. But she is no rule for Me. Why shudn't we be overwelmd as Mister Butler says as well as the Herculeans and Pompey? I'm shure we deserve it for our sins and piccadillies.

Well time will show. But its our duty all the same to look arter

our savings. John thinks Mister Green have the best chance by assenting on the day in his Voxall baloon but gud gratious as Mister Butler says supose the Wurld was to anniliate itself wile he was up in the Air. One had better trust to the most aggitatid Terry Firmer. Wat sort of soil is most propperest for the purpus has been debatted amung us a good deal. One thinks mountin tops is safest and anuther considders we ort all to be in a Mash. Lord nose. The Baker says his Master has inshured his-self agin the erth quake and got the Globe to kiver him.

Theres Missus bel so adew in haste.

MARY SAWKINS.

Poscrip. Wile I was up in the drawin room master talkt very misterus about St. Pauls. Its all a report says he from one of the Miner Cannons.

No. VI.

To Sir W. Flimsy, Bart., and Co.

Lombard-street, City.

Gentlemen,

I beg respectfully to inform you that placing implicit confidence in the calamity which will come due on the 16th instant, I have felt it my duty to remove myself and the cash balance to a place of security. It is my full intention, however, to return to my post after the Earthquake; and, I trust, instead of condemning, you will thank me for preserving your property, when I come back and restore it.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your very faithful and obedient,

Servant and cashier,

SAMUEL BOULTER.

No. VII.

To Mr. Benjamin Hockin.

(*Vide* No. III.)

Dear Benjamin,

In my last I broke short through sitting off—and now have to inform of our safe Return and the Premisis all sound. The wus luck to have let Meself be Shay carted off on a Fool's arrand, as bad as piggins milk. For wat remanes in futer but to become a laffing stock to our nabers and being ninny-hammered at like nails. As for the parler at the Crown that's shut agin me for ever, for them quizzical fellers as frequents could rost a Ox whole in the way of banterin. So were I'm to spend my evenins except with my wife Lord nose. There's misery in prospect at once.

Has for servin in the shop I couldnt feel more sheapish and shamfaced if I had bean found out in short wait and adultering. Its no odds my customers houlding their Tungs about it—the more they don't say the more I know wat they mean, and witch as silent contempt is wus than even a littel blaggard cumming as he did just now, and axing for

a small hapenny shock. Not that I mind Sarce so much as make beleave pitty. Its the wimmin with their confoundid simperthisin as agrivates sich as hoping no cold was cotchd from the nite dues and lamenting our trouble and expense for nothink. With all respect to the sex if it pleas God to let one see them now and then with their jaws tide up for the Tung Ake as well as the Tooth Ake wood be no harm. There's that Missis Mummery wood comfort a man into a brain Fever. And indeed well ni soothd me into a fury wat with condoling on our bamboozilment and her sham abram concern for our unlucky step. She cum for Pickels and its lucky for both there was no Pison handy. But I ort to take an assiduous draft meself for swallering such stuff. As praps I shall if I dont fly to hard drinking insted. Becos why, I know I've sunk meself in public opinnion and indeed feel as if all Lonnon was takin a sight at me. Many a man have took his razer and cut his stick for less.

Has for my Wife her fust move on cumming Home was up stares and into Bed where she remained quite insoluble, being more hurt in her Mind she say then if she had had a leg broke by the Herth quake. And witch I realy think could not more have upset her. Howsumever there she lays almost off her Hed and from wat I know of her cute feelings and temper is likely to never be happy agin nor to let anny one else. There's a luck out—and no children of our own to vent on.

In course its more nor I dares to tell her of the nonimus Letter like a Walentine with a picter of a Cock and Bul, and that's only a four runner. Well, its our hone falts if thats anny cumfort which it ant, but all the hevier, like sum loves and tee cakes, for bein home made.

The sum totle on it is Ime upset for Life. I harnt got Brass enuf to remane in Bisness nor yet made Tin enuf to retire out on it. Otherwis Ide take a Willer in Stanter and keap dux. My ony cumfit is I arnt a citty Maggystrut and obleegd to sit in Gild all arter bein throwd into sich a botomless panikin. How his Washup Mister Bowlbee can sit in Publick I dont know for he was one of the verry fust to cut away. Ketch me says he astayin in Crippelgit. Tho I ham a Alderman I dont want to be Aldermanbury'd.

So much for Hearth Quacks. The end will be I shall turn to a Universal Septic and then I supose watever I dont beleave will come to pass. Indeed I am almost of the same mind alreddy with Dadley the Baker. Dont trust nothing, says he, till it happen, And not even then if it don't suit to give credit.

Dear Ben, pray rite if you can say anny thing consoling under an ounce for witch a Stamp inclosd.

Your luving Bruther,
JAMES HOCKIN.

P.S. The Reverind Mister Crumpler have jest bean, and explained to Me the odds betwixt Old and New stiles, whereby the real Day for the Hearth Quack is still to cum, namely Monday the 28th Instant. So there we are agin!

SHORT RIDES IN AN AUTHOR'S OMNIBUS.

A thing of shreds and patches.—Shakspere.

CONTENTMENT.

An ancient philosopher says, "He who has the fewest desires is nearest to the Gods, who have none;" an aphorism which Swift ridiculed by urging that the stoic plan of supplying our wants by cutting off our desires was only recommending us to amputate our legs that we may dispense with boots.

This is ridicule but not refutation, for the stoic doctrine only extended to an excise upon luxuries, not to an attempted renunciation of necessaries, although the man who has the fewest of what are deemed indispensable comforts is sometimes the most contented, and so far approaches the nearest to the Gods.

The author of "Haji Baba" has most pleasantly familiarized us with the story of the caliph, who being told that he could never recover from a deep depression of spirits with which he was afflicted, until he should change shirts with a perfectly happy man, despatched numerous emissaries in search of this rare specimen of humanity. After a long quest through various provinces the fortunate individual was at length found; but alas! the desiderated exchange could not be made, for the perfectly happy man had always been too poor to purchase a shirt.

As a pendant to this tale, I will relate an anecdote furnished by the captain of a whale-ship, who, in allusion to the severe climate and various privations suffered by the inhabitants of Spitzbergen, told one of them that he sincerely pitied the miserable life to which he was condemned.

"Miserable!" exclaimed the philosophic savage; "I have always had a fish-bone through my nose, and plenty of train-oil to drink; what more could I possibly desire?"

It is well to draw attention to instances of this nature, not only to correct our own aspirations and repinings, but to gratify the philanthropist by showing that a benevolent system of drawbacks from those who have too much, and compensations to those who have too little, enables Providence to adjust the enjoyments and happiness of mankind much more equally than is generally supposed.

COMPLIMENTS.

To a certain extent fashion has banished the word "compliment" from our polite vocabulary; it would be a still greater improvement could we get rid of the thing as well as the term; for we seldom pay compliments to the body except at the expense of the hearer's understanding, or to his mind, except at the expense of the speaker's sincerity.

As the conjuror invariably attempts to divert attention by some unmeaning jabber when about to perform his sleights-of-hand, so may we

justly suspect the complimenter of meditating some sleights of mind when he pours into our ears the jargon of adulation. Beware of the man who praises you to your face, as he will be the first to abuse you behind your back—a losing bargain, for the former is restricted to your own hearing while the latter will be imparted to all your friends.

Compliments may be offered in all sincerity, and yet have a very equivocal sound, as in the case of the city knight unable to aspirate the letter H, who being deputed to address William the Third, exclaimed,

"Future ages recording your majesty's exploits, will pronounce you to have been *a Nero*."

Not less honest and ambiguous was the negro's compliment to the great emancipator.

"Goramighty bless Massa Wilberforce! He hab a white face, but he hab a black heart!"

POETRY.

Baron Bielfield defines poetry as the art of expressing our thoughts by fiction—a notion as old as the days of Charles the Second's laureat, who being asked by the King, why his complimentary odes to royalty were less happy than those which he had addressed to Cromwell, replied, "Because poets succeed best in fiction."

But is there any real ground for this prescriptive *dictum*, so humiliating to the dignity of the Muse! Though truth, we are told, usually dwells at the bottom of a well, it would be better than well if we were sometimes to instal her upon the top of Olympus.

"Le vrai seul est beau," says a French writer.

Was there no truth in the poetry of Moses and Miriam, of Deborah, and David? If it be merely contended that in the higher order of poetry the imaginative should predominate over the tangible and the real, we might concede the point, with limitations, however, as to time and the circumstances by which the bard is surrounded.

In ages of general ignorance when the world was a mystery, when the page of nature was a sealed book, when the veil had not been lifted up from the statue of Isis, poets could only excite attention by appealing from the known to the unknown, from the visible to the invisible, from the narrow circumscription of reality to the boundless realms of fiction, from the matter-of-fact that tethered them to a single spot, to the fancy whose wings uplifted them into the illimitable wilds of space. All early poetry is therefore dreamy, visionary, mystic, supernatural; and if, as some writers deplore, the present age is utterly deficient both in the genius and the taste of the poetic muse, it is because in the wonderful triumphs of science and the rapid march of intellect, reality surpasses imagination, invention is beaten by actuality, the mathematics of the mind outstrip its metaphysics, and the poetry of fact eclipses that of fancy. Not the muse alone, but general literature, may perhaps have suffered from the present predominance of science, and the superior rewards and distinctions which it offers to its votaries.

Like the old knight in "Rabelais," we may every morning swallow a chimera for our breakfast. What magic or enchantment, what witch

or wizard, what Merlin or Albertus Magnus with all his black art and ministering imps can conjure up prodigies more startling than those which diurnally flare upon us as we trudge along the highway, while we scarcely honour them, so trite have such miracles become, with a passing glance of admiration? What supernatural machinery of our old epic poets can compete, even when aided by the most fertile invention, with the mechanical machinery of our modern engineers—with the time-and-space-annihilating steam-engine—with the electric telegraph, which takes the lightning for its pen—with the coining electrotype, which drawing up metals in solution into an electric current, deposits them as solids in whatever form they may be desired to assume—with the Daguerrotype, which makes an instantaneous portrait-painter of the sun, and haunts a man with his own shade during his own life—with the thousand other mysteries and victories of art which are daily throwing the ideal into the back ground and investing the real with all the attributes of romance and poetry? When the miracles of mechanics and of fact are not less startling and amusing than the dreams of imagination, no wonder that factory-boys and Sheffield cutlers become our best bards.

Poetry has not gone out of fashion, we are more than ever Parnassians, more than ever surrounded by its atmosphere and element; it may not be so much written and read, but it is more seen and felt. Like the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, who had all his life been composing prose without knowing it; we are bewailing the decline of poetry while we are unconsciously living in the very midst of it.

DISINTERESTED GRIEF.

Mæcenas says effeminately of the death of Horace—

> Lugens te, mea vita, nec smaragdos
> Beryllos quoque. Flacce, nec nitentes,
> Nec præcandida margarita quæro.

What a compliment to the memory of such a man as Horace, that his patron was rendered too unhappy by his death, even to play with his jewels and pearls! This trait would lead us to believe that the high-born Mæcenas ("*atavis edite regibus*"), could not have been much better than the "tenth transmitter of a foolish face." Yet one aristocratic simpleton may find consolation where another misses it, for Prince Potemkin comforted himself on his death-bed by toying with his jewels and his different stars! Cook, the tragedian, was in the habit of giving orders to a widow lady, who was once sitting in the pit with her little girl, when their friend the performer was about to be stabbed by his stage rival. Roused by the supposed imminence of his danger, the girl started up, exclaiming, "Oh! don't kill him, sir, don't kill him; for if you do he won't give us any more pit orders!" Her disinterested grief, like the gratitude of some people, was a lively sense of benefits to come.

COATS AND CLOTHES.

It is always as great a folly, and sometimes as great a vanity, to dress beneath your station as above it. "I see your pride," said So-

crates to Antisthenes, "through the holes in your garment." It is recorded of Philopœmon, that being once taken for a servant on account of the homeliness of his garb, and desired to chop wood, he set about the task very cheerfully, merely observing that he was paying interest for the simplicity of his attire. The dissipated Abbé des Fontaines seeing Piron, the poet, in a good suit of clothes, which was rather a rare occurrence, exclaimed,

"How! M. Piron! this coat was never made for you."

"Possibly not, M. l'Abbé," replied the bard; "and you were never made for your coat."

A certain shabby-dressing singer of London once boasted that he could do what he liked with his voice.

"Then take my advice," said one of his auditors, "and make it into a decent coat."

Stultz, the German tailor, complained that his trade was falling off, and that his customers seemed to require fewer coats than formerly.

"It is easily explained," said a friend; "look at the number of *turn-coats* in the House of Commons."

GIANTS.

All ancient writers, sacred as well as profane, concur in the existtence of an ante or post-diluvian race of giants, who deviated from the law of nature, which generally unites a placable and inoffensive disposition with great personal strength, by exhibiting, upon all occasions a most ferocious and tyrannical pugnacity. Thinking it great to have a giant's strength, they seem by no means to have been impressed with the conviction that it was "base to use it like a giant." Perhaps, indeed, they had never read Shakspere! Calmet is of opinion that the first men were all of a strength and stature, much superior to the present races, since they lived so much longer, longevity being the natural consequence of a vigorous constitution. There is here some confusion of terms; for a little man may have as good a constitution as a giant, and there is no necessary relation between length of years and length of body. We are not told that Methuselah was proportionably taller than his successors, whose tenure of life was limited to an average of three score years and ten. We are informed, indeed, that the iron-bedstead of Og, King of Bashan, measured fifteen feet four-and-a-half inches n length; but with all due submission, this only proves the gigantic proportions of the recipient, not those of the incumbent. We have a Patagonian piece of furniture of the same description at Ware, but I never heard that the good folks of that town were much taller than their neighbours, and there is a very lofty gateway to the west front of St. Paul's cathedral, though we have no records to show that the subjects of Queen Anne were forty feet high. All these lofty personages of antiquity seem to have resembled our Monument, not only in altitude, but in being "tall bullies," for they were perpetually at loggerheads with the rest of the world, carrying their insolence, as well as their figures, to a great height. Their Hebrew names of Nephelim and Rephaim signified violence, oppression, and outrage; and their Pagan

brethren were not a whit more pacific—the Titans waging fierce war with Saturn, and the giants with Jupiter.

Remarkable is the fact that exactly similar traditions are found in nations who can never have heard either of the Christian or Pagan mythology, and whose remoteness from each other forbids the possibility of their belief being imparted or imported. The Indians of America, the blacks of Africa, the various Asiatic tribes, differing in every thing else, agree in claiming their descent from giants whose race has long since become extinct. Equally notable is the fact that not one of them can adduce an iota of credible evidence in support of this universal tradition. The fossil skeleton found in the cliffs of Guadaloupe, whether of recent or remote formation, did not exceed the average size: the mummies, our most ancient specimens of humanity, are generally beneath the modern standard of height—and although we may occasionally have disinterred the remains of a single giant, we have never stumbled upon the cemetery of a gigantic race. The analogy of nature, if we are to draw inferences from the animal world, would indeed afford some support to the tradition; for many of the existing Saurians and quadrupeds of comparatively small dimensions, have indisputably descended from, or at all events present exactly the same type and structure as fossil predecessors of stupendous size. The Mammoth, the Megatherian, the Iguanodon, and similar monsters of the former world, have left living representations, dwindled into insignificance when measured with their colossal originals, but that these latter once overshadowed the earth, or oppressed the waters, is demonstrated beyond contradiction by the remains scattered over the various regions of the globe, which have been collected and classified by the researches of geologists. When we discover the Goliah-like skeletons of men, in equal quantities, we may believe that the world was once peopled by a race of giants. Until then it would be more in accordance with the progress of the animal creation to suppose that man, a comparatively recent inhabitant of the earth, has been first found his largest type, and that he is destined to diminish like the Saurian and other tribes, until the lords of the creation will be little better than a people of pygmies.

The late Colonel S——, so well known for his Patagonian size and burly deportment, being once importuned by a diminutive tailor for payment of a bill, petulantly exclaimed,

"If you were not such a little reptile, I would kick you down stairs."

"Litle reptile!" remonstrated the dun; "and what if I am? Recollect, colonel, that we can't *all* be great brutes!"

FRANKNESS.

Mademoiselle de Scudery wrote to her friend the Count de Buffy, "Your daughter has as much genius as if she saw you every day, and is withal as discreet as if she had never seen you."

H.

FINE ARTS.

A FORTNIGHT since, by courteous invitation from Mr. Collen, we called at his residence to inspect some specimens of Calotype Portraits, obtained by a new process for which Mr. Fox Talbot has taken out a patent.

The Heads were mostly those of well-known persons, distinguished in Art, Science, or Literature; but even where we did not happen to know the individual, the portrait was obviously as faithful as Portrait can be without being absolutely "more like than the original." There was a truth of character—a harmony of expression—about each, rarely to be found in a painted picture, wherein too often a face is not all of a piece, but some anomalous eye, nose, or mouth, presents itself which does not seem to belong to the rest, but appears as if, to use a common trope, the Lady or Gentleman had actually "struck out a new feature." In the Calotype Heads there were no such equivocations, but every feature kept its fellows in countenance, as must necessarily result, when Nature, who always knows her own meaning, lends her light to the Copyist. Two other circumstances concur towards a satisfactory result: 1st. That persons content to be represented as they really are and no better than they should be, belong personally to the more sensible and unaffected portion of mankind; and 2dly, that there is little time for any studied face-making or "calling up a look," even if the parties were so disposed, when a head is "taken off," almost as quickly as one of asparagus. At least it took but two minutes and twenty-five seconds by a good chronometer to produce the likeness of OURSELVES, which Mr. Collen so politely requested! and which he now exhibits in such good company, in the large gilt frame in his showroom. WE are the four heads in the four corners.

And whatever may be thought by a *personal critic* of the beauty or regularity of our features, we are satisfied that he will detect in our Effigies no attempt to look heroic, inspired, or interesting, beyond our wont: on the contrary, if a nice observer, he will trace the expression of a becoming humility, under the reflection that we were sitting not to any human artist—a mere fellow mortal—but to the great and glorious Sun, which has shone since the Creation!

Seriously, we recommend the Calotype process, and its Professor, to all those persons who wish for a striking likeness of the familiar week-day face of a dear friend or relation. For a guinea they will receive such a portrait, and apparently done in a reddish sepia, on paper, with great breadth of effect, and recalling to mind the Heads from Sir Joshua Reynolds by Caroline Watson.

LITERATURE.—LADY ANNE GRANARD.*

So intense an interest, and so deep a mystery, still connect themselves with the premature loss to society and to letters of the late Mrs. Maclean, and so universally is it felt, that her rare gifts had scarcely developed themselves either in her poetical or her prose compositions at the period of her melancholy death, that a posthumous novel from her pen cannot fail to excite unusual interest and curiosity. And if the one we are now called upon to notice, from the circumstance of its not bearing precisely that tone and character which her previous writings may have led us to look for, do not very exactly reply to the *kind* of expectations that may have been formed respecting it beforehand, it will not disappoint them *in degree*, and will moreover add to the reader's impression of the value and versatility of the writer's powers and acquirements.

"Lady Anne Granard" is in fact a tale not merely of real life, but of real life little if at all blended with that "romance" which the beautiful but too passionate and imaginative genius of the *poet* L. E. L. was so prone to cast about it—not seldom, especially in her prose writings—to the disparagement of that "better part" which she herself had the courage to choose for herself, but not to impress with undivided force upon her readers. Mrs. Maclean, with all her fervour of fancy and strength of imagination, possessed a large portion of good sense, and a still larger of good and kindly feeling; but the former of these practical qualities she for the most part kept for her own private use—apparently from a fear—a very "lost fear," we cannot help thinking—that the indulgence of it in her writings would impair that "effect" the continual striving after which was their chief fault. The perpetual stir and glow of passion, and the strain and stress of imagination, which pervade all she published during her lifetime—even her prose tales purporting to be representations of real life—however captivating to that youth of mind from which in fact they emanated—for genius is always young—are far from satisfying either the wants or the judgment which spring up in mature years. They are the flowers and the wine of life: and if Love itself "cannot live on flowers," how little can such food satisfy the mental wants, and preserve the mental health and vigour of that season when even Love itself is but an imagination or a dream.

Mrs. Maclean seems to have felt this in some of the posthumous productions which formed the staple of her friend Mr. Laman Blanchard's charming publication, entitled the "Literary Remains of L. E. L.;" and the impression that she did so is fully and remarkably confirmed by the present volumes—which are neither more nor less than a true and unexaggerated picture of the actual life of the day in which we live; enlivened and embellished, it is true, by all the keen

* Lady Anne Granard; or, Keeping up Appearances. By L. E. L. (the late Mrs. Maclean). 3 vols.

wit, the cutting sarcasm, the playful humour, the penetrating glance into the motives and mysteries of the human heart, which form such conspicuous features in the previous novels of this accomplished writer; but without any mixture of that soul-absorbing passion—that straining after excitement—that theatrical aiming at mere "effect," which form such captivating but dangerous errors in the early novels of L. E. L. In a word, the reading of this work will not prove a draught intoxicating the imagination and heart for a few brief hours, only to leave them less fitted than before for those duties and delights for which they were bestowed on us—but a banquet furnished with "food convenient" for the daily wants of us all; the greater portion of it dressed *au naturel*, and bearing the true and rich flavour of the respective viands of which it is composed; but with quite enough of light *entremets*, and of appetising sauces to render it palatable even to the tastes of that large majority who will no longer have any thing to say to the plain roast and boiled of bygone English fare.

The subject of this novel, is one no less admirable in itself than it is singularly fitted to the new, and as we must think, improved tone and objects of the writer. "Keeping up Appearances!" At once the crying folly and the clinging curse of the English society of the nineteenth century—a folly and a curse never absent from that society since England has claimed to rank among "civilized" states of the world—but now, in the actual day in which we live, pervading its every nook and corner—from the palace of the peer to the hovel of the peasant—poisoning the true comfort and abridging the true respectability of all. "Keeping up Appearances!" The title, and in such hands, speaks volumes, and may well cut short any thing more that *we* might desire to say, as to the mode in which the admirable theme is here worked out. It must not, however, prevent us from offering a brief specimen of that mode: nor can we do so more fairly and effectively as regards both writer and reader than by taking as much from the opening pages of the opening chapter as our limited space will allow. How capital, by the way, is the mere style of what follows—every phrase an epigram, and yet no appearance of labour or premeditation. It is decidedly better in its way than any thing of similar kind in the writer's previous productions of this class.

No one dies but some one is glad of it.

If this be true of deaths in general, it is was very particularly true in that of Mr. Glentworth. Very rich, he died without a will or a regret. He left behind neither servant, dog, cat, nor even a customary arm-chair, to miss him. He had always lived in furnished houses, had kept his "two maids and a man" on board wages; he jobbed his carriage, and changed his tradespeople every week.

Still, joy and sorrow are the inseparable companions of death, and they were attendants even on that of Mr. Glentworth. His property, which was great, went to a nephew, who had never received from him the least kindness, and who would not have inherited a guinea, or an acre, if his relative had not had a superstitious dread of shortening his life by making a will.

Mr. Glentworth hated his nephew, both with the general hatred with which men regard their heirs, and also with an individual hatred. The good and the generous action of which we feel incapable is a reproach when done by another; and the old man could not forgive the younger one for being better than

himself. He was gone, however; and the one whom of all others he disliked, came in for the accumulated wealth of years. If ever heir might be permitted "one touch of natural joy," it was in the case of Mr. Glentworth.

So much for the rejoicing, and now for the regretting.

"I never was so sorry for any thing as for Mr. Glentworth's death," said Isabella Granard, endeavouring to screen her face from a small, sharp rain, to which her place in the rumble of a travelling-carriage left her quite exposed.

"I do believe that he died on purpose to plague us," replied Georgiana, her elder sister by two years.

"The ruling passion strong in death," said the other, laughing; "for Fanchette tells me he was a torment to every one about him. Still, dying on purpose to plague five girls of whom he knew nothing, was what Lord Penrhyn would call a very strong measure indeed."

"I would not have cared if he had lived till after Christmas," continued Georgiana.

"Mr. Glentworth is much obliged to you," was her sister's answer.

"I was wrong," cried Georgiana, her kind feelings instantly reproaching her for her careless mention of the dead. "But you must allow that it is very provoking, when we were so comfortable at Brighton, to be hurried back to dull, dreary London."

"I am sure," replied the other, "that I am as sorry as you can be. I wish mamma had taken the first offer, and let our house for a year."

"But mamma," said Georgiana, looking a little aghast, "would not spend the season out of London for the world."

"What pleasure she can find in it," was the reply, "is a mystery to me. London is all very delightful for rich people, but those who are as poor as ourselves, had better be any where else."

"I wish we lived in the country," cried Georgiana: "if we had but a cottage and a pretty garden, how happy we should be!"

"Instead," exclaimed Isabella, "of spending three parts of our time in that odious back-parlour. Child as I was when we left it, I can recollect the dear old shrubberies of Granard Park."

"And yet, mamma," returned the other, "always talks of having been buried alive there."

"Mamma," was the answer, "calls every body buried alive who lives out of a certain class. Our opposite neighbours, the Palmers, are as much buried alive as if they did not live in the same street as ourselves. Indeed, by her account, it is only a very small portion of the world who exist at all."

"I wish we were very rich," exclaimed Georgiana, with a deep sigh.

"Well, as mamma would say, you must marry some one very rich—that is your only chance of riches."

"But rich people are always old and disagreeable," replied Georgiana, with another sigh.

"Mamma would say," interrupted Isabella, "what nonsense you are talking; very rich people are never disagreeable—that is, unless they have made their money in the City, and then it does require a great deal to make them even tolerable."

"But could not somebody die, and leave us a large fortune?" exclaimed the other.

"Somebody certainly might: but I do not see much probability that any body will," said her sister.

"At all events, I shall be very glad when I am out," continued Georgiana. "Mamma must then allow me something better than this eternal straw bonnet and green veil."

"If I may judge by my sisters, we shall have worse miseries to bear," said Isabella, "than only an old straw-bonnet and a green veil. I should detest every new bonnet that had a design in it. Why, Louisa's pretty violet velvet was only bought because mamma said she must have something to look decent in, as she met Sir Henry Calthorpe on the Parade every day."

"And poor Mary," continued Georgiana, "lost her afternoon drive because she had nothing fit to be seen in."

"Poor Mary," added her sister, "who needs the drive more than any of us. But mamma has long since given up Mary's case as hopeless."

"And yet she is but just three-and-twenty," said Georgiana. "But she is always so pale and so quiet."

"So heartbroken, you might say," exclaimed Isabella, in a tone of deep feeling. "But what would mamma say if she knew that Louisa had refused Sir Henry?"

"Oh! I hope she will not know it," cried Georgiana, looking quite aghast. "She would be angry with us all round, and I do not think that she would ever speak to Louisa again. I wonder, though, that Louisa should refuse him!"

"So do not I," answered Isabella, with a suppressed smile.

At this moment the Brighton coach passed rapidly along.

"I wish I were in that coach," exclaimed Georgiana, who shivered with the cold rain, which now fell heavily.

"It is well mamma does not hear you," cried her sister, laughing. "Lady Anne Granard's daughter in a stage—and there by her own wish—though you are her favourite, she would disclaim you for her child—or, no! she would say that I put it into your head. But I think that we might manage this old cloak better—the rain beats on your side; you know that you are not half such a good contriver as I am."

And, under the appearance of making a better arrangement of their scanty wrappings, Isabella contrived to give her sister the benefit of nearly all her own.

While this conversation was going on outside the carriage, one much more interrupted was kept up within. Muffled in furs from head to foot, occupying at least half the carriage with herself and her Blenheim, who accompanied every movement of his companion with a shrill cross bark, Lady Anne Granard had at least not neglected her own comfort. Though she had five daughters, she would not for the world have had any thing but a chariot; so the two girls were left to manage as well as they could; having, moreover, to take especial care not to disarrange any of Lady Anne's numerous packages.

Of course, she could only travel with four horses; and, to patch up a sort of union between show and economy, the carriage was loaded to the last extremity. The two younger girls were in the rumble, the French maid and page on the coachbox, and Lady Anne and her three eldest daughters inside: to say nothing of imperials, boxes, parcels, and last, but not least, the dog, the only over-petted and over-fed thing in his mistress's possession.

It appears, by a brief advertisement, that this novel was left unfinished by its writer, and that it has been completed by a female friend. On this point we have only to say that we have not been led even to guess where the original thread breaks off and has been pieced; and that if the same should be the case in regard to its other readers, the fact of this junction of female forces will increase rather than impair the interest and curiosity the work is calculated to excite.

THE WHISPERING GALLERY.

Hark! they whisper.—Pope.

Lord Mahon's Bill.—Our opinions on the Copyright Question were recorded at full length in the *Athenæum*. Since then, and the Miscarriage of Serjeant Talfourd's Bill, the necessity for some Act for the Protection of Literary Property has become more and more urgent. Two injunctions, against Bookaneers, having been obtained within the last month by Mr. Moxon against Messrs. Scott and Webster; and by Mr. Bentley against Baily. It has been proposed to treat the Kidnappers of the blacks as Pirates; and of course there ought to be some severe punishment for those Pirates who steal *black and white*.

Time and space forbid more than a few words on the Copyright Business, Bozziness, and Buzziness, in the United States. Dickens was quite right to denounce the practice: and none but a Jonathan Wild would stand up in its defence.

The Great Terra-diddle.—The old Astrologers in their reckonings, supposed the year to begin in *March*: consequently the predicted Earth-quake ought to happen in *June*. For three months longer, therefore, must Credulity be haunted by the sepulchral announcement of the Monk of Dree. "In the name of the Prophet—figs."

The passage pointed out is certainly apt and *Water-Curious*: "There be that profess to believe that all *Bodies* are made of *Water*; and that they may be reduced back again to Water only.—*Izaak Walton*.

The following is too political for us:

"Sur,

"Being a pore Laberer at 12 Shilling a Week wich is 31 pound a Year. As other industrus people by the New Income Tax is *fined* 3 per sent for making more then 150 pound par annum—Ort not the like of Me to be *rewarded* at the same Rate for not yarning so much by a pretty Deal?

"Your humbel Sarvant,

"Adam Smith."

The Concurrence of Two Scanty Months.—February, like a short Bill docked of the Days of Usance, and March with its Easter holidays—must plead our apology for not yet replying to several Correspondents. At the trial of Thurtell for Murder, the Maid-servant on being asked if "the supper was postponed?" replied "No, it was pork"—and as the communications in question are not pork, they must necessarily be postponed.

INDEX

TO THE

FIRST PART OF 1842.

Acre, Beyrout, &c., visited, 85
Addison and Dean Swift, 113
Ælian's Patchwork, some Account of, 289
Ale, a panegyric on, by C. L., 8
Anacreontic, for the New Year, by Thomas Hood, Esq.
Animal Kingdom, ancient accounts of Natural History, 291 to 293
Anna Boleyn, by Mrs. A. T. Thomson, reviewed, 303—Miss Strickland's Life of, 389
Appetite and Gluttony, 294
Arragon, Katharine of, Queen of Henry VIII., Life of, 395—Her character, 397
Arithmetic, Humours of, 366
Arts, notices of the fine, 159
Asparagus, 229
Avaricious Man, the Confessions of an, by the late Henry D. Inglis, Esq., 417, 554
Author's Omnibus, Short Rides in an, by H.:—Experience and Foresight—Pursuing better than Catching—Sympathy—Grinning Graybeards—Gratitude—Speech not always Speaking—Monarchs and Republics—Novels and History—The Lawlessness of Law, 11 to 14—Dress—Throwing away Time—Prejudice—Self-importance—Conversation—Epitaphs, 267 to 270—Music and Poetry—Words and Things—Monstrous Vandalism—Immortality of Authors—Cost and Worth—Conceit and Contempt—A Quiddit for the Quidnuncs, 315 to 319—Contentment—Compliments—Poetry—Disinterested Grief—Coats and Clothes—Giants—Frankness, 574 to, 578

B., Inedited Letters of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, by, 111
Bajazet Gag; the Manager in search of a "Star" (concluded), by Douglas Jerrold, Esq., 177
Barnabys in America, the, by Mrs. Trollope, 504
Bath Alderman and his "Folly," 281
Beauty, Poetical description of, 205
Beshire, family of the Emir, 93 to 96
Blanchard, Laman, Esq., Wanted a Father, a Mother, and a few Sisters, by, 102—Content or Not-Content, by, 285—A Record of the Police-office, by, 399—Suiting the Action to the Word, 457
Boz, a health to, 217
Buccaneer, the, 438
Burney, see Madame D'Arblay

Calais, visit to, 16
Cary, Henry, M. A., on the Civil War, reviewed, 156
Cat Latin, 270
Chancery-lane, the Masters' Offices, 17
Chantilly, Spring Meeting, the, 195
Christmas-day in Norway, by E. A., 261
Civil War, the great, by Henry Cary, M.A., reviewed, 156
Claridge, R. T. Esq., on the Cold Water Cure, or Hydropathy, of V. Priessnitz of Grafenberg, 433
Cœlo-Syria, valley betwixt Lebanon and Antilebanon, 89
Collier, J. Payne, Esq., on the plays of Shakspeare, 155
Commonplaces, a catalogue of, by C. L., 10
Content or Not-Content, by Laman Blanchard, Esq., 285
Controjanni, execution of the brothers; from the papers of a Bavarian officer, 146
Correspondents, whispers to certain, 448

Conversation and Society, 270
Courts and Court Journals, by Lady Morgan, 544
Cricket-match at Eton, 209
Cumberland, Mr., Dialogue by Dr. Johnson between himself and, 277

Dacre, Mary, the Old Maid's Lament, by, 319
D'Arblay, Madame, her Diary and Letters, 271—Critique, 405
Daw, the late Miss Margaret, her Life and Writings, by μ., 338
Diary and Correspondence of Miss Burney (Madame D'Arblay), 271, 405
Dickens, Charles, Esq., on his departure for North America, by Thomas Hood, Esq., 217
Diogenes, sayings of, 297
Djouni, the camp of, 94
Dress, effects of, 267
Druse population of Syria, described, 88, 100

Earth-quakers, the, by Thomas Hood, Esq., 566
England, the Queens of, 389
English Retrogressions: Up one-pair backwards, by T. Hood, Esq., 16
Epitaphs, allusion to, 270
Eton, Recollections of, by an Etonian, 63, 206, 377
Euripides, tragedies of, 293
Evelina, Miss Burney's, 271, 272, 283, 284

Fame, the struggle for, 491
Farmington Family, the, 18, 245
Fascination, and other Tales, edited by Mrs. Gore, reviewed, 444
Ferrers, a romance of the reign of George II., by C. Ollier, Esq., reviewed, 153
Fielding, Henry, on history and novels, 14
Fine Arts, notices of the, 159, 579
Fishing Adventure, a, 348
Flint, Bet, her poetry, 278
Florence, a Ride on Horseback to, reviewed, 442
Flower, the, by H., 365
Foreign Sporting (France, &c.) by Nimrod, 193
France, society at the court of, 204
Franklin, Dr., interviews of Miss Burney with, 283
Frogs of Egypt, Ælian's, 291

Galvanism, a story of, 123
Garrick, David, and Dr. Johnson, 277
George III., characteristic anecdotes of, 13, 213
Germany, the Student Life of, by William Howitt, reviewed, 300
Ghazir, above Djouni, described, 93
Gore, Mrs., the Man of Fortune, and other Tales, by, reviewed, 154—Fascination, and other Tales, by, reviewed, 444
Graduates and Undergraduates; or, the Proctor's Note-book, by the author of "Peter Priggins." No. IV., V., VI., VII., 17, 245, 348, 491

H., Short Rides in an Author's Omnibus, by, 11—14, 267—270, 315—319, 574—578
H., a Sketch on the Road, by, 337
H., the Flower, by, 365
Hulifax, Lord, inedited Letters from Swift to, 111—His Letter to the Dean, 114
Hard Case, a, by T. Hood, Esq., 176
Hawkins, Sir John, and Samuel Johnson, 277
Helvetius and the Baron d'Holbach, 12
Henry VIII., lives and deaths of his Queens, 389, 390
Hercules, 294, 296
Hood, Thomas, Esq., Anacreontic for the New Year, by, 1—English Retrogression, by, 16—On a Native Singer, after hearing Miss Adelaide Kemble, by, 46—The University Feud; a row at the Oxford Arms, by, 142—The Tower of Lahneck, a Romance, by, 161—A Hard Case, by, 176—To C. Dickens, Esq., on his Departure for N. America, 217—Howqua, by Tea H., 288—The Schoolmistress Abroad, an Extravaganza, by, 305—The Earth-quakers, by, 305
Horse-play, the School for, by John Poole, Esq., 2
Howard, Edward, Esq., The Sea-Lawyer, by, 32—His Romance of Sir Henry Morgan, reviewed, 438
Howitt, William, the Student Life of Germany, by, reviewed, 302
Howqua, by Tea H., 288
Hydropathy, or the Cold Water Cure; as practised by V. Priessnitz, by R. T. Claridge, Esq., 432

Inglis, Henry D., Esq., Confessions of an Avaricious Man, from the pen of, 417, 554
Inutilities, on the Usefulness of, by, μ., 235

Jerrold, Douglas, Esq., Bajazet Gag, the Manager in search of a "Star," by, 177
Johnson, Dr. Samuel, interesting anecdotes of, 272—His household, 245, 406

Kemble, Miss Adelaide, on a Native Singer: after hearing; by Thomas Hood, Esq., 46

Lahnock, the Tower of; a Romance, by T. Hood, Esq., 161
Laracor, vicarage of, 111
Lawrence, Sir Thomas, P.R.A., his early genius, 282
Latin, Cat-, 270
Law, the lawlessness of, 14
Lebanon in the Summer of 1841, 85
Literature of the Month (for January): —Narrative of the Expedition to Syria, by W. P. Hunter, Esq., 151—The Times and Society of Madame de Sévigné, 152—Ferrers, by Charles Ollier, Esq., 153—The Man of Fortune, and other Tales, by Mrs. Gore, 154—New Edition of Shakespeare, by I. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A., 155—The Great Civil War, by Henry Cary, M.A., 156
——— (for February): The Student Life of Germany, by William Howitt, 300 — The School for Wives, a Novel, 302—Anna Boleyn, by Mrs. A. T. Thomson, 303
——— (for March):— Excursions along the Shores of the Mediterranean, 436—Sir Henry Morgan, the Buccaneer, by Edward Howard, Esq., 438—A Ride on Horseback to Florence, by a Lady, 442—Fascination, and other Tales, edited by Mrs. Gore, 444
——— (for April):— Lady Anne Granard; or, Keeping up Appearances, by L. E. L. (the late Mrs. Maclean) 580
Lover appeals to Nature, the: a sonnet, 15
Lyttelton, Lord, Life of, 406

μ, On the Usefulness of Inutilities, by, 235—Some account of the Life and Writings of that remarkable child, the late Miss Margaret Daw, by, 338—Means and Ends, by, 481
Macbeth, performance of this tragedy, 224
Man of Fortune, the, by Mrs. Gore, reviewed, 154
Means and Ends, by μ, 481
Medical Student, Reminiscences of a, No. III., A Story of Galvanism, 123—No. IV., The Widow's Child, 465
Military discipline, 282
Mediterranean, Excursions along the Shores of the, reviewed, 436
Montagu, Mrs. and Miss Burney, 275, 276, 406
Montague, John, Duke of, 116, 118
Montem, the, 213
Montesquieu, political remark by, 13
Moore, Mrs. Hannah, anecdote of, 278
Morgan, Sir Henry, the Buccaneer, by the late E. Howard, reviewed, 438

Nauplia, the guillotine used at, 146
New-Zealand Company, the, 160
Nimrod on Foreign Sporting, 193
Nobody characterized, 274
Norway, Christmas-day in, by E. A., 361
Notes on New Publications, 157
Numbers, Notes on the; or, Humours of Arithmetic, 366

Old Maid's Lament, the, by Mary Decre, 319
Ollier, C. Esq., Ferrers, a Romance, by, reviewed, 153
Orleans, Duke of, his stud, 195, 200—His hounds, 196
Oxford Arms, a row at the, 142

Philosophers, the ancient, 294—298
Phineas Quiddy; or, Sheer Industry, by John Poole, Esq., author of "Paul Pry," 47, 218, 321, 528
Plague, the, of Syria, 92
Plato, and Timotheus, son of Conon, 294, 296
Poetry: — Anacreontic; for the New Year, by T. Hood, Esq., 1—Weeds and Flowers, No. I., by C. L., 8 to 10—Sonnet: The Lover appeals to Nature, 15—On a Native Singer, after hearing Miss Adelaide Kemble, by T. Hood, Esq., 46—The University Feud; a row at the Oxford Arms, by T. Hood, Esq., 142—To C. Dickens, Esq., on his Departure for America, by T. Hood, Esq., 217 — Sonnet, 266—The Old Maid's Lament, by Mary Decre, 319—The Flower, by H., 365—A Remonstrance, 464
——— on the Oxford Professorship of, 142
Police-office, a Record of the, by Laman Blanchard, Esq., 399
Poole, John, Esq., The School for Horse-play, by, 2 — Phineas Quiddy; or, Sheer Industry, by, 47, 218, 321, 528
Portsmouth, account of, 32
Publications, Notes on New, 157

Queens of England, the, 389
Quiddy, Phineas, 47, 218, 321, 528

Races, horse, in France, described, 193—205
Rhyme, the great Napoleon of the realms of, *vignette*, 146
Road, a Sketch on the by H., 337
Roche, M. de la, 159
Runnymede, traditions of, 65

Saadi, the poet, 15
Scolds, the School for; or, Memorabilia of Xantippe, 168
Schoolmistress abroad, the: an Extravaganza, by T. Hood, Esq., 305, 449
Sea-Lawyer, the, by the late Edward Howard, Esq., 38

Self-importance, 269
Sévigné, the Times and Society of Madame de, reviewed, 152
Shakspeare, New Edition, by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A., reviewed, 155
Shipwreck, on a, by C. L., 10
Siddons, Mrs. and J. P. Kemble, 224
Smith, Mr. James, saying of, 12
Society, refinements of English, 103
Socrates, 297
Sonnets, 15, 266
Souper, un petit, after the play, 229
Stag-hunt at Chantilly, 196, 199
Sterne, Rev. Laurence, his hotel at Calais, 16
Strickland, Miss, the Queens of England, by, 389
Swift, Dean, Inedited letters of, by B., 111—Verses on his death, 12
Syria, Narrative of the Expedition to, by W. P. Hunter, Esq., reviewed, 151—Visit to the Lebanon, 85

Thrale, Mrs., Society at her house, 275, 406
Time, Old, *vignette*, 1
Tooke, Mr. Horne, his reply to George III., 13

University Feud, the, by T. Hood, Esq., 142

Walpole, Sir Robert, and the celebrated Lord Peterborough, 122
Wanted a Father, a Mother, and a few Sisters, by Laman Blanchard, Esq., 102
Weeds and Flowers: No. I., by C. L.—1. A panegyric on Ale—2. On a Shipwreck—3. A catalogue of Commonplaces, 8—10
Weeping beauty, the, 283
Welford, Charles, a strange Passage in the Life of, by μ, 73
Wellington, Duke of, portraits and engravings of the, 160
Whispering Gallery, the, 448
Wits, Female, of the last century, 275, 278
Wives, the School for, a novel, reviewed, 302

Xantippe, Memorabilia of, 168

York, Elizabeth of, Queen of Henry VII., 382, 390—Her interview with Lord Stanley, 391—Epithalamium, 393

END OF THE FIRST PART OF 1842.

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE.